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Bt. from Mr. B. H. Smith

John. Arden.

1807

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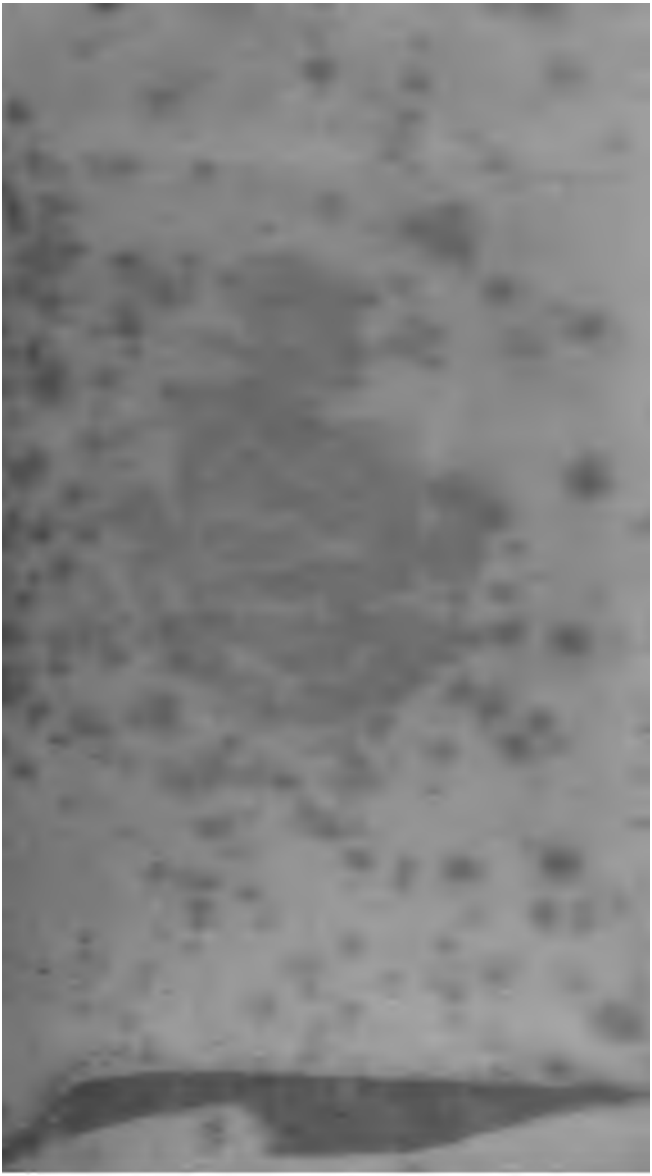

MIRTH AND METRE:

CONSISTING OF

POEMS,

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL;

SONGS,

SONNETS, BALLADS, & BAGATELLES.

WRITTEN BY

C. DIBDIN, Jun.

OF SADLER'S WELLS.

" Light arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns."
Dunciad, line 306

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE,

31, POULTRY;

At the Union Printing-Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1807.

TO MR. T. DIBDIN.

DEAR BROTHER,

ACCEPT this Trifle as a Testimony of Friendship, from

Your affectionate Brother,

C. DIBDIN, JUN.

Sadler's Wells,
February 28, 1807.

PREFACE.

I PRESENT the Public a Volume of Trifles, some of which have been regularly published before, and others have found their way into the World through the Medium of Piracy. To apologize for the Errors of the Work might be necessary, though I fear no Representation of mine could induce the Critic to give me Credit for *Measure*, where I am deficient in *Weight;* or the Reader to feel an Interest for a Work that should prove incapable of exciting one. I hope, however, that the *serious* part will prove of some service, though small, to the Cause of Morality; and that should the *lighter* raise the Smile of the Gay, it will not at the same time excite the Frown of the Grave.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author not having had an Opportunity of revising the following Sheets, Errata have *unavoidably* occurred; the principal are subjoined, the remainder, *literal*, or otherwise, the Reader's good sense will readily detect and and amend.

ERRATA.

Page 13, 7 lines from bottom, for "*Twins*," read "*Fair*."
35, 10 ditto, ditto, for "*for their Coaches bold*," read "*forth on Coaches bold*."
112, 7 ditto, ditto, for "*Air*," read "*Scene*."
185, 1st line, 2d verse of song, for "*Head*," read "*Herd*."
192, 2 lines from top, for "*Grace*," read "*Grose*."
250, 3d line, 3d verse, for "*While in short*," read, "*How much*."
In page 234, for "*C. S.*" "*C. M.*" and "*Oat.*" read "*Captain Scarlet*," "*Captain Mainmast*," and "*Oatland*."

Note. Whenever the words "Musical Appendix" occur, they allude to a Musical Publication, by Goulding and Co. Pall Mall.

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In the Press, and speedily will be published,

PROSE AND PASTIME;

OR,

TALES, ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,

&c. &c.

WRITTEN BY

C. DIBDIN, JUN.

MIRTH AND METRE.

MODESTY.

THERE is, the Botanists all say,
A plant that, cautious, shrinks away,
And shuns the hand's least touch;
Fearing the smallest sullying stain
That from the contact might remain:
Sweet Modesty is such:

Contamination thus her dread,
The maiden, blushing, lifts her head,
And, timorous, smiles to day;
Tenacious of her spotless fame,
Beneath th' oppressive eye of shame
She droops with sad dismay.

The diamond, though of ample worth,
When first 'tis drawn from mother Earth
Presents no charm for sight;
But when it leaves the Artist's hands,
What admiration it commands,
Array'd in all its light!

As to the diamond is its glow
Doth modesty in women show,
An equal proof of worth;
Beauty itself must cease to be
Without the charm of modesty,
'Tis that which gives it birth.

Though drooping lies the fallen rose,
A soft, mild, tint its leaves disclose,
And delicately charm;
Thus ever-blooming Modesty
The loss of beauty will supply,
And with attraction arm.

O, cherish, then, with timorous care
Your greatest ornament, ye fair!
And prize it while ye've breath;
By that preserv'd through age's space
Beauty shall smile on every face,
And yield alone to death!

INFANCY.

A SONNET.

O INFANCY! thou envy of the crowd!
For thou feel'st not the tauntings of the proud;
Exempted art from all the hopes and fears
Whence lean Solicitude but smiles in tears.

Secure from all Temptation's magic snares,
Rapt in unconsciousness, thou can'st not sin;
While all around thee, groaning with their cares,
Despairing droop, thou smil'st at peace within.

Yet I but pity thy imbecile reign;
Unconscious life is but a dream of death:
Beshrew the dastard who can covet breath,
To wear his spirit in a passive chain!

Sprung from a God, with energy be mine
Of bounteous zeal to prove my source divine!

THE BOY AND THE BAKER.

A MODERN PINDARIC.

ONCE, when Monopoly had made
As bad as now the *eating trade,*
A Boy went to a Baker's shop,
His gnawing appetite to stop:
A loaf for *two-pence* there demanded,
And down a *tiny* loaf was handed.
The Boy survey'd it round and round,
With many a shrug, and look profound;
At length—"Why, Master," said the wight,
"This loaf is very, very *light!*"

The Baker, his complaint to parry,
Replied, with look most archly dry,
While quirk conceit *sat* squinting on his eye—
"Light, Boy? then you've the *less to carry!*"

The Boy grinn'd plaudits to his joke,
And on the counter laid down rhino,
With mien, that plainly all but spoke—
"*With you I'll soon be even, I know.*"

Then took his loaf, and went his way;
But soon the Baker bawl'd him back—
"You've laid down but *three half-pence,* Jack!
And *two-pence* was the loaf's amount.
How's this, you cheating rascal, *hey?*"—
"Sir," says the Boy, "you've *less to count!*"

Thus modern wits against each other fight,
In point *deficient,* and in substance *light;*
But so *profuse* and *pond'rous* are their stores,
To *count* or *carry,* strength and patience bores!

ELLEN;

OR, THE FAIR INSANE.

"GENTLE stranger! hast thou, pray,
Seen my Bertram in thy way?
Past the hour he mark'd to meet—
Seldom Love has tardy feet.

"Would, O would the youth were here!
Yet 'twill wrong his faith, to fear;
O, he's true; vain fears, be gone!
Bertram will be here anon.

"Then we'll trip to yonder grove—
There he told me first his love;
And, when there, with kisses sweet,
He'll the charming tale repeat!

"Fifty ways his fondness show;
Braid my locks, and bind my brow:
Cull me flow'rs, or blythely play
Many a pretty roundelay.

"See this chaplet! this he wove—
Ah! how long delays my love!
Know'st thou, stranger, where he strays?
Can'st thou tell me why he stays?

"He comes not——ah! I wish in vain—
Stranger, he'll not come again!
Dead, and gone, my Bertram's laid,
Where Ellen, too, must rest her head!—

" Red, last night, the moon appear'd;
Twice the nightbird's scream I heard:
Thro' the grove, the nightingale
Told a sad, sad, piteous tale!

" Yes—I saw my true love there!
With no flow'rs he deck'd my hair—
Wherefore could his fondness fail?—
Told me not one tender tale.

" He ne'er gave me kisses sweet,
Nor even found kind word to greet!
But he wistful look'd, and wan;
Beckon'd me, and quick was gone!—

" Mark! the wreath he made is dead,
Ev'ry flow'ret hangs its head:
But, tho' dead, to me 'tis dear——
Stranger, tell me, why that tear?

" Is thy true love lost, like mine?
Come, I'll mingle tears with thine—
Ah! no—with grief, this long, long day,
Stranger, I've wept them all away!

" Have my sorrows giv'n thee pain?—
Soon 'twill all be well again!
Spring reblooms, tho' winter blight;
Day succeeds the longest night.

" Pitiest thou my hapless lot?—
Pity now availeth not!
Envy's arts possess'd the youth,
Ellen had betray'd his truth.

" Oh, I saw the deadly cup?
Why would Bertram drink all up!
None to leave me, was unkind—
Yet, I will not stay behind.

" If thou chance my knell to hear,
Stranger, kindly place my bier
Where my love——I faint—I'm spent—
Oh!—my heart—indeed, 'tis rent!

"—Hist!—heard'st thou my love cry, "Come?"
Yes! 'tis he, he calls me home!
"Haste!" he says—"I come," she cried;
Then, wildly gazing, Ellen died!

SPLEEN.

A SONNET.

CURSE on thee, Spleen! or liberate my soul,
Or I must call on Madness for relief:
Madness is bliss, compar'd with thy controul
Of nerveless yearnings, and lean, tearless Grief!

For Madness sometimes will give ear to Mirth;
Yes, I have seen him sooth'd into a smile:
But thou, O Locust! of the sickliest birth,
Gangren'st all humours with thy vapoury bile!

Not even Love—and Madness sits by Love,
And hears his tale, and sighs, and oft will weep:
While thou, worst horror of the wrath of Jove!
Would'st dash him headlong from the wildest steep!

I can no more.—Heav'n save me! lest despair
Drive my poor struggling soul to tax thy care!

FRIENDSHIP.

"TO Friendship's existence assent I'll not lend,"
Says *Tagrhyme* the threadbare: "I ne'er found a friend."
Replies *Quirk*, with a sneer — "Who the devil e'er thought
Of Friendship, whose word wouldn't pass for a *groat?*"

CHARITY.

A ROUGH SKETCH.

YOUR Charity's a jolly dog,
Who trudges forth, in frost or fog,
O'er brake and bramble, many a mile,
To help a *lame dog o'er a stile.*
Of cross or coin without regard,
Or wish for gossip Fame's good word;
But, for his deeds so void of leaven,
Whene'er he sleeps he dreams of heaven!

CHARITY.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

IN Virtue's plain, where many a stream doth glide,
Full richly fed, from Pleasure, fountain fair!
Doth ev'ry spring of happiness abide;
And many a fane its head exalteth there,
Where virtues dwell; of Virtue children all,
And as the parent we the offspring call.

There doth Contentment greet the wand'ring eye;
Unspotted Chastity, of modest mien;
And sober Temp'rance; meek Humility;
And many mo, whose titles fair, I ween,
And goodly deeds, in Virtue's page, with care,
For imitation, all enrolled are.

But, chief of all, there dwelleth *Charity;*
Withouten whom none Virtue's presence find;
Who else attempt them Self-security
Still intercepteth; he a power unkind!
And near the fane he skulks to seize on all
Who turn a deafen'd ear when Charity doth call.

And woe betide all whom he seizeth on!
From Virtue's plain he them conveyeth far;
Before their eyes impervious mists are thrown;
And haughty Pride conducteth them to where,
Destruction hight, a horrid pit there been;
And down they fall, and never mo are seen!

In other's good doth Charity rejoice;
Supporting hapless offspring not her own;
Prompt at the call of Misery's falt'ring voice;
And ever trying to allay the moan
Of guilty breast; by ev'ry soothing art,
Instilling hope to heal the broken heart.

If Envy ever, with base Scandal join'd,
Doth try her gen'rous actions to bewray,
She smileth pardon; conscious that her mind
To deeds unseemly never did give way;
And then in tender pity doth she sigh,
That such there are who deal thus spitefully.

If, by a pow'r superior e'er oppress'd,
Her deadliest foe in thraldom chance to fall,
Again doth pity actuate her breast,
And his unkindness she forgetteth all;

His sad condition causeth her much pain,
Nor doth she rest till she his freedom gain.

If when she, forc'd, contendeth with a foe—
And foes, Heaven knoweth, she hath not a few—
She him o'ercome, and all his arts o'erthrow,
Her 'vantage ne'er to farthest doth pursue;
But kindly spareth; holding it to be
A crime to crush a fallen enemy.

Ah! may ne Self-security my way
With mists too surely fatal e'er obscure;
But gentle Charity my bosom sway;
That I in Virtue's palace may secure
A fair reception; and avoid the fate
Which all her foes doth, certes, aye, await!

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR;

OR, "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

SAYS Death to the Doctor, and show'd him his dart—
"I've got you at last, friend! This, this to your heart!
No more shall you cheat me——" "Cheat you, friend!
which way?"—
"By saving whole thousands design'd for my prey."—
"Me deprive you of thousands?" replied Galen's son;
"I swear, Sir, I never depriv'd you of one.
While patients can fee, 'tis my int'rest to save 'em;
But, you well know, at last, I take care you shall have
'em.
Then withdraw your curs'd dart; reconsider the case;
Let justice, at least, if not friendship, take place:
Don't envy me grass, while you riot in clover;
But, "Live, and let live, brother, all the world over."

HOPE.

A SONNET A-LA-MODE.

SWEET sympathizer of the sick'ning soul!
  HOPE! heav'nly harbinger of halcyon health!
Fair-ey'd inflator! critical controul!
  Implicit idol of or woe or wealth!

Essence of all the entity divine
  Of buoyant emprize! Impulse sweet, remote,
Of pious breathing! in thy beams benign,
  The more than many wavy phantoms float!

Effulgent radiance! my susceptive sight,
  With more than rapt solicitude of zeal,
Pursues the sweepy circuit of thy light,
  Till not one nerve its transport can conceal;

Till all thy rays concentrate in my breast,
In all the exquisite annoy of rest!

THE OLD OAK.

MARK, on yon hill, a venerable Oak
Obnoxious stand to each tempestuous stroke:
Around its trunk, with many a chasm defac'd,
Skirted with moss, by turning ivy brac'd,
The flocks stand thick, for shelter or for shade;
Alike the birds the spreading boughs invade.
I've seen, at eve, when Care relax'd his frown,
Turn'd from his forge and threw his hammer down,

A rustic Sage beneath its covert stand;
By hinds surrounded in a list'ning band;
While he recounted to their wond'ring ears,
Its height, girth, history, and length of years.
Two generations had already past,
The third, grown hoary, now approach'd its last;
The fourth was rising; since the the manor's lord,
Plac'd it a sapling in the parted sward.
Long was he childless; but, his name to spare,
And 'twas illustrious, Heav'n had sent an heir:
The joyous parent, on the hill's broad head,
In ample heaps the festive honours spread;
All comers welcom'd; and unbounded mirth
Proclaim'd his transport, and the bantling's birth!
Then, as a long memorial of th' event,
The tree was planted; while the air was rent
With bacchant wishes for the Planter's peace,
The Child's prosperity, and Oak's increase.
He, from his grandsire, heard the whole detail;
Who, then a stripling, quaff'd his honour's ale.
He told, too, smiling, how it came to prove,
The standing chronicle of rural love;
How, on its bark, the amorous swain engrav'd,
The magic name which all his soul enslav'd!
Some traces mark'd by Time not quite subdu'd:
And, pleas'd, he prais'd the wooers and the woo'd:
Told, in what numbers these could hearts inflame;
How these were victors at the village game.
But now, alas! how ruthless Time destroys!
Gone were the partners of his early joys.
One trace he view'd, and stifled half a sigh;
I saw him turn, a gushing tear to dry;
Himself had form'd it, in a generous hour,
When sleek'd-fac'd Hope arm'd Love's delusive power.
Bright were the damsel's charms, her manners sweet;
Her tongue persuasion, but her soul deceit.
His hopes she flatter'd, and his gifts receiv'd;
Frequent his gifts, for much the youth believ'd;

But much he gave, and much believ'd in vain;
Her hand she yielded to a richer swain.
Drooping he went; but time and youth combin'd
Repair'd his spirits, and confirm'd his mind.
But no vain beauty now his breast could move;
He shunn'd the sex, and steel'd his soul to love.
Thus all his hopes one artful woman cross'd;
Through one base woman, all his youth was lost.
No nuptial comfort sooth'd his anxious breast;
No parent's joy his yearning soul express'd;
Cheerless, he wander'd through life's dull decline;
And mourn'd "himself the last of all his line."
Well sung the Bard—"O, be the Jilt accurs'd!
Of all the vicious, surely, she's the worst!"

MELANCHOLY.

AMID the calm, sequester'd shade,
Sad Melancholy wanders still;
Or, pensive, droops the cheerless maid
Beside the silver, purling rill:

Where Silence holds her placid sway,
Scarce interrupted by the stream;
Or e'en the sigh, that heaves its way
From nurs'd Affliction's troubled dream:

Where fall'n the sculptor's pride is seen,
The moss-rob'd pillar's worn remains;
And mould'ring Grandeur's sullen mien
Derides the skilful artist's pains:

Where, emblematick, falls the bough
Of drooping Sorrow's favour'd tree;
And warm Devotion breathes her vow,
Beneath the veil of secresy:

Where Pity weeps o'er Folly's train,
And Mirth forgets his mad career:
Where Love dares venture to complain,
And Superstition bows to Fear:

Where rarely on the verdant way
The footstep's form appears imprest;
There, whither oft I've wish'd to stray,
Where none my musings might molest!

In pensive thought's abstracted guise,
To brood o'er Disappointment's reign;
Hope's pleasing wish to realize,
In Fancy's light, ideal train!

For Melancholy's mournful reign,
And Sensibility's soft pow'r,
Produce a pleasure, oft, from pain,
And milder make the plaintive hour.

PARNASSUS.

PARNASSUS hight, there is—nor tell I tales—
A mountain, high as any in North Wales:
Where standing, in climes foreign or our own,
Is known to Poets, and to them alone;
Nor will be other, while old Time shall pace on,
For ev'ry Poet is a sworn Free-mason.
On this high mountain the Nine Muses dwell,
Twin sisters all, as gossip Fame can tell.
Here are, besides ten thousand pretty things,
A magic Fountain, and a Horse with Wings.
Whene'er the waters of this stream are quaff'd,
Knowledge is giv'n, proportion'd to the draught;
Who mounts this Horse, o'er all the world may fly,
Soar to the stars, and all pursuit defy.

This mountain's top, in breadth some dozen miles,
Presents a scene, where Nature ever smiles.
There barebon'd Winter never yet was seen;
The lawns and meadows were unfading green:
Spring's milder sun there always sheds his beams;
Silken their verdure, chrystal are their streams.
Silks, satins, velvets, muslins, and so forth,
Compose the flow'rs: the fruits boast greater worth;
Jewels are they, most exquisite and rare,
And ivory boughs the precious burdens bear.
There birds of silver and refulgent gold,
Enamel'd o'er, most beauteous to behold,
Sing on a model novel quite, nor plann'd ill,
As Arne's fine airs, or chorusses from Handel!
Divinest odours the rapt senses greet,
Spice-crown'd Arabia breathes not half so sweet:
None here want food, so Lent eternal keep;
Night comes not here, and no one wants to sleep.
Thence Poets spring; and thence those scenes they draw,
Those *tissue* scenes, which no man ever saw;
Where Celia sleeps upon the *downy* grass;
And makes the *silv'ry* stream her dressing glass;
Where *amorous* sunbeams paint her with the rose,
And *love-sick* Zephyrs fan her to repose!
Thence Poets spring; no wonder, then, their knowledge
Exceeds the mysteries of either college;
No wonder, then, the Poet, in his flight,
So often soars beyond all mortal sight.
Thence are the flow'rs that form his boasted wreath;
Those *lawny* flow'rs, that wither with a breath;
Thence the rare fruits, with which his way is strew'd,
Pleasant for sight, but worthless all for food!
And thence, though Poets sing such strains divine,
Rarely their strains procure them means to dine.
Ah! rarely Poets may refreshment take,
And sleep will still the hungry soul forsake.

Ye ardent youths, who hourly sigh for fame,
Ah! covet not the Bard's too envied name:
Few are his joys, unnumber'd are his woes;
And these substantial, but ideal those.
His pleasures few, and they but gay deceits;
He starves, poor devil! amid fancied sweets.

COLIN; OR, HOPELESS LOVE.

AN ECLOGUE.

THE fresh'ning dew yet whiten'd o'er the blade,
Nor long the nightbird his retreat had made;
Oft wont, e'er dawn, to tread the silent green,
With wayward step, and with dejected mien,
His flock before him restless Colin drove,
And, deeply sighing, sung of hopeless love—
"Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love first led my heedless heart astray!

Ere that sad hour, how blithely time danc'd by!
My mind unclouded, and my spirits high!
Whistling I went, as forth my flock I led,
Tun'd my soft pipe, or carrol'd as they fed;
And, when at eve I penn'd them in the fold,
Sought the gay green, where, mingling, young and old
Strike up the dance, and healthful sports pursue,
Till warn'd of parting by the thick'ning dew:
Then home I hied me; and, my heart at ease,
Light flew my slumbers as the summer breeze—
Ah, woe is me! ill fated was the day
When love first led my heedless heart astray!

Now, when by grief tir'd out, my eyes I close,
My active mind still robs me of repose:
Cold Anna's form officious dreams display;
Again I woo, again she turns away!

"Ah, stay!" I cry—she triumphs in my grief:
Anguish awakes me—but to no relief;
For though unreal the sad scene I find,
True is the woe, and rooted in my mind.
Thus sleep I dread, but only wake to weep,
Exclaim at Fate, and chide the hours that creep;
Of rest impatient, ere the ling'ring dawn,
Flee my loath'd bed, and seek the vacant lawn;
While my flock's plaintive bleat, and dog's shrill bark,
Wind o'er the hills, and wake the early lark.
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love first led my heedless heart astray!

Fair were my flocks, bear witness every swain,
At once the pride, and envy, of the plain;
No more the envy of the plain they move—
Ill fare the flock whose shepherd pines with love!
Snow white, and smooth, their fleeces once appear'd;
Now torn by brambles, and with ooze besmear'd;
For half the day, of them regardless, I,
Wrapt in delusive thought, supinely lie;
At random, then, they wander as they please,
While prowling robbers many a victim seize;
And, ere three months have seen my soul thus cross'd,
Three fruitless ewes, and nine young lambs, I've lost.
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love first led my heedless heart astray!

Of all the passions which the mind e'er nurs'd,
Love most deludes us, and torments the worst:
But shall a face my ev'ry bliss destroy?
Must I be wretched, because Anna's coy?
As lovely nymphs, and far more kind, remain;
Then why, for her, thus waste my soul in vain?
Enough, disdainful beauty! have I borne
Of cold caprice, and agonizing scorn;
I'll bear no more!——Ah! oft that vow I make,
One glance from thee that boastful vow can break!

Ye swains, by love yet unsubdu'd, beware,
Nor madly trifle with the gilded snare:
If caught, no art your freedom can restore,
For ev'ry struggle but enthrals you more!
All other ills some peaceful respite find,
But hopeless love for ever racks the mind!
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love first led my heedless heart astray!"

INVOCATION

TO THE SPIRIT OF CHATTERTON.

SPIRIT of Rashness! whose immortal name
Strikes on the ear with charmful force of woe,
Whose Spartan mind disdain'd complaint as shame,
On whom no hope could kindly balm bestow!

Ah! deem me guiltless of the wish to hold,
To rude reflection, and unhallow'd gaze,
The awful memory of the dead, enroll'd
Victims of will, ere Fate's award of days!

If to inquire shall not to thee appear
The officious workings of an unbless'd zeal;
Where'er thou art, my invocation hear,
And, if permitted, what I ask reveal!

O, say—whose genius, like the summer sun,
From which at dawn unheeded blessings flow,
Burst nobly forth, ere manhood's dawn begun,
To shine unnotic'd, and unfelt to glow—

Say, with despair, from night stol'n grave yawn'd up,
What horrid hag, with pestilential breath,
Combin'd to drug thee such a damning cup,
And harrow Nature with thy tale of death?

Was it or squalid Want, who, loath'd by all,
Like treason-tainted rogue, or plague-struck loon,
Skulks by the lonely tomb, or mould'ring wall,
Mouthing her witcheries to the blinking moon?

Or Calumny, from whose dread, subtle, spell,
Nor moated tower, nor holy shrine defend:
Who blights the prospect where the happy dwell,
Confounds the noble, and the poor man's friend?

Or empty Arrogance, from Riches sprung,
Who all save that uncleanly Mammon scorns;
Treads down the suppliant, mocks the falt'ring tongue,
And plants the pallet of the wretch with thorns?

Say, did not Love too deeply pierce thine heart?
Haply, Caprice might barb the shaft he drew:
Didst thou not strive to wrench away the dart;
And, in the struggle, wrench thine heart-strings too?

Was't bold Integrity, untaught to cow'r,
And bow the knee before the lords of pride;
Who urg'd thee on, disdainful of their pow'r;
Beyond their reach to take so large a stride?

Ah, kindly say; for, lo! the hasty throng
Have stain'd thy tomb with Pride's ungracious name!
Inform the Muse, and let her happy song
Declare the tidings, and retrieve thy fame.

Once more! nor longer will I mar thy rest;
Once more--I faulter as the words proceed—
Say, may I hail thee partner of the blest,
Or perish all who self-devoted bleed?—

A hollow accent smote my wond'ring ear,
With dread I listen'd, trembling I relate.
"O, thou, permitted from the dead to hear,
Presumptuous, pry not in the will of Fate.

"Why Death I sought, for thee no good contains;
Go, thou, and wisely profit by my shame:
Tho' all of obloquy my mem'ry stains,
Beyond the grave none hear the voice of fame.

"Whate'er my meed, Omnipotence is just;
In ev'ry ill be resignation thine:
Great is his mercy; yet, O son of dust!
Tempt not his vengeance, by a deed like mine!"

EASTER ANTHEM.

WHEN Israel's Psalmist felt the fire
That Israel's God was wont inspire
Within his duteous breast,
The royal lyrist tun'd his lays,
And in the noblest themes of praise,
His gratitude express'd.

Israel in bondage, first, with grief,
He sung, and hopeless of relief;
But quickly chang'd the strain:
And, as he sung, the God ador'd;
For, lo! he sung, a land restor'd
To liberty again!

But, when he sung the boon divine,
"The throne secur'd to Judah's line,"
How on the strain he hung!
Till rapture swell'd his bosom high,
While gratitude suffus'd his eye,
And check'd his falt'ring tongue.

Such joy no selfish motive mov'd
In him, whom God so much approv'd;
For well he understood—

From Judah's race, with time's increase,
An HEIR should rise—that PRINCE of PEACE!
Who bought us with his blood,

If David could such joy display,
Reflecting on that glorious day
He vainly wish'd to know;
Bless'd with that day's all-saving sight,
From us what accents of delight,
What ceaseless strains should flow!

Oh! catch the lyre, and wake the string;
A bounteous God, with David, sing,
To death, for us, a prey:
And every voice in concert rise,
With grateful rapture rend the skies,
Nor let the theme decay!

EPITAPH

ON A GOLD FISH.

ITS thoughtless moments quickly told,
Here lies a Fish whose scales were gold;
But the rich prize could not from death
One moment stay its fleeting breath!

Reader, on Gold then ne'er depend,
At best a weak and faithless friend!
But seek that treasure which can save
Beyond the all-devouring grave!

THE HEART.

CRIED the beautiful Mira, " how sad is the tale !"
While the tears fill'd her heavenly orbs of bright blue,
Her head it hung pensive, her cheek it turn'd pale,
And her bosom of snow heav'd in unison true.
Such features of sympathy surely impart
That the beautiful Mira possesses an heart!

Said the elegant Anna, " 'Tis worthy relief,
" 'Tis our duty the woes of each other to hush;"
And subscribing her name to meek Charity's brief,
To each compliment paid her return'd a sweet blush.
Such features of Charity surely impart,
That the elegant Anna possesses an heart!

" I decline the assembly, my new dress and all,"
Said the sprightly Jeannetta, when home she had got:
Both Mira and Anna were found at the ball,
But Jeannetta was found at the poor widow's cot.
True sympathy scorns affectation and art,
'Tis the sprightly Jeannetta possesses the heart.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON EXPRESSING HER CONTEMPT OF COMMON ANTIPATHIES.

I THINK, or I hope, that a maid so refin'd
As Maria, told not the true sense of her mind,
When speaking, last eve, of antipathies common,
She felt, from the delicate nature of woman;
" I'm asham'd of these whims, 'tis so like affectation;
So lady like"—here, Miss, I ground accusation;

Why blush, gentle maid, from such species of spirit?
Such whims in your sex are criterions of merit.
For whenever you ladies antipathies feel,
An inveterate hatred of vice you reveal;
You bear to God's creatures no wishes of harm,
But condemn Vice's emblem in each varying form;
From *envy* you shrink in the venom-swoln *toad*;
And from *scandals* curst croak, should a *frog* cross your road;
In the *mouse* you dread cunning, the *spider*, deceit;
And so forth of each noxious reptile you meet;
So you smile at the *trifler* express'd by the *fly*;
And in *butterflies* laugh at such *coxcombs* as I;
Then no more blush with shame (tho' you think it might cloud
Your credit) at what justice bids you be proud.

IRAM TO ZEMIRA.

BELOV'D of Iram! to thy silver lute
These lines attune—and these to faith impute:
" How cheering Hope's benignant smile—
How radiant that of Joy!
How that can all the heart beguile,
This all the soul employ!
Yet sweeter far, beyond degree,
Are lov'd Zemira's smiles to me:

" How sweet the blush of Modesty,
And Gratitude's high glow!
What nameless charms can that supply,
What graces this bestow!
Yet sweeter far, beyond degree,
Is lov'd Zemira's bloom to me!

"How sweet Affection's yielding sigh,
Which can the savage soul subdue!
But yet for sweetness may not vie
My fond, my constant maid, with you!
No, sweeter far, beyond degree,
Are lov'd Zemira's smiles to me!"

ODE TO CUPID.

THOU! who of yore from beauty sprung;
Ever blooming, blythe, and young!
Brother to the sportive smiles;
Taught by Fancy, nurs'd by Hope;
With whom nor Art, with endless wiles,
Nor Strength, with coral nerves, can cope;
Ah! listen to my suppliant strain,
And let me not implore in vain!

Sweet Archer, whose celestial dart,
Bounding from the groveling heart,
Pierces only where the soul
Pity, Peace, and Faith obeys;
O, thou, whose exquisite controul,
A blissful agony conveys,
Ah! listen to my suppliant strain,
And let me not implore in vain!

Should honour e'er my heart refine,
Meet, O love! for prize of thine;
Should'st thou claim it, God of hearts!
And fate the lover's boon deny,
O'erwhelm my soul with all thy darts,
And thus entranc'd, O, let me die!
Ah, listen to my suppliant strain,
And let me not implore in vain!

THE LUNATIC.

REASON! beam of light divine!
Source of each celestial joy!
A moment, ah! I boast thee mine;
Involving mists no longer roll
O'er my sad benighted soul,
But all is lucid, calm, and free;
Extravagance and wild desire
No more my hurried fancy fire;
No frantic views my mind employ;
All, all, is sweet complacency!
Ah! to die in state like this
Were dearest agony of bliss!

Horror darkens all my light;
Scenes of anguish crowd my sight!
Anticipation's cruel power
Robs me of the present hour.
Must I reason then forego?
Must I sink again so low?
Hope offers me no cheering balm—
The thought deranges every calm!
O, cruel interval of light,
Thou arm'st more poignantly the coming night

Warp not, restless fiends! my soul,
I defy your curst controul;
I'm of blood and race more high
Than all the heroes fame e'er sung
For whom the lyre of bards was strung;
Fiends avaunt! ye fire my brain!
The madd'ning flame
Pervades my frame—
I brave ye all; your power is vain—

My soul is tortur'd, rack'd, and torn;
On furious, rapid, whirlwinds borne;
I ride upon the fleeting clouds!
Mountains, molehills, all appear
Now, so high my course I steer
Distance each nether object shrouds!
Higher, higher, I advance,
All is fathomless expanse!
I shudder at the vast profound—
My sight is lost, my head turns round—
I'm lost! I fall! I sink! I die!

THE

ROYAL CRADLE;

OR,

CAMBRIA IN THE STRAW.

WRITTEN AT THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

A modern mock Pindaric.

BRITONS, approach! a patient ear incline,
My Theme's as largely your concern as mine.
I sing not CÆSAR from the field returning,
With Victory's laurels nodding on his brow;
I sing no MANLIUS for his country's weal
Rushing on death, alone, mid hosts of steel;
Nor CINCINNATUS, with sole empire, yearning
For cottag'd peace, and his paternal plough;
Nor godlike SCIPIO, in youth's fullest fire,
Rigid in honour, victor of *desire:*
Such themes might suit ROME's ancient, *heathen* days,
But *christian* ENGLAND scorns such maudlin praise!

Our CONTINENCE gets fly-blown in an hour,
Just buds, but never ripens to a flower:

With us CONTENT is *meanness*; we despise
The *sneak* who sticks at any thing to *rise;*
Our PATRIOTS, somewhat unlike those of *yore,*
Their COUNTRY make *good bargains* OF, not FOR.
And then *our* HEROES, tho' we *have* a *few;*
Who fighting love, and get their share of't too;
But such electrifying names, I swear,
Of mine shall not one single reader scare.
A modern *hero,* all so smooth and smug,
Like pretty Poll, or little Master Pug;
The Mall or Lobby whose campaign Parade is,
Looks fierce alone to lap-dogs and to ladies;
With *muslin* valour, all cockade and feather,
Swoons at a sword, and trembles at the weather;
Minces the oath to swear at length would fright him;
And skips past every door with tim'rous haste,
By a grim *lion* for a *knocker grac'd,*
Fearing the *monster* should—jump down and bite him.

I sing no LOAN; to *me* it was n't *lent,*
Then where exists a cause for me to praise it?
What tho' the Premier *did* give CENT per CENT,
Perhaps a *trifle* more, ere he could raise it;
Why, in the name of sense, should I bewray it?
The devil is in't if *I* am ask'd to *pay* it!

I sing of no CONVENTION BILL; not I!
Not that I suffer fear my tongue to tye;
I just act *with* it, as I did *without* it;
What business, then, have I to prate about it;
Likely as not, to prate myself to prison;
For what?—"*The Nation's Benefit.*"—The Nation?
You could not well have pick'd a lamer reason.
The Nation's gratitude is such, her end
Once gain'd, I'll tell you how she'd serve her friend—
I'll do it, like DAN PETER, by Quotation.

A FABLE OF ÆSOP.

A FOX fell in a shallow *well* one day,
But much too deep for him to gain the top;
A GOAT, upon a journey, went that way,
And down the well his *noddle* chanc'd to pop,
As if his bearded worship sought to drink.
Reynard, transported, saw him at the brink—
" Ho do you do? my dearest friend!" cries Ren;
" I hav'nt seen you since—the Lord knows when!
" I am *so* glad, to find you've grown so fat;
" Do *help me out*, that we may have some chat."—
" *How*," inquires t'other, " *shall I get you out?*"
Rejoins the Fox—" We'll manage it, no doubt.
" Do just step down; and on your *hinder* rest,
" With your *fore* legs against the well's side prest;
" Then to your horns I up your *back* can climb,
" And gain the margin in a moment's time;
" Then by your horns—for strength I do not lack—
" I'll pull you after, Billy, in a crack."
Well-pleas'd with Renny, *Goaty*, all so grave,
Simply stepp'd down; and Reynard, in a minute,
Popp'd from his prison; when the *shabby* knave,
Scarcely for laughter making shift to cry—
" God bless your charity! *Good bye! Good bye!*"
Skipp'd from the well, and left his *dear friend* in it!

Now, having, like some orators of note,
Prefac'd away so learnedly and long,
That my theme's object almost I'd forgot,
'Tis time some certainty should fix my song.

I sing a CRADLE; PETER sung a LOUSE:
The *Critics* prais'd; what theme shall hence be mean?
I sing a CRADLE, that contracted house,
Which ne'er encloses *Envy, Hate*, nor *Spleen;*

Where *Avarice* ne'er with apprehension quakes,
Nor proud *Ambition* still to anguish wakes;
Where *Fraud* ne'er ruminates, *Remorse* ne'er weeps;
But cherub *Innocence*, with dimpled smiles,
Reclining there, the careless hour beguiles;
And, spite of fear, the pretty *Heartease* sleeps.

I sing a CRADLE; yet, with more propriety,
The *Cradle's* CHARGE: a charge of *royal* mould;
The INFANT'S NURSE, a damsel of thick blood;
Give to the noble Guardian counsel good;
And touch on divers things, of just variety;
Some worth, I ween full well, their weight in gold.

The CAMBRIAN CHIEF, from BRUNO'S *royal* lass,
Has, in quaint phrase, receiv'd a *pledge of Love;*
A chubby *Girl!* Ye Cambrian Bards, rejoice!
Hark! how the cannon's *garagantuan* voice
Proclaims the birth; the merry steeples prance
With peals of information; while the mass,
Some shout, some sing, some fiddle, and some dance:
While some of joy or grief no single muscle move;
While others shrug their shoulders, scratch their rumps,
In full *monotony* of doleful dumps;
Snapping at all who of the matter *axes;*
"Why, i'n't the Princess *brought-a-bed?* you oaf!
"And now, when bread is *fifteen-pence* a loaf,
"We shall be saddled with some more damn'd *taxes!*"

Now many a *rib* in Fashion's corps enroll'd—
Such sway imperious Fashion here doth hold—
With all her soul out *Hubby's* eyes could claw,
Because she's not with CAROLINE i' the *straw.*

O, dapper UNDERWOOD! thou modern SLOP!
Thy happy progress with *green-bag* parade,
Should no confounded *Obadiah* stop,
Thy fortune, yes, thou lucky dog! is made.

So—for each dame *obstetrically* sick,
Who at the length of fee disdains to stick,
Will hail you, eastward, westward, southward, nor'ward—
Brush up your wig, and set your best foot forward.

A BRANCH has issued from great CAMBRIA's stem,
And all St. *James's* is stark mad for joy;
Coach upon coach in crouds each other hem,
Well cramm'd with guests—all *Carlton House* a-hoy!
WALES, apropos; while all the *modish* nation,
Come brimful of *sincere* congratulation;
List to a tale 'bout *compliments* and *money;*
Told of arch *Killigrew,* and *Charles* the *funny.*

It happen'd *Charles* had set apart a day,
When all his courtiers their respects should pay;
And *Killigrew* was order'd to prepare
A *coat* for Charles upon that day to wear.
The garment made, the King confess'd 'twas grand—
"But, *Kil,*" says he, "I don't much understand
"The *pockets* of this coat! *Odsfish, man!* fye on't!
"Compar'd, they're like a pigmy and a giant:
"One takes compleatly *half the coat;* how is't;
"The other scarcely will admit my *fist!*"—
"Sire," said the wag, "the *great one,* by your leave,
"Is meant to hold *professions* you'll receive!"
"The *least,*" says Charles, "but where of that's the
"sense?"—
"That, please your Majesty, will hold the *pence.*"

To CAMBRIUS, lo! an *Heiress!*—DASHWOOD, thou,
So Cambrius wills, the *nursling* must attend;
Relief to all its little cravings lend;
Sing it with lullabies full meet to slumber;
And manage little matters without number;
All which, I trow, to order you know how.
But, noble Nurse, reflect! your charge is *great;*
Its *weal* or *woe* much interests the state:

Then mind, dear *Dashwood,* how you *rock the cradle;*
Don't rock it *once too little*—if you do,
Caprice, and *spleen,* and *sickness,* will ensue:
If *once too much,* its *brains,* you know, will *addle.*
Then, with a prudence vigilant as keen,
Bless the sweet bantling by a *golden mean.*
You know our food the humours will affect;
Be careful, then, the *purest* to collect.
Enquire those mothers eminent for deeds
Of *various virtue,* and *endearing mood;*
Save those *her mother* owns (that soul exceeds
Humanity endow'd with *every good)*
A *little milk* from *these*—if suckling—crave;
The boon with pleasure, *daily,* they'll bestow;
These, with the mother's mingled, boil; and throw
The *scum* away; no single atom save:
That scum's *ill qualities,* from each express'd;
For wicked particles alloy the best!

With this pure beverage mix unleaven'd *bread,*
Made from fresh wheat, sown in the newest moon,
By some blest Agent of Benevolence, to shed
Relief on Poverty with ample boon;
And sheer'd by Industry's *most happy* band,
While larks sing sweetest in the morning's youth;
The loaf well-kneaded by the lovely hand
Of some sweet *maid* of most unblemish'd truth.
Be this her viands—Dashwood! this is food,
Could *Angels eat,* would do e'en *Angels good!*

Of *swathing, dressing,* Lady, and the rest,
You own more knowledge far than I can teach you;
But I have more remaining of *behest;*
Then pay it good attention, I beseech you.
Attend my subject's *spirit,* well as letter;
Nor think yourself aggrieved, or degraded,
Because by *me* with *useful* counsel aided—
" *Two Heads,* you know, than *one* were always better."

In early morn; that's by and bye, when Time
Has knit her nerves to face the honest Air,
Who treats no kindlier the Prince than Peasant;
Except, when *Eolus*, who makes *forge bellows*,
Should be abroad, or any of his fellows;
Who rudely off your cap or hat will tear;
Or blunt *Aquarius*, who waters roads and streets—
And splashes every living soul he meets—
Or, in plain terms, as we would say in prose,
Sweet Lady, when it rudely *rains* or *blows*,
But when the sun-beams make the morning pleasant;
Take her abroad; neglect would be a crime;
'Till brace her so as wholly to dispel
The seeds in which that *quality* disease,
Ennui by fine French *Dictionary Drapers*,
But by *vile* English Boors call'd *Wapers*,
That long-legg'd Polypus delights to dwell.
At early morn; but not the *morn of Quality*.
The Peasant's *latest noon;* when home he hies,
Already having toil'd a short day's length,
To eat the bread of *chearfulness* and *strength;*
When *half-unwholesome* Quality just rise,
With eyes of owl, complexion like a candle,
To drink their chocolate with spleen and scandal.
I mean, fair Lady, morning in reality,
When rosy *Health* the milk maid trips along,
As light of heart as foot, trolling her song,
Of *merriment* and *peace;* e'en long before,
The yawning shopman ope's his master's door,
The publick, in plebeian phrase, to *gammon*,
By *tricks of trade*, of the unrighteous Mammon.

Thy charge, fair Lady, by and bye, will *talk*,
And teach her then to say her *pray'rs;*
Her parents *may;* but 'tis not in the *walk*,
I ween, of Lords and Ladies to say theirs.
And when she grows up *big*, if you attend her,
Tell her, if you can do't and not offend her—

We may'nt *tell truth* at all times to *great Folk*—
That PRINCES and PRINCESSES, QUEENS and KINGS,
Do sometimes *die*, as well as *meanest things;*
That some have thought the BIBLE not a *joke;*
That if it i'n't; the *great* as well as *small,*
Who do not treat it in a manner civil,
Perhaps, may stand some little chance to fall;
Into that *German's* claws, yclep'd the DEVIL!
Inform her MODESTY makes young maids *pretty,*
And tints their faces with the loveliest bloom;
That sweet GOODNATURE is the best *perfume;*
And that 'tis better to be *good* than *witty;*
For wit in women's oft a dangerous dowry,
A stream of venom, with a margin flowery.
Teach her to speak the TRUTH; a shame 'tis crying,
Your noble Folk such *dabsters* are at LYING;
Tell her a *Proverb* too, that alway hack'd is,
By great Folk *sometimes* tho' not put in *practice,*
That "HONESTY, in fallacy's despite,
"Of soundest logic is the limb most right."
Tell her RELIGION is a comely sort
Of kindly chearful-hearted Dame, good Nurse!
That she scarce ever had "a friend at Court;"
And if she *had,* 'twould not be much the worse;
And say that FASHION is a motley fool,
And of her *votaries* that *few* are better!
That MRS. REASON has for *dress* a rule,
Which if she likes to see the dame will let her.
A plain old woman 'tis lives *out of town;*
And ne'er was known to *play at cards* on Sunday;
Nor *dance,* nor *sing,* nor *fiddle,* and so on;
And thinks that out of *seven,* on *one day,*
There i'n't much *wickedness* in going to *worship;*
And that there's *odds* 'twixt *Protestant* and *Pagan;*
Tho' modern pious Christians, troth to say,
Seem to think not; they adoration pay,
Led on by many a *learn'd* and *noble Curship,*
Alternately to DAVID'S GOD and DAGON.

Tell her—But, hold! less trouble to be taking,
I'll give you, Lady, such a pretty tale!
To shew it her I'm sure you will not fail;
I'm sure she'll take it all in kindliest part,
And if she likes it, *get it off by heart!*
Should I in *those days* tread this vale of cares—
The thing I neither should be glad nor sorry at—
And PYE or his SUCCESSOR *kick the bucket;*
And she be advertis'd it was my making;
Under her arm, from gratitude she'd tuck it;
And fly to Court, and with incessant prayers,
Worry the KING to make *me* POET LAUREAT!

And if he *did*—oh FOLLY! thou should'st quake;
Thy empire, VICE! I'd to the centre shake;
I'd *whack* those courtier imps of adulation,
Who for a *sinecure* would sell the Nation!
And steep in *brine,* my authoritative *rod,*
To make those BISHOPS own it was a *biter,*
Who not alone their COUNTRY, but their GOD—
Barter for lucre of *Lawn Sleeves* and *Mitre!!*

My *pruning* plan, I warrant, I'd pursue,
Till every criminal own'd *who* was *who;*
The LAUREAT'S THUNDER should burst forth in *tropes,*
In pith and pertinence to shame the Pope's;
'Till not a vice was left to lay my lash on;
And *Virtue,* summon'd from her far resort,
And introduc'd by ME at COURT,
Wou'd of necessity become the FASHION!
But, Zeal, i'fag's! you're carrying all before you;
And I, fair Lady, had forgot my story.

A STORY.

An EAGLE once, harangued his brood—
"Ye progeny, of *Royal Blood,*
"A Father's awful words attend;
"And with your souls his precepts blend;

" This world, the work of LOVE's own hand,
" JOVE on a *social compact* plann'd;
" Whence he decreed all private zeal
" Should centre in the *public Weal.*
" Hence *various orders* were ordain'd;
" *Just systems* must be so sustain'd—
" Now each of office thus possess'd,
" Is but a *Steward* to the *rest;*
" And who of trust has greatest share,
" Indebted stands for greatest care.
" A KING, supreme of elevation;
" Is but HIGH-STEWARD to the NATION;
" And to ensure faith in the *Throne*
" The Nation make its wants *their own:*
" Shall not the *welfare of the Nation,*
" Be then a King's whole contemplation?
" Shall he not, then, if need should call,
" Chearful, for them, resign his ALL?
" My children, YES! a King's whole cares,
" *Himself,* and *all his Race,* are *theirs.*
" Then, mark! thro' life, whate'er you do,
" Keep this most piously in view;
" Kings"—Deem it, by the bye no libel
On sense, *birds* quoting from the *Bible;*
Though 'tis beneath *our* wise regard,
Their tastes to please mayn't be so hard;
And of their *talking* while agreed,
We surely may conclude they *read*—
" Kings my dear offspring, and their race,
" *Are lights expos'd on highest place;*
" From whose resplendence all should know
" The way in which they ought to go;
" Then if by *fogs* the *guide's* surrounded,
" The *charge* may likely be confounded.
" *Before the mass then let your light*
" *Shine so invariably bright,*
" That henceforth none may have to say,
" Thro' *you* they ever went astray;

" And in the *highest ranks* reflect,
" We always errors first detect.
" *Ten thousand stars* the *thickest cloud,*
" And, unobserv'd by *all,* may shroud;
" But 'tis the tale of *every one,*
" If *slightest* shade should veil the SUN!"

THE AGE,

A SATIRE.

ARGUMENT.

THRO' virtuous zeal, not rank ill nature,
The Muse resolves to deal in Satire;
The Bard expostulates thereon,
And much they argue pro and con;
But as the Muse asserts her sway
The Bard is fated to obey.
Folly and Vice he then invokes,
Two nabob-kind of leading folks;
He hints at Statesmen, Patriot zeal,
And feigning what we do not feel,
Holds up to praise the modern Teacher,
And talks of Goldsmith's Village Preacher:
Then when fine reas'ning he would broach,
He's interrupted by a coach;
Which makes him for their coaches bold
And tradesmens' ways in times of old;
Then Lux'ry food for Censure yields;
Newgate, the Strand, and Cold Bath Fields
He visits next; then pops the Bard on
To Drury Lane and Covent Garden,
And there asserts the use of plays,
Where Sense and Virtue court the bays;
Next, in advice he will engage
With Misses sweet and Parents sage

On novel reading; then cracks jokes
On modern, high-bred married folks;
As bards are never held in fetters,
Then holds forth boldly to his betters;
Nor will the reader's patience keep
Much longer—if he's not asleep.

P. The Times, my Muse? good Heavens! you can but joke;
Think what we dare, and who we may provoke.
Lo! where, far keener than the frigid North,
The harpy spirit of Chicane's gone forth;
Leagu'd with such swarms of libel-hunting rooks,
Erskine would scarce indemnify our looks;
Then, if we must proclaim the time's good deeds,
Like Midas' rib, let's tell them to the reeds.
So, when the zephyrs o'er the marsh shall play,
Th' instructed reeds shall form a tell-tale lay;
Th' admiring world the wondrous story hear,
And we the talons of no catchpole fear.

M. Cautions and catchpoles I alike despise;
Who brood o'er scandal may concealment prize;
Truth forms my theme; and, spite of all our blunders,
Truth is no libel in this age of wonders.

P. But when, while Candour toils with Want incog.
Int'rest's comptroller of the decalogue,
Who so contrives it, by a talent plastick,
It fits all consciences with power elastick;
When painted Modesty disdains her veil,
And even prudent Decency turns tail;
When, scar'd by Fashion, Reason stands aloof,
And shameless Impudence out-stares Reproof;
Or, first deploring Chastity's decline,
Gravely invites him an intrigue to join!
Muse, when our labours to the world we lend,
What soul will read; or, reading, will amend?

And think what doughty prodigies of rhymes
Have vainly satiriz'd their venal times:
The worst to me were Florentine to tinder—
From ancient Pasquin to our Peter Pindar.
Let us then ponder, ere we lash our neighbours,
And wisely profit from their fruitless labours.

M. What, if Paul preach'd to unbelieving Jews;
Or MOORE should now to Roger and the pews;
Shall Yorick's curate Sunday's sermon wave,
Or Yorick's clerk forego the usual stave?

P. These are by church confirm'd to sing or teach;
And Yorick's stipend prompts the works of each;
Mine no diploma, mine no hop'd rewards.—

M. The Muse ordains, and profits not for Bards;
Else would they fatten, and ('twere needless) grow,
Which Heaven forbid! more proudly vain than now.
Like modern gentry, half on dunghills born,
Who look the essence of audacious scorn;
Deem all of virtue if with want obscene,
And Nature's carpet for their feet too mean;
Snuff up God's air, as loathing to endure
Breathing one atmosphere with aught that's poor.
But, truce to parley, which disputes my sway,
Be yours alone to listen, and obey.

P. Nay, prove whene'er thy faithful slave denied,
Prompt at thy call, his well-worn hack to stride;
And boggle on thro' quagmire, brake, or den,
Unconscious how he should get back, or when?
Or, in plain mother-tongue, at thy behest,
Night after night, unmindful of my rest,
Have I not fagg'd at some uncouth conceit,
While number'd fingers serv'd the verse to mete;
Rack'd my dull brain for ill-according rhyme,
And sense and grammar sacrific'd to chime,

Toil'd with lame simile, description poor,
Unsettled inference, and point obscure;
Stole thoughts from others, pass'd 'em for my own,
But so deform'd, they never yet were known;
As gypsies clothe the innocents they steal
In rags and filth, and so the theft conceal?
Have I not——

M. Hold! your duty done, at most,
That duty forc'd too, whence the claim to boast?
So may the chariot glory as it flies,
So the fleet arrow as it wings the skies.
But fools, vain, blind, and self-sufficient, view
Matter for praise in every thing they do.
Thus pious beldames sacred records search,
And find enjoin'd them Charity and Church:
At church they sleep—a casual sixpence spare;
Then lift their eyes, and cry—"How good we are!"
Hence, then, with trifling; and prepare thee, slave,
All that my warrant shall impose to brave;
Trace Vice and Folly to the fountain-head;
No devious track to find it shalt thou tread:
Bye-ways no longer lead to their abode;
Plain is the path, and beaten is the road;
Erected posts at every opening stand,
And letter'd notice aids the pointing hand.
Blind, if thou err'st; but, going once astray,
Each vacant booby will redeem the way.
Then, strong for Virtue, to the task with speed,
Truth by thy side, tho' restless Zeal precede;
For who confounds the wilful and the weak
Betrays the tool of Ignorance or Pique.
And know, the Bard, who Vice and Folly spares,
Because stuck round with coronets and stars,
Spurn'd by the Muse— a stigma on her fame—
From stars and coronets reward may claim.
Blest meed! just suffer'd at the proud man's board
To nurse the pamper'd humours of his lord;

To be, in short, the veriest reptile born,
At once his feeder's catamite and scorn.

P. Muse, the supreme temptation I defy;
My poor ambition soars not half so high:
I'd be, tho' mean, as Virtue's champion known;
I'll spare no mortal's vices—but my own.
Arm'd for the charge, behold me then advance,
Bold, as when sage La Mancha seiz'd the lance;
And, in the calenture of tilting zeal,
At herds, and wind-mills, couch'd the rusty steel:
And, like the deadly, 'witching, weird crew—
Quake, ye profane! I'll—"*do—I'll do—I'll do!*"
And first, to charm us with her potent spells,
Invoke the Goddess of the Cap and Bells.

Hail, great Excentrick! idol of the crowd!
By solemn dunces, and the empty loud,
Alike ador'd; by ever-varied name,
As worships Ignorance, Impudence, or Shame:
By these, as suits best their idolatry,
Frailty, or *Freedom*, or *Consistency*.
But bigot Reason, rigid, proud, and vain,
Has dubb'd thee *Folly*—Fools thy motley train.
O mighty Folly! in thy pageant hall
How many a Quixote glories in his stall!
Unnumber'd orders in progression rise,
To every rank indebted for supplies:
St. Giles's spawn, St. James's courtly race;
Upward from squab Sir Jeffery to his Grace:
Poets and Senators thy fane receives,
And—blush, Religion!—cassocks and lawn-sleeves!

Hail! too, thrice hail! thou * Ægeonian pow'r,
Who viest for stature with the cloud-capt tow'r!

* Ægeon, or Briareus was one of the giants who warred against Jupiter: he had one hundred hands and fifty heads, with as many mouths belching out fire.

Whose temple, worthy of so vast a frame,
Invests a space incredible to fame.
A million avenues th' interior shew;
With ceaseless fires a million altars glow.
A zealous priesthood there for ever wait;
A mongrel bevy, whom themselves create;
Green youth with hoary age unites to raise
The restless Censor, clamorous of praise;
And bigot females sexual grace despise,
Mad orgies yell, and slay the sacrifice.

Hail! hail! thrice hail! O Vice! in barb'rous times,
Whose grand designs were stigmatiz'd as crimes;
When nobles only, or the sons of wealth,
Dar'd boast of guilt; while poor rogues sinn'd by stealth.
But now, O glorious privilege of soul!
When kind refinement frees us from controul,
The mean their rights assert, burst off their fetters,
And boldly sin at noon-day, with their betters.

O happy Age! to all restraint unknown,
When each man's creed is really his own:
For, swift to canvas, tardy to believe,
None pins his faith upon his fellow's sleeve.
And faith, thank Fortune! courteous and refin'd,
Dwells on the tongue, nor longer checks the mind;
Mere metaphysick, serves no other end,
Than just for wits to cavil and defend.
Sceptick or Zealot, furious Whig or Tory,
In *self* alone, the Dutchman's god, we glory.

Mark yonder Statesman mounted on his stool,
To flatter Monarchs, and the land befool!
Behold yon Patriot, in a trimming pet,
Prompt at his country's wrongs to rave and fret!
See, front to front they stand, in dire array,
Like two fierce bull-dogs, eager for the fray:

Mere farce on both sides, mummery, and grimace;
That wants a peerage, and this wants a place.

Should'st thou, O Candour! with the Cynic's lamp,
Throughout St. James's spacious forum tramp;
Think'st thou the scrutiny would aught reveal
Of Statesman's truth, or Patriot's honest zeal?
Chatham, alas! to Britain's grief lies low;
And Marvel died some six-score years ago!
Albion, God rest her soul, may trust to Heav'n,
To *In* or *Out*, the wrangling vote is giv'n;
For these in strife the House their strength consume,
As once for Cæsar and for Pompey Rome.
Not mine to say that Walpole once spoke true,
"All have weak sides, and all their prices too!"
Pensions and places all unite to scout 'em,
And talk for aye "about 'em, and about 'em;"
But while with fear and zeal all sides abuse 'em,
Alas! how few, how very few, refuse 'em!
But now, my muse, this hackney'd strain give o'er,
Truce to a theme of all the tritest bore;
Who could deny that Senators did well
Suppose they should our every Charter sell,
Vote at their will, for party or for pay,
Our Fortunes, Liberties, and Lives away?
In what they purchase all may surely trade,
And theirs we are by public contract made.
For tho' at Bribery, as the Devil, we rail,
And paint him, too, with fiery horns and tail,
Should He with Satan, Probity with Paul,*
At all our Houses on a canvass call,
The Devil, and welcome, on our backs might ride,
And take poor Paul and Probity beside.

Blest Age! to no mean prejudice allied,
That might infect thee with a decent pride;

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* *Saint* Paul is here alluded to.

With whom *Rank* oft, with scorn of noble aim,
Serves but to stamp a dignity on Shame;
Grace on Absurdity, on Whim repute;
Or flaunt the honours of a birth-day suit.
Nay, search this focus of confusion round,
And tell me where Distinction's barrier's found?

Six ells of muslin should my Lord prepare
To swathe his neck, or should he leave it bare;
His Lordship's porter bares his brawny skin,
Or ties of bow a bushel 'neath his chin.
Alike by slouch and thickset mark'd, where's room
His Grace to single from his Grace's groom?
Or, view his Lordship gambling with a horse,
In all the far-fam'd spirit of the course;
At home with ev'ry Black-leg, as with brother;
Save by the face, who knows the one from t'other?
With waist a thimble, and a mile of train,
View both my Lady, and the cook-maid, Jane!
And should her Ladyship reverse her plan,
Behold her moral in the scullion Nan!
For nights of revelry, and useless days,
Her Grace no more shall challenge all our praise;
Curs'd with the rage for genteel and polite,
See Lady Prune, and honest Mrs. Mite;
Nay, fat Dame Fillet scorns to be out-done,
Shewn to her chamber by the rising sun.

Painting once mark'd the peeress from the crowd,
Asham'd of nature, and of rank too proud:
Now take your way from Pall Mall to the Fleet,
And scarce one clean, unvarnish'd face, you'll meet;
Maids, wives, and widows, in the guilt agree,
And, Warren, sacrifice their charms to thee!
Thee, wond'rous chemist! who canst make, at will,
Wash-balls from dew-drops; and canst blooms distil;
With blooms and dews, Dame Nature's self canst pose,
And brew, like spiders, poison from the rose!

No longer Lords alone for oaths are fam'd,
Or brazen fronts, by nothing to be sham'd;
Debts, drinking, from consumptive, visage wan,
Riots, blaspheming, wenching, or crim-con.
Swearing, a system grown, in every place,
Of modern converse forms the leading grace;
And he who seeks for Modesty's resort,
As vainly tramps the city as the court.
Bilking a taylor, once a proof of spirit,
Is grown too common to be thought a merit!
And cits, once sober to proverbial grace,
Now push the bottle, till shame hides his face!

Say, where's the race Britannia once could boast?
A Briton's name then terrified a host—
Healthful, and strong, with fist alone to fell
The sturdy ox on which they throve so well?
Heav'ns! how the sons their manly sires disgrace,
Aches in each limb, and asthma in each face!
Save just a few, reserv'd by Fate's decree,
To shew what Britons were, and ought to be.
Mark every 'Prentice foremost in the fray,
To storm a watch-box, or to damn a play;
To lame a waiter, just to drive the farce on;
To sport a trollop, or to *quiz* a parson.
And where the unbred boor, now nothing's strange
When conscience plies a prostitute at change,
Who sticks to rob another of his wife;
Or sneer, with H————ft, at the God of Life?

And here let Justice in our praise declare,
For not one trait like Merit can we spare;
Though legion's self against us may appear,
Not ours the vice of superstitious fear.
With all the grand sublimity of Gaul,
Boldly the Godhead to account we call;
And if Divinity we chuse to grant him,
Make him, discreetly, just the thing we want him;

Shewn, for convenience, in as many shapes
As cunning Brahmins dress their idol apes.

Go on, sweet Gentles! with your sapient plan,
Still make the God subservient to the man.
In Gospel speculate, like the Jews in stock,
And only open when subscribers knock;
Put off the old, to substitute new leaven,
And shew the Quality smooth ways to heaven.

Like some good pastors in th' establish'd pale,
Who seek sound orthodoxy in sound ale;
Toast Mother Church, till Piety gets drunk,
And turns at once both heretick and punk!
Who haunt each levee for the loaves and fishes,
And change the heavenly manna for made-dishes;
Hunt, poach, and game, with ev'ry wealthy pander;
And leave their flocks—but shear them first—to wander.
While the lean Curate, pitiful and poor,
The man least chearful in the ample cure,
Jeer'd by the children for his rusty black,
Toils for ten pounds per annum, like a hack;
Feeds on the bitter herb his Rector scorns,
And finds, indeed, Heaven's road a road of thorns!

Gentles, go on! and should one man appear,
Who, "passing rich with forty pounds a year,"
Prompt at almsgiving, never sighs for more,
But when Want asks, and he has spent his store;
Who to his flock shall chastity commend,
And meekness praise, and temperance defend;
Like every teacher of the modern taste,
And, unlike them, be temperate, meek, and chaste.
If such be found—but surely such to gain,
Save in Dan Goldsmith's verse, the search were vain—
Banish him quickly, lest th' infection spread,
With all his load of weakness on his head,

To herd with some strange, unenlighten'd race,
With whom such actions ne'er entail disgrace;
Who, poor in spirit, and of manners rude,
Love the mean "*luxury of doing good.*"
There let him crawl his round, like some old wife,
And call the Hottentot-existence—Life.

Virtue the Mass thro' tinctured opticks view,
And so perversely falsifys her hue;
Refinement takes Effeminancy's shades,
And Luxury blooms, while Independence fades.
Thence with infection Warren scents the gale,
And Spangle's liveries fix him in a gaol;
Thence, proud of infamy, like peers in pay,
Stale drabs with duchesses dispute the way;
Thence fiddlers fatten, while scarr'd veterans beg,
With honour, limping on a wooden leg;
Thence spring dark spleen, rank, gout, unholy blain,
And half the revenue of Warwick Lane;
Our gaols are crouded; and, so much we pray,
Our churches haste, unheeded, to decay.

—— Zounds! who comes here, at such a thund'ring pace?
The steeds all foam, the charioteer all lace!
Three lamps in front, behind two flambeaux glare,
And two huge turban'd blacks the torches bear!
Hark! the loud knocker vast importance hints;
Back flies the door, and out steps—*Madam Chintz!*
"What then?" cries Chintz, no little piqu'd in mind,
"Alone to Rank must splendour be confin'd?
"All, sure, may live to what the means afford;
"As well a Linen-draper, as a Lord."

O Chintz! far be it from the Muse and me,
Who still contend man's born but to be free,
In deed, in word, or e'en in thought, to aim
The slightest effort 'gainst the glorious claim.

Nature and Reason in one voice conspire—
" Be *his* who labours to enjoy the hire ;
" Who plants the fig-tree on the fruit should feed ;
" Who rears the vintage, quaff the generous meed."
No, Chintz ! the Muse, disdaining to oppress,
Would only shame, or reason, from excess.

If *Drugget's* commerce justifies his coach,
Let him enjoy it, fearless of reproach.
But why should Drugget, if his Grace runs four,
Think one too little, and so build three more ?
Where lies the honour ? Flaunt it as he will,
In Splendour's spite, he's but plain Drugget still.
" It shews his wealth !" To prove that he can pay,
Need not requires to throw his wealth away.
Proud, with his Grace he would dispute the ball ;
And, like his Grace, he'll soon not pay at all.
What hence determine ? Scann'd by Reason's rule,
The case stands plainly—Drugget is a fool.

What but a madman is his friend *Veneer*,
To keep his coach, who stints his daily cheer ?
And *Foil*, who sports his phæton and black,
Whose real wealth would scarce discharge a hack,
Candour would term a rascal ; but the times,
With whom but sense and poverty are crimes,
Applaud ; and all will at his treats attend,
Till in a *Whereas*, all his fame shall end !
Then to contempt the change shall praise convert,
And want procure him knavery's desert.
A time there was, when coaches were so rare,
That cits most envied for his coach the mayor ;
That rolling Mansion House the sons of Barter
Held then as old and sacred as their charter ;
While shouting 'prentices its lab'ring way,
Clogg'd up by crowds, with hope were wont survey :
Each new survey increas'd th' ambitious zest,
And with new zeal inspir'd th' industrious breast.

Tradesmen their shops then stuck to as their trust;
Plain were their manners, and their dealings just.
From frugal Industry their wealth they drew,
Nor road to riches by false failure knew.
No, thanks to villany! that glorious crime
Was meant to perfect our stupendous time:
When things go on with such heroic spirit,
That should our sons improve upon our merit,
As *Bronze*, who thrice the Bankrupt ordeal pass'd,
Grac'd with his new-built curricle the last;
Some future Bronze, upon the Bankrupt score,
Shall tend his summons in a coach and four!

Then tradesmen's sons, by no ambition led,
But just the footsteps of their sires to tread,
Thought commerce honour, prudence holy writ,
Payment good-breeding, and shrewd dealing wit;
Dress'd like good Christians, taverns ne'er went near,
And saw no plays, save *Barnwell* once a year;
Left pride and prostitutes to upstart Lords;
And blush'd at blasphemy, and kept their words.

Ere tradesmen's daughters, modest as the morn,
Held Nature cheap, and housewifery in scorn;
Left *Glasse* and *Sherlock*, for Romance and *Hoyle*;
Or by cosmeticks learnt Heaven's work to spoil;
Vapours and coquetry, and scandal priz'd;
The ton affected—by the ton despis'd;
Neglected church, to flirt it through the town,
And spurn'd discretion, like some cast-off gown.

Ere tradesmen's wives grew connoisseurs in Taste;
Thought folly dignified, and trade disgrac'd;
Took glare for grandeur, in the heat of pride,
And sense and fashion equally belied.
With cards and songs made God's good day a joke;
And, aping duchesses, their husbands broke;

And, aping duchesses, the good man's brow
Adorn'd with—Heav'n knows what, and Heav'n knows
how!

Time was, when private coaches were so rare,
E'en gentry boasted of a hackney fare;
Now mark an equipage, two hours or more
Ere wanted call'd at ev'ry other door.
Ere wanted call'd, to catch, of weakness proud,
The vacant homage of a gaping crowd.
Britons, distrust this cavalcade of wealth;
The scarlet flush ensures not stable health;
The gayest people of the feather'd throng,
Are least esteem'd for sustenance or song,
The parterre glories in a thousand blooms;
The parterre's pride the first keen blast consumes;
The decent box around its margin seen
Braves winter's rigour in its chearful green.
And, lo! the Moon, tho' mild the light she casts,
The Sun supports her, and with Time she lasts;
While the proud meteor, with a short-liv'd glare,
Springs from foul vapours, and concludes in air.

All hail to Luxury! the boundless theme;
All hail to Luxury! of ills supreme;
All hail to Luxury! that conquer'd Rome,
And threatens Britain with a speedy doom!

High sits the Jezebel in bloated state,
As meanly insolent as proudly great;
More dire than that great sorc'ress Homer sung,
Or scarlet Babylon, from whom she sprung.
Twelve luscious Turtles, each for size a whale,
Sustain her throne upon their backs of mail;
Th' ignoble passions, with each dirty care,
In bestial forms, her various household share;
Chain'd round her courts the abject senses lie;
And her sad footstool Health and Peace supply.

Her premier, Fashion, who at transformation
Exceeds the ablest Courtier in the nation;
And the most bungling Courtier—*Gay* I follow—
Can beat old Proteus, aye, and ten such, hollow.
This fickle being, with the helm at play,
Stamps the implicit order of the day;
Th' intemperate Despot of our blindest awe;
Whose word is gospel, and whose look is law.
The *Great*, at war with principle and sense,
Witness their modes of payment and expense,
Have fealty sworn; and, by example won
The *mean* consent, though by consent undone.
So, when the leader of young Colin's sheep
O'er some broad slough dares meditate a leap,
Superior strength a safe descent ensures,
And off he springs, and all his aim secures:
The flock, so prompt to dangle at his tail,
All quickly follow, and as quickly fail;
Some few, perhaps, the wish'd-for margin make,
The rest drop, headlong, in the stagnant lake;
Some, with soil'd fleeces, gain at length the shore;
Some, struggling, plunge, and sink—to rise no more!

Explore yon mansion, at whose ad'mant gate
A heartless Cerberus keeps eternal state;
Within whose walls Repentance vainly weeps,
And Want long Lent with many a heart-ach keeps;
Where hectick Plague infects the breath of day,
And dumb Despair with anguish wastes away;
There, where the mouldy scrap all hands invade,
Behold, what wretches Luxury has made!

Yet to that mansion, lo! what thousands swarm,
To take destruction, maniack like, by storm:
Allur'd by Splendour, and alarm'd by Pride,
The feeble hobble where the powerful stride;
And, emulative of the shameless Peer,
Bankrupt for ever with a plumb per year,

E'en the low menial, with romantick joy,
Barters his tiny credit for a toy!

View yonder mart; no generous commerce there
Confirms the vigour of industrious Care;
There Beauty's barter'd, Nature's rights are sold,
And Nature's curses speed the proffer'd gold.
Steel'd in the traffick, and of lewdness vain,
Without temptation, but disease in grain,
Behold what swarms besiege the busy way,
To scatter worse than pestilence for pay:
There, like the bud just opening to a rose,
In the same moment blighted that it blows,
New from the nursery, lo! an infant race,
With faltering oaths, defy the name of Grace;
Ting'd o'er with shame Obscenity pursue;
And, loathing, shudder at the wretch they woo!

Oh! wreck of loveliness, accurs'd of fame!
Grand boast of luxury, and first pride of Shame!
My Muse no farther can thy fate reveal,
Sick with such pangs as holy horrors feel;
And, while her soul with indignation burns,
To scenes less wretched, and tremendous, turns.

"Hard are the times!" exclaim a croaking band;
"Hard are the times!" re-echoes all the land.
Witness, O Drury! with thy sister bear,
What time e'er seem'd so void of want or care?
In your gay domes, where all conditions throng,
Suspicion laughs, but hints that things go wrong:
For high and low, from Criticks to the Gods,
The diamond sparkles, and the plumage nods.
There soft Voluptuousness erects her throne,
And Prudence seems the only want that's known.
For, spite of times, of taxes, and distress,
There, without end, the headlong million press.

Save those, and those increase, a giant train
Who Prynn and Collier's ancient creed maintain
That plays and pageants are but baits to lure
The soul that busy Satan would secure.
Dramas there are immodest and absurd,
But are *all Sermons* transcripts of the Word?
Shall Reason hence all Homilies devote,
Or banish Shakespeare because —— —— wrote?

"A verse may reach him who a Sermon flies,"
And plays attract who books and bards despise;
And some good drama forcibly exprest,
Rousing some latent spark within the breast,
May lead to books for Reason's law to search,
And books, enlight'ning, pave the way to church.

Immortal Avon! pride of ev'ry Muse!
Whose stream the Bard with aweful rapture views;
That stream to him more sacred than the fount
Whose magic waters lave the mystic mount;
Far less inspir'd with warmth poetic he
From quaffing Helicon than quaffing thee.
Immortal Avon! thy "sweet swan" has prov'd
In Virtue's cause (by ev'ry Muse belov'd)
An abler chief, tho' zealots may deride,
Than Quixote sect'ries mad with bigot pride.
And, sure, when such the tenor of the mind
To pastime more then Piety inclin'd;
(So frail is man!) that medium of delight
Which can the social and the sage unite,
Shall claim regard—Thus, lest the sick'ning child
Refuse the potion, by indulgence spoil'd,
The subtle leech, to stem Disorder's stealth,
Sweetens the draught, and cheats it into health.

The thoughtless young, the giddy, and the gay,
Church it for form, but banquet on a play.

And view the large majority among
The gay, the giddy, and the thoughtless young.
Then, Bards, be wary when the Muse ye woo;
One ardent aim with honest zeal pursue;
Virtue to guard, and teach us to despise
Vice as it stalks, and "folly as it flies."
The stage has faults, and venal bards are found,
And venal preachers cumber too the ground;
The richest vineyards dangerous weeds disclose,
And sharpest thorns surround the lovely rose;
One source of ill more baneful than the stage
Infests this whimful variegated age,
A horrid poison, an insidious fire;
The monstrous birth of prostituted hire!
Romance, and Novel, and a nameless race,
Alike devoid of grammar as of grace.
Chiefly from where—hard by that lumbering fane,
Sacred to sainted Crispin and his train—
To mark the place, as with indignant pout,
Wisdom, alas! for ever stands without.
O'er tomes like these, whose quantity and sort
Might build a Babel, or corrupt a court,
Youth wastes its morn, to sacred study due,
Reads without end, and only reads to rue:
As Miss is punish'd, through her rage for plumbs,
With canker'd teeth, and ever-aching gums.
From tomes like these, for these with scenes abound
In all her walks by nature never found;
Quaintly affected faiths, and squeamish strife,
Unknown to Reason in the walks of life;
Creatures, for Nature's and for Reason's sake,
God never made, nor ever meant to make:
From tomes like these, where Love's th' eternal theme,
That love the bastard of a brain-sick dream,
Springs all that canting sentiment of Art
Which comes not near, or, touching, taints the heart;
Hence Sloth's loose languish, with the sighs of Spleen,
And Folly wed to Ruin at fifteen;

Sappho her fame and perjur'd Phaon mourns,
And many a temple throbs with coming horns;
Chlo, skill'd in knights from Valentine to Gaul,
Calls Job, Evangelist—and Pilate, Paul;
While Florio knows, with half his sex beside,
Better why Werter, than the Saviour, died.

O bless'd, or burthen'd, with a rising breed,
While reading, ponder—ye, who deign to read.
But, chiefly, who the female morals guard,
With candour listen, to the meanest Bard,
Know, half the train on yon parade who ply,
Near where R. A.'s for reputation vie,
By Novels erst morality were taught,
And from Romance a wild religion caught;
Learnt taste from Plays, economy from Balls,
And at St. James's to despise St. Paul's.
Then, O, be watchful! but with skill preside;
Let not the partial for the prudent guide.
Not frigid Arctos, nor the burning Line,
But where due seasons still revolve be mine.
Moments abound when youth's inconstant mind
Bears with disgust the solemn and refin'd;
When Pope and Johnson unregarded lie,
And Grub Street's welcome, if no better's by.
Then what or Novel or Romance supplies,
Fraught with the moral, sanction'd by the wise,
Proves, to tired hinds as intervals of rest,
Source of new strength, and renovated zest.
And such there are; but, in proportion'd share,
Less than if good men we with bad compare;
Then mark for choice the preference of Age,
Temperate by time, and from experience sage.

"A time for all things," said the wisest King,
And wisest man; alike to sleep or sing;
Feast or forbear, for penitence or play;
As roll the seasons, or change night and day.

Youth was not meant, as sung the Bard of Care,
" To waste its sweetness on the desart air."
Thence box and ring debarr'd were petty treason,
While here reigns Decency, and there shines Reason:
But box and ring, an occupation made,
Damn as securely as a Masquerade.

Combat with care that promptitude to dress,
Whence toys and top-knots more than health can bless;
A rage for finery, like a rage for play,
Acts as the worm that gnaws the root away.

Female or Male, a Fop's a fool, at best,
The good man's pity, and the rabble's jest;
Like gilded flies, unprofitably gay,
Or Sweep bedizen'd for the morn of May.

Dress, to be graceful, must, ye fair! be chaste;
A glare of colours is disgustful waste.
Greens, blues, reds, yellows, undigested all,
Make that stain'd trash we marble-paper call;
While one meek tint will form, by varying shade,
The loveliest portrait Nature ever made.
And, O sweet nymphs! but let it first be told,
That I no benefice, or tythings, hold;
For mention church, and priestcraft comes of course;
Hat for the head, or saddle for the horse.
Ye gentle fair! 'twould never spoil one face,
Would ye but now and then our churches grace.
'Twould seem like prudence, and be no restraint:
Church not requires the primness of a saint,
Save here and there "*Amen*," or "*Kingdom come;*"
Who act much other than they would at home?
Each, as good lawyers oaths, the priest regards;
Sleeps, ogles, talks, and just not plays at cards.
Save a few drones, who, piously inclin'd,
Take home the Text, and leave the rest behind.

Yet, hold!—th' advice on second thought I rest,
And second thoughts, grey gossips say, are best;
Haply, like poverty, or small-pox scar,
Church, as to marriage, might your fortunes mar.
Prudent 'twould look; but there th' objection lies;
The sober, formal creature, we despise.
For let each wife do all that prudence can,
Or love suggest, to fix her dear, good man;
Her dear good man to other nymphs will roam,
Tir'd of his wife, and tasteless of his home.
Let her, with all the insolence of shame,
Brazen abroad a meretricious flame;
Gods! how he doats!—too fatally for peace;
Still finds his passion with her guilt increase;
And, when she's known at half the Bagnios round,
Computes his damage at ten thousand pound!

So, while God's word for common waste is sold,
Some huge lewd folio brings its weight in gold!

Patrician orders! ye, whom stars and strings
From other folks make far, far different things;
Ye, whom thick blood (I've somewhere seen the phrase)
Exempts from caution, and prefers for praise;
Who, in some climes—thank Heaven! not here—may kill
And gobble rude Plebeians up at will;
To you my Muse inscribes her modest lay;
O deign to notice what she dares to say!
But oh! most noble! fancy not my Muse
So vile your worship'd *order* to abuse;
Read without bile; nor, seeking for offence,
Strain every word a "libel on the sense."
As in such sort, 'twould make the Devil vex'd,
Coblers clear Scripture at a groat per text.

A virtuous Peer, more sacred than the law,
The Muse contemplates with religious awe:

But rank and vice combin'd—herself 'twas said it—
She holds as cheaply as your lordships' credit.
Thick blood and thin!—lies honour in a word?
An honest Hind exceeds a knavish Lord.

Illustrious Lords! illustrious Ladies! too;
The times are bad; Reform depends on you.
You must have seen a monkey archly scan
The manners first, then imitate the man.
Perfection's hopes the mimick ape incite;
For all conclude their betters must be right.
So we, the humble, copy you, the high;
Step as you step, and where you turn we fly.
If you the rattle and the cap assume,
Ourselves as proudly on the same we plume;
And, in the zeal of impotent conceit,
We add the bells, to make the cap compleat.
If you take Reason kindly by the hand,
"Reason!" we cry, and Reason rules the land.
Is Vice your choice? we're vicious to the core;
And, if 'tis Virtue, Virtue we adore.

Virtue and Reason! these to make us blest,
I've read, have Influence far beyond the rest;
('Twas when at nurse, in book of strange old print,
And Goody wont to keep her ribbands in't.)
Yet we Plebeians doubt if it be true,
And hope we've good authority in you.
You disbelieve it, I may safely swear,
Or every action would your faith declare;
For you, appointed eye-sight to the blind,
Could never sin against the light of mind.

But, though, while hope holds every bliss in view,
With blindest zeal your footsteps we pursue;
Alas! like famish'd Tantalus we fare,
And strive and languish only to despair;

Nay, as if Fate sport of our yearnings made,
Our best exertions are the worst repaid.

Suppose, for once—yet think not I'd presume
To teach you, Sires! who should the Age illume—
I'd only hint, with most profound respect,
What you, at will, may sanction or reject;
For fame has said, and will the charge maintain,
Your *noble* pleasures, too, are mix'd with pain.
Suppose, for once, that Book's advice we try,
And see what pleasure Virtue *can* supply;
Enquire if Reason can one charm afford
Worthy the condescension of a Lord.
Though Fashion holds them cheap as an old song,
The wisest folks are sometimes in the wrong.
When Warwick Lane despairs of doing more,
Old wives' prescriptions often health restore.
Deign, then, ye mighty! to lead on the way,
And, for the whim, bring these awhile to play;
Encourage Candour; Decency enhance;
Prudence distinguish; Honesty advance;
Give Temperance colour; Chastity embrace;
Cede to old Hospitality his place;
Be seen at church, if but to make us stare,
And, if you can, your prayer-books read when there;
As *reading* prayers is fashion, now a-days—
For ten priests *read* to Heaven for one who *prays*;
Your Tradesmen's bills, some thousand reams, defray,
Nor more contract, unless you mean to pay;
Let Charity those thousands show'r abroad,
Design'd for sensuality and fraud:
Briefly, my Lords, your present modes reverse,
Then *rule*, a Blessing; and not *rage*, a Curse.

This simple scheme, great Topknots of the nation!
I hope you'll scan with due consideration;
And, O ennobled fair! ye will, I'm sure,
Discreet of manner, of intention pure;

Ye who ne'er Modesty's sweet blush lay by,
Its place by some damn'd pigment to supply;
Ye who ne'er game, in envious Slander's spite,
From night till morn, then sleep from morn till night;
Nor hang your husband's coronets on horn;
Nor laugh God's day, and God himself, to scorn;
Who, in the fever of salacious mood,
Ne'er do all things, save just the thing ye should;
Ye will, I'm sure, most chearfully persuade
Your Lords my plan with all their power to aid.
If not delight, 'twill novelty dispense,
And that forms Fashion's very soul and sense.
And Fashion, though of every deadly seed full,
You will acknowledge, as the "*one thing needful.*"
But, from experience, should the step disgust,
A full resumption of old Modes were just:
And then confirm'd, through failure of the plan,
That Vice and Folly are the best for man;
Those reverend powers would all their rights ensure,
Our homage justify, and hearts secure.

Then Shame might Decency in blanket toss,
And ply, in *statu quo*, at Charing Cross,
E'en at noon-day; St. Paul's a stew appear,
And bawds be canoniz'd, by way of sneer;
Bishops sing ballads to support Life's breath;
And lean Religion drink herself to death;
Proud Infidelity fair Truth enslave,
Destroy and triumph, fiddling, o'er her grave;
And Patriots, if such monsters may be found,
Be rooted out, as "cumbering up the ground."
The Muse to Vice, of Prostitution proud,
Ring brazen Pæans thro' the drunken crowd.
Our Royal Oak, the victim of excess,
Export most apt for fopperies of dress!
Might build the navies of more sombre powers,
Too meanly sober for a taste like ours.

Then might old Neptune, him we've prais'd so long,
Provide a theme for other sort of song;
Spurn down Britannia from her coral throne,
And break the sceptre he has made her own.
Then, on all sides, might envious foes rush in,
Our bliss increasing by mad Rapine's din;
And, while Despair sat brooding o'er the storm,
A glorious Chaos the just climax form!

O Albion! badge of Lunacy and Pride!
By those betray'd Heav'n sent to guard and guide;
Whose Great Ones, rais'd to justify your fame,
Are first to blast it with the deeds of shame;
Whose Bards, inform'd as temperers of your mind,
Its sources poison, and its judgments blind;
Whose priests deprive you of the faith they teach,
Few but in practice damning what they preach.

O! lost to honour, and to meanness wed!
O! blind to nature, and to feeling dead!
Say, when shall Reason in thy mind take part,
Or Conscience touch thy worse than Pharaoh's heart?
O self-conceited! fragrant without fruit,
All blossom'd o'er, but canker'd at the root!
What boots refinement, thy eternal boast,
If all that makes it valuable be lost?

But know, mad boaster! that refinement's thine,
No more than Horace' deathless Muse is mine.
The senseless fair who thinks her charms too few,
Health's bloom too coarse, too dingy Nature's hue,
The aim of amel to improve her seeks,
Her bosom blanches, and retints her cheeks;
The poisonous varnish works through every vein,
Gangrenes her vitals, and infects her brain;
And, while she flaunts it with conceited zest,
She shines at once a picture and a pest.

Thy blazon'd charms with hers, O Specious! blend
As pure in essence, and as blest in end.

O Albion! steel'd in infamy and pride;
Whom Bards, when honest, to no end deride,
Instruct or lash; whom Priests, when truly pure,
Unheeded threaten, and unheard adjure!
Bow down thy spirit, and a fast proclaim;
Nor longer glory in thy lustful shame;
Hasten, ere vengeance thunders from the sky—
"For why, presumptuous Israel! wouldst thou die?"

THE

SONG SMITH;

OR,

RIGMAROLE REPOSITORY.

Under the sanction of the *Poetica Licentia*, a Charter as repeatedly infringed as either common sense or common English, I suppose myself to have opened

A METRE MANUFACTORY;

Not at the corner of Grub-street, but at one corner of Mount Parnassus, (which I have heretofore described,) whether the *Poet's Corner*, or no, the Critics will soon determine; and over my door, I suppose, inscribed my name, with the addition of

SONG SMITH.

N. B. THE RIGMAROLE REPOSITORY.

But as my Inscription, like the itinerant Painter's sign, may require some explanation, it will be found in the following Description of a Song Smith.

THE

SONG SMITH.

FROM humanity's mine of ore mental, the brain,
Where wisdom's envelop'd by whimsies a swarm,
The Song Smith extracts source of pleasure and pain,
Then moulds it thus, *artem secundum*, to form;
First in fancy's bright forge he the ore must prepare,
Where thought gides the bellows, and judgment gives fuel;
On the Anvil of art, with the Hammer of care,
Then fashions its nature, or kindly or cruel;
If cruel—or fashion'd to make the tear flow,
His Cyclops' must be,
Woe, complaint, sympathy,
Whose echo is still interjectional oh!
But if kindly, and meant merry fancies to hit,
Then his helpmates are novelty, humour, and wit;
Who, as the bright sparks they emit fly afar,
Find their clamorous clang drown'd by ha! ha! ha!

There was Homer, the Song Smith, with whom no one pars,
His works, like old Vulcan's, celestial smith! prove,
Who forg'd armour for Pallas, and mail for fierce Mars,
The arrows of Cupid and thunder of Jove;

Homer wrought with pure gold: Virgil next grac'd the art,
His ore, virgin silver, which sweetly he moulded.
Then Ovid extracted the core of the heart,
And its loves on an anvil of roses unfolded:
O, these are the Song Smiths to bid the soul glow!
For honour's career,
Or excite the soft tear,
Whose echo is still interjectional oh!
Other Song Smiths there were; but at once let me flit
To that MASTER of novelty, feeling and wit,
Great Shakespeare, whose sparks, emanating afar,
Raise the pleasing heigh ho! and blythe ha! ha! ha! ha!

Modern Song Smiths, like bees, swarm, buz, suck, and thrive,
And some, (a new race), have no honey nor sting;
But, perhaps, Mr. Ego belongs to this hive,
So much on the subject I'd better not sing;
There's father he forges at fam'd Sans Souci,
Covent-garden keeps moving the forge of my brother;*
And fate in a Harlequin smity plac'd me,
While my forge fuel gains from one folly or other;
The Public, our patrons, none better can know;
So each, in his sphere,
Tries t' excite the soft tear,
Whose echo is still interjectional oh;
But mostly we try merry fancies to hit,
And whim manufacture when barren of wit;
For our trade to improve we think 'tis best far,
The town to enliven by ha! ha! ha! ha!

Walk into my smithy, I'll blow up my fire,
And the order you give to accomplish look sharp:
Would you be an Apollo? I'll make you a lyre;
But take care it doesn't turn out a Jew's harp.

* Author of the Jew and Doctor, Birth Day, School for Prejudice, &c.

I've bell-metal Bacchanals, catches and glees,
Strong cast-iron odes, and fine wire-drawn sonnets;
I'll hammer out songs by the staves if you please,
Short as new-fashion'd sight, or as long as poke bonnets;
I've temper'd steel ditties of wailing and woe,
To pierce the soft heart,
Or to make the tear start,
Whose echo is still interjectional oh!
And I hope now and then merry fancies to hit;
But as you'll oft find me deficient in wit,
Accept gratitude's ore for wit's high-polish'd star,
That the Song Smith may join in your ha! ha! ha! ha!

LOOKING round my shop I find, among numberless articles of various manufacture, a CURIOUS PIPE I formerly made from a composition obtained through perusing an ancient manuscript, *once* the property of the famous Friar Bacon. This Pipe possesses the magical qualities of imitating several musical Instruments at the same time; and, upon being applied to the mouth of any individual, spontaneously plays some characteristic melody which infallibly discovers his or her genius, country, profession, and inclination.

Thus, if applied to the mouth of a bachelor, it would of course play a *solo;* while a married man would have a *duet;* an amorous widow, an *overture;* a beauty, an *air;* a wit, a *catch;* a choice spirit, a *glee;* and a drunkard, a *reel;* a false patriot, the *Vicar of Bray;* and a true one, *God save the King!* A lawyer, there is reason to suppose, would have, "*Go to the Devil and shake yourself;*" and a doctor, something like *Death and the Lady;* a valiant soldier, "*The Conquering Hero comes;*" and a gallant tar, "*Britons strike Home!*" My Pipe also has the additional quality of occasionally accompanying its melody by corresponding words; we will therefore suppose it put successively to the mouths of an English-

man, Welchman, Scotchman, and Irishman, and it would produce

THE FOUR SAINTS.

(Composed by Mr. Russel, and published by Messrs. Goulding and Co.)

ENGLISHMAN.

O, WHITE are the cliffs which fair Albion enclose,
Bonny St. George and the Dragon, O!
They bosom the ocean from whence she arose.
Bonny, &c.
St. George was the hero of all the brave knights
She chose as the champion and guard of her rights;
He invented life's Balsam and Golden Elixir,
And conquer'd a dragon as fierce as Old Nick, Sir;
From Forestallers that means he gave Albion relief,
First brew'd good October, and roasted fat beef.
Bonny, &c.

WELCHMAN.

O, sweetly the harpers of Cambria play!
A leek in hur hat wore St. Tavid, O!
And Taff, look you, dances on Tavid's copt day.
A leek, &c.
Taff's plood it is noble, and ancient hur race,
Hur pedigree plain as the nose on hur face;
And St. Tavid hur taught hur, 'mong other coot habits,
To make love and leek porridge, and cheese and welch-rabbits;
To be prave, and at serving hur friend not to wince,
To love hur coot king, and to honour hur prince.
A leek, &c.

SCOTCHMAN.

O, canty and bra' are fam'd Scotia's lads,
Hey for the cross of St. Andrew, O!
Wi' their bonnets, their trews, and their tartan plaids.
Hey for, &c.
St. Andrew, gude troth, was a learned cheel,
Then he'd lilt, play the pipes, and he'd dance a reel;
Wi' his muckle Ferara he'd gar the foe whistle,
And kept them in awe of the national thistle;
His precepts to follow nae Scotchman would lag,
"*Ecce signum*," proud Gallia's invincible flag!
Hey for, &c.

IRISHMAN.

O, green are the fields Erin chose for her part!
"Erin ma vourneen!" says Paddy, O!
And green is the shamrock so dear to her heart.
Erin ma vourneen, &c.
St. Patrick's the child of our own dearest hopes,
And bulls he invented, but not like the Pope's;
Oh! he lov'd pretty girls, and rich wines, and good dinners,
And the saints that do not must be surely great sinners;
Then for fighting—agrah! he was born thro' a charm,
With a twig of shelaly tuck'd under his arm.
Erin ma, &c.

QUARTETTO.

English, Welch, Scotch and Irish, join hands and all sing,
Like the bundle of sticks in the fable, O!
Success to the *Union!* Long life to the *King!*
Like, &c.
May the shamrock, the cross, and the leek, and the rose,
And our Four Saints for emblems that each of them chose,

Flourish happy and long; live like sister and brother!
Paddy. As both all the four have now married each other;
All. Our foes find their match when each singly they take;
But our *Union's* a firm all the world cannot break.
Like the, &c.

I HAVE just applied the Pipe to my own mouth, and it has thus explained the meaning of my second inscription,

THE RIGMAROLE.

(Music by C. Dibdin, jun.—Musical Appendix.)

WHEN coxcombs lay claim to the title of men,
Or modesty's mein prudes have carried;
When bachelors cry, "We are happy!" and when
Maids say they don't long to be married:
When vot'ries of fashion to reason pretend,
Or beauties to hate admiration;
When the courtier in writing subscribes himself "Friend!"
And placemen bawl out for the nation;
All this is mere body without any soul,
And that's the plain English of Rigmarole.

When the full titled name of his grace you survey
At the head of an ample donation,
In a charity list meant for public display,
Or his blush at the bard's dedication;
In vermillion and muslin when volunteers drest,
On parade smell of scent so inviting,
Or arm'd cap-a-pee among ladies a nest,
In a pastry-cook's shop talk of fighting.
All this, &c.

When authors all critics to scorn make parade,
  Or critics lay claim to good-nature;
Bucks of ton bounce of honour their tradesmen unpaid,
  Or courage when kicking a waiter;
When a miser to honesty, feeling, or shame,
  Pretends; or to Credit a minion;
A doctor who don't keep his carriage to fame,
  Or a lawyer unwigg'd to opinion;
    All this is mere, &c.

Such is the interpretation my Pipe gave of Rigmarole; and I have adopted the title merely to get on the right-hand of the critics, and prevent the reader complaining with justice, should he be disappointed in his expectations, by previously hinting to him the possibility of his finding the work "Much ado about Nothing!"

I suppose my little cabin filled, at different times, with the children of Curiosity, whose animadversions will form the vehicle for introducing my songs. Having explained the nature of my plan, some of them advised me to get a patent for it, as patents are now to be had for every thing; neither genius nor utility being the grand recommendation; but the want of similitude to any thing else; which qualification every body must allow this production to possess. General remarks upon the variety of patents induced me to hammer out a

CHAPTER OF PATENTS.

(TUNE, DERRY DOWN.)

OF all sorts of times, if to search you're inclin'd,
You'll find none like the present one, time out of mind,

When we've patents for all things, both little and big,
From a beer barrel cock to a barrister's wig.
Derry down, &c.

Patent small clothes there are, but the duce why prepare 'em,
Unless they're contriv'd so that ladies can't wear 'em?
Patent Combs for your good men who lead single lives,
For married men get their heads comb'd by their *wives*.

Patent razor-strops next will take out the worst flaw,
A fine recipe for the conscience of law!
But if conscience and beards were all equally small,
A lawyer would never want shaving at all.

Some doctors have patents, and some do without,
And swear that the world can't their secret find out;
But I fancy that *curing's* the secret at stake,
Since we all know of killing no secret they make.

Patent coffins they shut down so firm and so stout,
When you're in that Old Nick himself can't get you out;
Says the miser, "a better thing never was plann'd,
And I vow when I die I'll buy one second-hand."

The patent for *washing's* at least the clean thing:
But shews to an end fate will ev'ry thing bring;
Each dog has its day, and that day is soon past,
So our patents are all in the suds, Sirs, at last.

All nations have patents, from Grecians to Gauls,
But Britain's best patent's for sound wooden walls;
And whoever upon our good privilege treads,
With our wooden walls we'll break their wooden heads.

PATENTS gave rise to a conversation on the times, and then taxes, which a cross gentleman, who seemed to be an underwriter, observed, were the involuntary subscriptions of private property, to swell the pension list; but a hale-looking countryman remarked, he thought they were the tolls of propriety paid at the national turnpike, to keep the County of Constitution in repair, and preserve the Highway of Freedom from the sloughs of sedition and the ruts of republicanism. A facetious tinker said, the minister's budget was a state tea-kettle, filled with the water of necessity, boiled by the heat of argument, and emptied upon the golden tea of property into the national tea-pot, from whence it was poured into every man's cup of patience, where its anti-nervous qualities were easily ameliorated by the cream of content, or totally eradicated by being sweetened with the sugar of patriotism. From taxes in general, particular ones were animadverted upon, when a whimsical character producing Ore for the occasion, I put it into the furnace, and, *secundum artem*, hammered out the

TAX UPON INCOME.

(Music published by Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

YE quidnuncs so queer, who thro' politics trudge it,
And mumble each crust of the minister's budget;
Of all the various ways he discovered to link 'em,
Don't you think he did the job in the Tax upon Income?
How the great folks must come down with the clinkum,
" When the gem'man he goes round for the Tax upon Income."

'Twould be droll if this tax tythe-in-kind should be collected,
Then from lawyers, you know, justice couldn't be expected!

The proctors their payment in testaments they'd make it,
The doctors pay in physic—but who the deuce would take it?
I'll tell you who we'd give it to, 'twould save us all our clinkum,
The gem'man, who, &c.

Should the gem'man ask the barber's tythe he'd lather him, may hap, Sir;
The cobler too, for tythe in kind, would give his worship strap, Sir;
The baker'd give him short weight whene'er he chose to call, Sir,
Except the baker was churchwarden, then he'd give him none at all, Sir,
For we know no more what churchwardens do with the clinkum,
Than the gem'man, who, &c.

Our cits are worth so many *plumbs*, our nobles too including,
Their contributions sure would make a national plumb-pudding;
Of which our foes to get a slice would try, ne'er doubt the question,
But they find our British dumplings too hard for their digestion;
And but for these, cook'd by our tars, we'd have but little clinkum,
For the gem'man, &c.

May the incomes of the rich ne'er be taxed by venality;
But the incomes of the poor enlarg'd by their liberality;
When the income of war shall our taxes increase, Sir,
May the score be wip'd off by the income of peace, Sir;

And till then may our tars make our foes find the clinkum,
For the gem'man, &c.

A SOLDIER of the famous Scotch 42d entering, asked me if I had any thing in my stock relative to the affairs of Egypt? I told him I had a small tribute to valour, in an historical range of invincible flags, and an elegiac fretwork on the fate of the much lamented

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

(TUNE, ADMIRAL BENBOW.)

[Sung in the Author's Piece of Egyptian Laurels.]

WHEN Gallia's battalions to the East found their way,
And the great name of Buonaparte spread thro' Egypt dismay,
"Go, Frenchmen!" he cried, "all the East shall be yours,
For *my* banner *Invincible* conquest secures."

To Sir Ralph, and Sir Sidney, Britannia she cried,
"This invincible conquer, and check Gallia's pride;"
And long March 21st glory's theme shall supply,
When both Britons and Gauls swore to conquer or die.

The impulse was glorious, the struggle was hot,
When Sir Ralph Abercrombie received a fell shot;
While the angel of death heav'd a sigh from the dread
He must summons the chief 'ere to victory led.

With Spartan composure, tho' by anguish assail'd,
Sir Ralph led the way till by victory hail'd;

And Gallia's palladium, invincible thought,
To his feet by the Scotch 42d was brought.

Three generals of France amid hosts of slain lay;
But the raptures of Briton to sorrow gave way;
While Sir Ralph proclaim'd victory, they saw his blood flow,
And the angel of death gave him warning to go.

To his brave Caledonians one hand he extends;
To his brave Britons one—then said, " Children and friends!
The Patriot in death finds no terrors,—but charms!"
Kiss'd the flag he had won, and expir'd in their arms.

Now his worth is rewarded, then dry the sad tear;
Prove by acting his virtues his worth you revere;
Like patrons unite, and your flag thus unfurl'd,
Shall invincible prove, tho' oppos'd by a world.

THE tributary tear of patriotic gratitude to the memory of departed valour, filled the eyes of the company, particularly those of the Caledonian; but his face was quickly brightened, upon my exhibiting to him my representation of the heroic achievement which has immortalized his gallant corps, viz. the capture of

THE INVINCIBLE FLAG.

(Music published by Mr. Broad, Chapel-street, Fitzroy-square.)

[SUNG IN EGYPTIAN LAURELS.]

SINCE Britain first rose,
Her implacable foes

Have been pretty well given to brag;
And from history you'll learn
One or other, in turn,
Have unfurl'd an invincible flag;
They have, &c.

With their raven, you know,
The Danes wanted to crow,
And invincible swore 'twould be found;
But Alfred so neat,
Took their flag, as their fleet
Nelson took t'other day at the sound,
You know, &c.

When at Agincourt fam'd,
The Frenchmen all gam'd
For our goods and our chattels—you laugh.
Fifth Harry, the wag,
Took their fleur-de-luce flag,
And lather'd 'em well with the staff,
He did, &c.

The Pope, in bravada,
Sent with the Armada,
An invincible flag, 'tis well known;
But the flag it was lost,
And he found, to his cost,
He as well might have play'd at Pope Joan,
He might, &c.

Buonaparte's flag came next,
And, confoundedly vext,
When we took it, he cried to his elves,
"These d—d Lords of the deep,
Will let nobody keep
An invincible flag but themselves,
They won't," &c.

Thus the world can but brag
One invincible flag,
(As it owns but one phœnix, 'tis said)
And it flies, the world knows,
To the cost of our foes,
At the good ship Britannia's mast head.

PATRIOTIC fervour animated every countenance; and Patriotic Love was the next subject; which eventually changed to one upon Personal Love, when I observed, that love was like honesty, much talked of, and little understood; like common sense, valuable and scarce. The miser calls it, a bad mortgage; the stock-jobber, a sinking fund; the doctor, a hypochondria; and the lawyer, a suit in chancery; a soldier, his parole of honour; and a sailor, the mariner's compass. An Englishman in love amuses himself with the blue devils, and an Irishman with black strap. A Dutchman in love is cold as a confectioner's ice-house, and a Spaniard as hot as a grilled devil. A poet in love rhymes away his soul; a musician fiddles away his soul; a lawyer pleads away his soul; and a love-sick doctor physics away his soul. By the bye, a doctor must be sick indeed to take his own physic.—Here I was interrupted by the entrance of one of the faculty, whose consequential air indicated, that, whatever arms he bore, his motto, (which was proved upon my applying my pipe to his lips) was

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

(Music by Mr. Reeve—Musical Appendix.)

OF all the fam'd knights of Galenical state,
Who, lawless, or licenc'd, deal physic and fate,
There never was one, no, nor ever will be,
Fit to hold, half a moment, a candle to me;

You may call me an Egotist; but, in this age,
When envy, ill-nature, and scandal's the rage,
In spite of my merits, if I didn't shew 'em,
They might not speak themselves—and then, pr'ythee,
who'd know 'em.

Spoken. [Why, I have a list of cures as long as the three longest things in nature—a lord's credit, a lawyer's conscience, and a Welchman's pedigree.]

Yet, for others, my praises might lie on the shelf,
Then am I to blame if I sing 'em myself?

No *diploma* is mine, but no matter for that;
Not Galen himself could do cures half so pat;
A case that has poz'd all the Warwick-lane kings,
I can cure just as well as—I cure other things;
If the sick write their names, and then send 'em to me,
In a letter, post paid, and inclosing a fee,
I divine their complaints just as well from their writing,
As if they their cases whole hours were reciting.

Spoken. [I always advertise to cure the *poor gratis*, but then I'm never at home when they come—no, no, I make my harvest of the rich.—]

And as for my fee—why, it must be confest,
That I somehow do pretty well feather my nest.

I went to attend a fine lady quite sick,
Who said in her throat that she found something stick;
She, the ev'ning before, had in dress been out-shone,
I her rival abus'd, and her sickness was gone.
I visited next, in the vapours, a beau,
I handled a horsewhip, and soon brought him too;
I was call'd by a miser in wonderful trouble,
His head swam so much that poor *Gripe-all* saw double.

Spoken. [" O, doctor, I am very bad indeed—fear I'm going to heaven before my time."—" Not much fear of that," said I. " What's your complaint?"—" Why, doctor, I see double!"—" O, my dear Sir, your case is easy enough to remove—if you *see double.*]

Count your money, dear Sir, it will give you relief;
So his money he counted, and that cur'd his grief.

I confess 'mong the wonderful cures I perform,
I do kill my share, but then pray where's the harm?
If the patient is young, he's but rid of life's snares;
And if old, then it's only concluding his cares;
If rich, the poor may come in heirs to his store,
And if poor, where he goes he'll want money no more;
If good, he gains heav'n for this world's dead letter,
And if bad, why he only makes room for a better.

Spoken. [I have salvo's enough for conscience—the dead tell no tales; besides—]

It's fit death and I should the spoil always share,
For " live and let live," among brothers, is fair.

" Love," observed an Irish drummer, (who accompanied the Scotch soldier) resuming the previous subject, " is the whiskey of life, and woman the shamrock of creation?" He praised the constancy of his own Shelah, and produced, in proof it, the lamentation she made on his departure to Egypt.

BALLAD.

(Tune " The Willow." Iron Chest, Storace.)

(IN EGYPTIAN LAURELS.)

MY Dermot is gone, and I must wear the willow!
Sing, O for my Dermot, my Dermot, O!
I'll be crying all night when asleep on my pillow,
And all for my Dermot, my Dermot, O!

All the day I shall droop, and at spirits tho' trying,
All the words I shall say will be sobbing and sighing,
Oh, hone! well-a-day! I shall surely be dying,
Sing O for my Dermot, my Dermot, O!

If Dermot is kill'd, it my heart will be breaking,
Sing, O, &c.
Then when he comes back 'twill be mightily taking,
Sing, O, &c.
For the lad who was slain while his country defending,
To find me dead too!—our meeting here ending,
We shall both die with grief, for our hearts 'twill be rending,
Sing, O, &c.

This was followed by a description of his voyage to Egypt, his opinion of the wonders he found there, and his comparison between them and those of Britain.

SONG.

(Tune "Balina mona Ora.)

(IN EGYPTIAN LAURELS.)

WE took water for Egypt, the gale blowing smart,
To catch the Ma'mlukes, and to beat Buonaparte;
But the Turks swore his name wasn't right, by my soul,
For instead of a *part* he'd have fain *bon'd* the *whole*.
Balina mona ora! O, conscience in all things for me!

To Egypt our way thro' the ocean we found,
Tho' I thought on the water we'd all run aground;
But for *Ma'mlukes* or *Sir* Lukes we'd no call to roam,
When a *Saint* Lukes' we've got all so handy at home.
Balina mona ora! The snug little island for me.

Tho' they've wonders in Egypt, at home we've as queer;
If they've pyramids there, why we've obstacles here;
And tho' crocodiles thereon you make a repast,
Here monopolists eat the folks ten times as fast.
Balina mona ora! Bad luck to forestallers for me!

Their mummies are dead men, stuff'd from heel to head;
So they live you 500 years after they're dead.
But the reason's as plain as the nose on your face,
I suppose there's no doctor all over the place.
Balina mona ora! A comely fat cookwife for me!

They've gypsies enough to tell fortunes, agrah!
But we all very well know the fortune of war;
But may war prove a bankrupt, for ever to cease,
And plenty exult in the fortune of peace!
Balina mona ora! O, peace and cheap living for me!

At this instant a man entered, who had for sale a great variety of false *eyes, teeth,* and *noses;* which a sailor present termed *grappling-irons, dead-lights,* and *jury-masts.* A miller remarked, it was no wonder such articles were saleable, at a time like this, when teeth, through the artifices of monopoly, have been long kept more for shew than service; and when credulity is so prevalent, that nobody makes use of their own eyes, but submit to be led by the *nose* by any one who will take the trouble. I remarked, that every thing had its use; if a man has only *false* teeth, while the world thinks he can bite, it will be fearful of imposing upon him;—an artificial nose can never, through perversion of smell, lead a man upon a wrong scent; and should it happen to be snapped off by the critics, it may be easily replaced; and though a *false* eye can-

not enable a man to see his neighbour's good qualities, it will also prevent him prying into his bad ones. Dermot said, "he hoped Heaven would preserve the eyesight of the poor; for if they went blind, even false eyes would be of no service to them, because the monopolists had brought their noses to the grindstone so often, there was scarcely any thing left to hang their spectacles on." At the request of the company I produced the following representation of

MONOPOLY.

(Music published by Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

MONOPOLY's long been the rub,
And from it less harm would ensue,
If those who monopoliz'd grub,
Would monopolize appetites too;
But may those who, for lucre of gold,
The poor of their morsel would cheat,
Be punished, like Midas of old,
With nothing but guineas to eat!
Tol, lol, &c.

The Turks they monopolize wives,
And, by some wicked folks it is said,
That's the reason why Turks, all their lives,
Wear each a half moon on his head;
And we know, tho' each married man here
Finds *one* wife enough for his share,
And beef's so confoundedly dear,
There's cattle enough at Horn Fair.

Yet candour might surely excuse,
Of monopolists some sorry elves,
For doctors would be of great use
If they'd take all their physic themselves;

Of lawyers, why much one can't say,
Their practice I wouldn't condemn,
But some people think, by the way,
Old Nick will monopolize them.

Monopoly thrives every way;
The assertion will stand by the test,
For truth always carries the day,
And we all know the *naked* truth's best:
That's the reason our ladies, forsooth,
Captivate both the bashful and bluff,
For they're surely the semblance of *truth*;
And, ecod, they go naked enough.

May the rich ease the poor of their cares!
'Twould the sweetest monopoly bring;
They'd gain all their hearts and their pray'rs,
Like his honour our father, the king!
May Britons each other befriend,
For unity's England's best hope;
And may ev'ry monopolist's end
Be join'd to the end of a rope!

THE subject of Monopoly brought all eyes on the miller, whom Dermot bantered on the article of *honesty*, with the stale witticism, that all millers were rogues in grain, and ought to be well thrashed. Hearty observed, he was as honest as the world would let him be; and though all was grist that came to his mill, he never *sacked* his neighbour's property; and that his mill never failed to go round gratis, when he met want in the shape of honesty! "Gude troth," replied Donald, "you'll greet it oftener in that shape than any other." Harry Hearty was a true patriot; did his own duty in private life, and never gave his vote to those who neglected theirs in public; he had a sound

head, a feeling heart, and clean hands; and was besides a good man on 'Change: then, as a climax to his happiness, he had a wife that smiled more than she talked; and his children were neither young enough to dun his ears by squalling, nor old enough to plague him by fashionable fopperies; the boys to hanker after polished portmanteaus to hide their legs, and short-sighted eye-glasses, as apologies for overlooking friends in distress:—or the girls by sighing, in the language of Dermot, for *coalskuttle* bonnets and *chronicle* dresses. Such was the enviable state of the good miller, who was called

HAPPY HARRY.

(TUNE "POLL AND PARTNER JOE.")

[In the Author's Piece of the Paddington Canal.]

A JOLLY miller, blythe, I sing,
They call me Happy Harry!
I envy neither lord nor king;
My head as high I carry.
Tho' I ne'er in my carriage rode,
Still wheels are my support;
And numbers to my levee croud,
My mill I call my court.
And I have power,
To fleece each hour,
From ev'ry subject's sack;
But such an action I disdain,
Since hot or cold, snow, wind, or rain,
My mill goes—click, click, clack!

The man who has a scolding wife,
Were happy passing measure,
Could he but stop her noisy strife,
As I my mill, at pleasure;

Tho' by a white outside I thrive,
I all deceit abjure,
And tho' I do by grinding live,
I never grind the poor:
For ne'er was grist,
Monopolist;
I hate the rascal pack!
And had I licence from the king,
To grind 'em all, oh, how I'd sing!
While my mill went—click, click, clack!

My country and my king I love;
Love friendship with my neighbour;
And, tho' necessity above,
For health's sake love to labour:
There's dame and I, we make no fuss,
Yet love each other sure;
We love our children, they love us,
And then we love the poor.
So blithe and gay
I pass the day,
And love my joke to crack;
And, since I reason ne'er offend,
Enjoy my bottle and my friend,
While my mill goes click, click, clack!

When Hearty had finished his recital, every one allowed him to be happy, and pronounced him a good patriot. A barber, of a whimsical appearance, entering, and overhearing the word patriotism, immediately launched forth in praise of that good quality, which, he observed, was very hard to find. "A patriot," says he, "mows the beard of bribery from the countenance of the country with the razor of rigidity; tickles up the tete of the times with the comb of contrivance, and the curling-irons of conscience; cuts off the queu of

the quidnuncs with the scissars of soud argument, and ties up the pig-tail of politics in the ribbon of ratiocination; dresses the head of the constitution with the powder of perfection and the pomatum of popularity; crops the pate of the pension-list to make wigs for the wants of the country; and frizzes the caxon of corruption into the *je na sçai quoi* jazey of freedom."—"You are a patriot, I presume," replied I. "I hope so," said he; "I pride myself upon it. I am a patriot of a new school.—Pray what's the use of that pipe?"—"Put it to your mouth," said I. He did, and it produced the description of a Patriotic Barber, in a paraphrase of the old proverb,

"CHARITY AT HOME."

(Composed by Mr. Sanderson—Musical Appendix.)

I'M a patriot in talk, and a barber by trade,
And, ecod, I'm as keen as my best razor-blade;
Like parrot-tongu'd patriots, who prate till they've got
The loaves and the fishes, the corks, and what not!
But when they've finger'd once the pelf,
Their country then may serve itself;
You'll find, if o'er the world you roam,
"Charity begins at home."

I a parliament man shav'd, and promis'd my vote,
For he into my hand slipt a ten pound bank note;
Then I'd ten pounds for shaving his rival same day;
He ask'd for my vote, and I couldn't say nay?
For when, &c.

The first that was shav'd heard the tale, it is plain,
For the next morning *he* wanted shaving again;
And his *ten* he made *twenty;* so, when the poll came,
Conscience said, "Not to vote for him would be a shame."
For when, &c.

The other star'd at me, and whisper'd, " Friend, pray,
Why didn't I *shave* at your shop t'other day?"
I made him a bow, and return'd, in a trice,
" 'Tis true, I must own, but—that gem'man ***shav'd twice!***"
And when, &c.

A FEMALE, whose spencer bore the appearance of a military uniform, overheard Puff's definition of perriwig patriotism; and, taking the firelock of the Caledonian, gave the following delineation of her own ideas of patriotism, accompanying each word of command with a correspondent action of the firelock.

FEMALE VOLUNTEER.

(Sung in the Author's " Harlequinade of Peter Wilkins.)

[TUNE, WHITE COCKADE.]

IN danger's hour, when our haughty foes
Our British standard dare oppose,
When our gallant lads are oblig'd to roam,
Why should women idly stay at home?
I'm volunteer turn'd, and, indeed, what's more,
A smart drill serjeant of the corps;
And whenever our old England's claims require,
Can soon "*make ready! present*, and *fire!*"
I'm a merry little wag in a scarlet frock,
And my heart's as stout as my musket stock.
The rat-tat-too I love to hear,
Like a merry little British Volunteer.

With Britain's foes what can't we do,
When, Sirs, you must own we can conquer you?

See us marshall'd out, and the fight begun,
The words "*Charge Bayonet!*" away they run,
While we pink the cowards as they fly,
Till loudly all for quarter cry;
And as mercy's the pride of the British throne,
The word's "*Ground arms!*" and the day's our own.

I'm a merry, &c.

Their arms all grounded to our view,
To "*take up arms,*" is of course our cue;
And having boldly gain'd the day,
'Tis "*Shoulder-arms!*" and we march away;
Then, soldier-like, each jovial soul
Crouds gaily round the flowing bowl,
And toasts, with voice and heart, with three,
Britannia! George! and Liberty!

I'm a merry, &c.

DONALD highly applauded her spirit, and said, she was the very moral of his Moggy, who followed him to battle; cheered his labours with her smiles; and by risking all for him, taught him what he ought to risk for his country; a country whose cause is the cause of every individual in it, viz. freedom and a happy fire-side; and where, notwithstanding the frivolity of the times, the fair are always proud to reward the brave, and repay the toils of valour by the tenderness of affection, and the tribute of protection by the wreath of constancy. Moggy's affectionate determination of following her lover she had put in verse, which the Caledonian afterwards shewed me.

FEMALE CONSTANCY.

(Sung at Vauxhall, and, in "Egyptian Laurels," Sadler's Wells.)

[*Composed by Mr. Moorehead—Published by Messrs. Brown and Co.* 181, *Fleet-street.*]

I'ZE kilt my coats, my legs aboon,
In spight of mam or daddy,
And trip it to the piper's tune,
The world o'er wi' my laddie;
For he's a bonny Highland lad,
A gallant soldier reckon'd,
Wi' bonnet blue, and tartan plaid,
And of the Forty-second;
Then o'er the hills and far awa',
In weather fair or foggy,
We'll trip, wi' gleefu' hearts and bra',
Blythe Donald and his Moggy.

Our lasses say, my heart's nae right,
Set tow'rd my mam or daddy;
But that's because they brast wi' spight,
And envy me my laddie!
Oh, he's a bonny, &c.

But let our lasses grin ane jeer,
Or mother scold and daddy;
I'ze gang to kirk without ae fear,
And wed my Highland laddie.
Oh, he's a bonny, &c.

OUR company was now joined by another Hibernian, who asked me if a Rigmarole Repository wasn't a shelaly shop; for, the night before, falling in with one of those cormorants of the law, who prefer its *bad* letter to its

good spirit, and its brass to its beauty, he had tried to make that impression on his head, the distresses of a man he had legally ruin'd, couldn't do on his heart; but the lawyer's head was so little open to any conviction that didn't come from the *bar*, that it resisted all the subtlety of shelaly argument, and snapped both that and the shelaly together. I told him I had one by me I could accommodate him with, made from the original recipe, nature gave truth for the manufacture of the genuine Irish shelaly, as follows:—"R. Take the pith of probity, inclose in it the wood of whimsicality, coat it with the bark of humanity, and ornament it with the knots of courage; season it with the consistence of conviviality, and varnish it with the combined essences of friendship, love, and liberality." He accepted the shelaly with the manly blush of conscious modest merit, always expressed on receiving a compliment due; and gave us an account of himself in

THE TWIG OF SHELALY.

(TUNE, PADDY O'BLARNEY!)

MULROONEY's my name, I'm a comical boy,
A tight little lad at shelaly;
St. Paddy wid whiskey he suckled me, joy,
Among the sweet bogs of Kelaly!
The world I began with a prospect so fair,
My dad was worth *nothing*, and I was his heir;
So all my estate was a heart free from care,
And a tight little Twig of Shelaly.

"Turn captain," cried dad, "and if kilt in de strife,
Success and long life to Shelaly!"
Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,
As sure as there's bogs in Kelaly.
But, thinks I, spite of what fame and glory bequeath,
How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel wreath,

Wid my head in my mouth to stand picking my teeth,
Wid a tight little Twig of Shelaly.

Yet firmly both Ireland and England I'll aid,
The lands of oak stick and shelaly;
For now these two sisters are man and wife made,
As sure as there's bogs, &c.
I'll still for their friends have a heart warm and true;
To their foes give my hand, for what else can I do?
Yes, I'll give 'em my hand—but, along wid it too,
A tight little, &c.

A DESULTORY conversation now took place, which was directed into a particular channel by the observation of a man passing with a large boot upon a pole, as an advertisement for Patent Blacking. Mulrooney observed, the patent blacking made the boots shine as white as a looking-glass, and made Bond-street, when filled with little beauxs and large boots, look all the world like a rookery of black legs. The subject of fashions induced me to present the company with the following specimen of

THE YEAR 1801.

(Tune, "Robin and Granny," Old Lancashire Ballad.)

THE comical jokes of these comical times,
Shall furnish the theme for my comical rhymes;
For comical folks will have comical fun,
In this comical year 1801.*

*This song may be applied to the year 1802, by a very trifling alteration of the first verse; as thus,

"And comical folks comic features may view,
"In this comical year 1802."

Our beauxs stuck in boots to their hips, I declare,
Look just like Cock and Breeches at Bartlemy Fair;
While our belles, in new bonnets, to set off their hair,
First spend all their *cole*, then the skuttle they wear.

Once fashion decreed that our beaux should be found
In blue and buff uniform all the year round;
Now they think to wear *blue* when they please is enough,
While, to keep up the charter, our belles dress in *buff*.

Once our nobles examples of breeding supply'd,
And, as lords of rich manors, kept up Britain's pride;
But now a man may, things so strangely will fall,
Make a very good lord with no manors [manners] at all!

But, speaking of manners, our foes have oft thought
We Britons are much better fed than we're taught;
But fashion so long has monopoly led,
We've for some time been much better taught than we're fed.

Your cits laugh at courtiers, and courtiers at cits,
And the bone of contention is, "wealth *versus* wits;"
But a large piece of beef, suppose London, you'll own,
The cits are the marrow, the courtiers the bone.

May concord all bones of contention soon break,
And on plenty's marrow a feast Britons make;
May Jack Ketch bone all who would not let us eat,
For "the nearer the bone, why the sweeter the meat."

TALKING of times, one of my visitors made the old and trite remark, "time was for *slaves*,"—"Yes," said Mulrooney, "and the devil of a time they have too; I wonder, for my part, they take the trouble to go to Africa for blacks, when they have so many blacks

in Europe; to be sure, there is a little difference; your African black has only the devil's face, while your European black has his heart."—"Ah, massa," replied a black, who had been some time a spectator, "Buckra steal black heathen man to make him good Christian. Poor Scipio, heathen dog, me say vat me tink, and do vat me say; ven any body do me good ting me do him good ting in return; do me bad ting, me forgive and forget; Buckra man soon fum mo out of dat; give fishee one eye, (half a fish) for dinner, and cat o'nine tail for sauce; preachee mercy, and least stupid black no remember, flogge all de time; Buckra soon make me good Christian as himself: say one ting, do another; von man do me good, me pick him pocket and run away vid him vife in return; den if he call me to account, me talk him honour, and shew myself friend by cutting him throat. Ah, massa, if a black man fool, white man knave; and if black man's head be cut in ebony, white man's heart be cut in marble." Mulrooney surveying the Smithey, found, among a pile of rusty rhyme, what he called an *iron grave-stone*, with the following epitaph on a

NEGRO SLAVE.

(Music by V. de Cleve—Bland and Weller.)

YE children of Pleasure, come hither and see
A sight that shall check your irreverent glee!
Ye children of Woe, hear a tale which awhile
A sense of your own various griefs shall beguile!
Thy tear at that tale, divine sympathy! shed;
Rejoice, sweet Compassion! at viewing this grave;
Here wretchedness hides unmolested his head,
For under this turf lies a poor Negro slave!

Depriv'd of whatever endears us to life;
His country, his freedom, his children, and wife!
Grown mad with reflection, his spirit he freed—
With pity, ye rigid, contemplate the deed!

His corpse, unregarded, disgrac'd the highway ;
'Till, blushing, Humanity's credit to save,
With tenderness, Charity hasten'd to pay
Mortality's due to the poor Negro Slave !

Ye kind passers by, who this sport turn to view,
The tribute bequeath to his mem'ry due—
May peace watch his pillow whose breast can bestow
A generous sigh to the annals of woe !
The sigh that you heave, and the tear that you shed,
Remembrance on heaven's blest records shall 'grave ;
But vengeance shall heavily fall on each head
That spurn'd and oppress'd him, a poor Negro Slave !

THE fate of the Negro Slave occasioned an observation on the power of gold, that could induce men to trample on the rights of humanity. Hearty observed, he was sorry his Majesty's picture was ever disgrac'd by such traffic ; for, he was sure, though a guinea in such a case was a copy of his countenance, it was not of his heart, which was stamped with benevolence ; or that the bewitching notes of Abraham Newland should be adapted to the discordant *capricios* of despotism, or the woful lamentations of liberty. To give the conversation a more agreeable turn, I produced

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

(Published by Clementi and Co. Cheapside, and Mr. Hime, Liverpool.)

THERE ne'er was a name so bandied by fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is wrote upon every bank note,
And you all must know Abraham Newland !
Oh, Abraham Newland !
Notified Abraham Newland !
I've heard people say, " sham Abraham" you may ;
But you mus'n't sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts,
It matters not where ever you land,
Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they speak,
That's the language of Abraham Newland;
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Wonderful Abraham Newland!
Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be d—n'd,
If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland!

The world is inclin'd to think justice is blind,
But lawyers know well she can view land;
But, Lord, what of that! she'll blink like a bat,
At the sight of an Abraham Newland!
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Magical Abraham Newland!
Tho' Justice, 'tis known, can see thro' a mill stone,
She can't see thro' Abraham Newland!

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
Kind souls! here like mushrooms they strew land;
Tho' loud as they drum, each proves Orator Mum,
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland:
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Invincible Abraham Newland!
No argument's found in the world half so sound,
As the logic of Abraham Newland!

If a maid of three score, or a dozen years more,
For a husband should chance to sigh thro' land,
I'm vastly afraid she would not die a maid,
If acquainted with Abraham Newland:
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Deluding Abraham Newland!
Tho' crooked and cross, she'd not be at a loss,
Thro' the friendship of Abraham Newland!

Thus for Abraham's smiles we're all practising wiles,
And cheating and chattering through land,
Till Death he pops in,
With his comical grin,
And a night cap for Abraham Newland!
Oh, Abraham Newland!
The bell tolls for Abraham Newland!
For when death he comes by, you know life's all my eye,
And then GOOD BYE to Abraham Newland!

MULROONEY observed, that, notwithstanding all that might be said in favour of Abraham Newland, let a man only take a One Pound Note, and try to get change for a Guinea wid it, he'd soon find the difference between the paper skull arguments of Lombard Street Logic, and the Golden ones of Royal Rhetoric; between Bank Paper Bullion, and

THE KING's PICTURE.

(Music published by Goulding and Co. Pall-Mall.)

MISTER Abraham Newland's a monstrous good man;
But when you've said of him what ever you can,
Why all his soft paper would look very blue,
If it wa'nt for the yellow boys; pray what think you?
Tol de rol de rol, la tol de, &c.

With Newland's for Letters of Credit proceed,
Pray what would you do where the people can't read?
But the worst of all dunces, we know very well,
Only shew him a Guinea, I'll warrant he'll spell.
Tol de rol, &c.

Your lawyers and doctors, and such sort of folks,
Who with fees and such fun, you know, never stand jokes;

In defence of my argument try the whole tote,
They'll all take a guinea before a Pound note.
Tol de rol, &c.

The French would destroy all our credit and trade,
If they were not unable, asham'd, or afraid;
They talk of our King, but let who will be victor,
They'd be devilish glad to get hold of his Picture.
Tol de rol, &c.

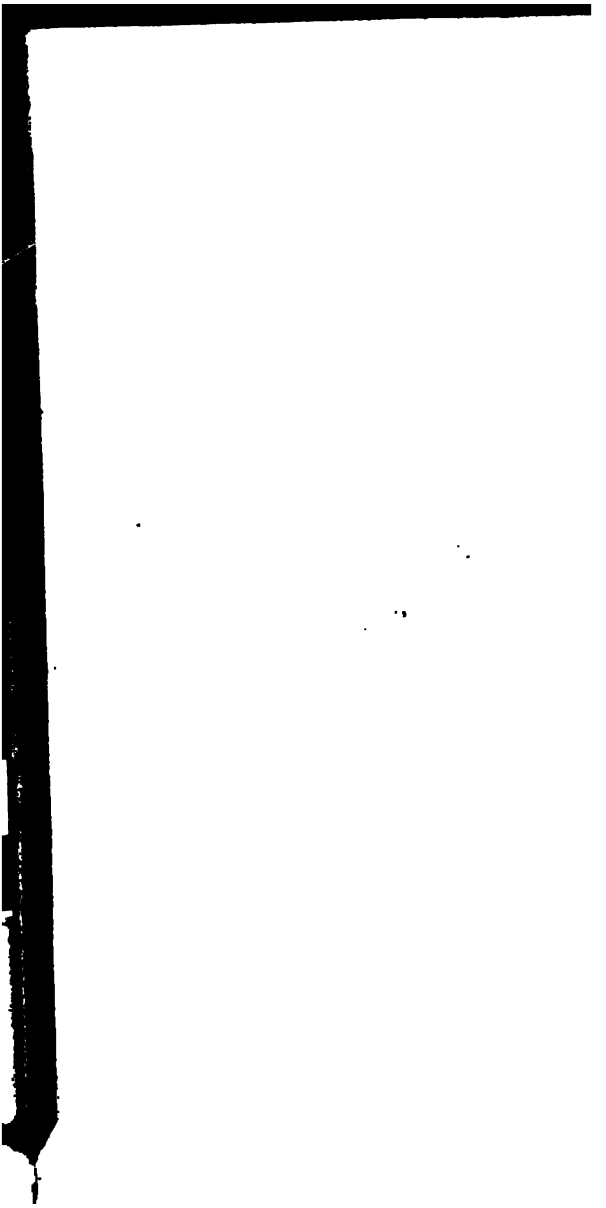
From this Picture so precious may Britain ne'er part,
While the glorious original reigns in her heart;
And while we've such tars as our navy can boast,
With our King and his Picture we must rule the Roast.
Tol de rol, &c.

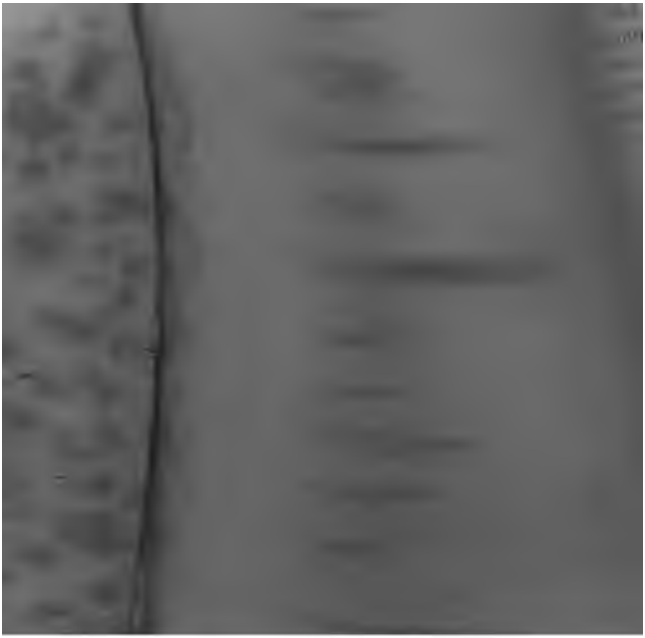
We were now amused by the approach of one of those well known characters who, with fortune's wheel in the shape of a whirligig, sell Gingerbread by way of lottery; where hope may be gratified for a halfpenny, and where even the bitterness of disappointment is relieved by the sweets of Spice Nuts. There was a novelty in his manner that secured him custom; and curiosity brought crowds to hear him cry his

HOT SPICE GINGERBREAD!

(Music, Reeve.—Published by Clementi and Co.)
Sung in Harlequin and Oberon.

COME boys and girls, men and maids, widows and wives,
The best penny lay out you e'er spent in your lives;
Here's my whirligig lottery, a penny a spell,
No blanks but all prizes; and that's pretty well.
Don't stand humming and ha'ing, with ifs and with buts,
Try your luck for my round and sound Gingerbread Nuts;





And then here's my glorious spice gingerbread too,
Hot enough e'en to melt the cold heart of a Jew.
Hot spice gingerbread hot! Come buy my spice gingerbread, smoaking hot!

Your fine beaux and belles, and your rattle-pate rakes,
One half are game Nuts, the rest gingerbread Cakes;
Then in gingerbread Coaches we've gingerbread Lords,
And gingerbread Soldiers with gingerbread Swords!
And what are your Patriots? 'Tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying, they've something to sell.

Spoken. [But it's a query, whether it's as good for the English constitution as my

Hot spice gingerbread, hot!

My gingerbread lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances for ever is twirl'd;
But some diff'rence between 'em exists without doubt,
The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's wholly without;
There no matter how often you shuffle and cut,
It i'n't once in ten games you can get a game nut;
So I laugh at the world like an impudent elf,
And, just like my betters, take care of myself.

Spoken. [There's nobody likes himself better than I do; then all the pretty girls are so fond of me, since the death of my poor wife! Aye, and for the loss of her I can't help crying—

Hot spice gingerbread, hot!

MULROONEY said "his lottery whirligig was something like the telegraph, which was a sort of hour-glass, to tell the day of the month by, or an almanack, to tell

which way the wind sets. Some call it a ministerial mile-stone; others, a political weather-cock; some, the Public Advertiser, and others, the Whitehall Gazette; some again, the Cabinet Courier; and others, the State Short-hand Writer; one compares it to Money, because it speaks all languages, and another, to Balaam's Ass, because it's a dumb Orator." To throw some light on the subject, I produced

THE TELEGRAPH.

(Tune, " Here we go up, up, up!")

OF the freaks of the genius of whim,
The Telegraph's now all the rage;
Don't think of invention, this limb
Was born in this blundering age;
'Twere singing too much out of tune;
Believe me, our grandfathers' had 'em,
They're as old as the man in the moon,
And the devil first shew'd one to Adam.
Tol, lol, &c.

What was Eve but a telegraph, pray,
Whom Nick found the way how to work,
And shew'd gaffer Adam that way,
We all know, the trick of a Turk?
And who by a telegraph goes,
Not oftener wins than he loses;
For he who the strings must dispose,
Can pull right or wrong as he chooses.
Tol, lol, &c.

" The telegraph tidings conveys;
And," says Henpeck, " must have 'on my life,
(Since for miles you can see what it says)
A tongue just as long as my wife;"

Then modern fine orators too,
Like the Telegraph stuck on Whitehall,
Let 'em speechify till they grow blue,
In the end they say nothing at all."
Tol, lol, &c.

Modern orators are of three kinds; the first speaks *o* the purpose; the second *from* the purpose, and the third to *no* purpose at all. Of the last kind is your great man, who promises without paying, and that is called the "*parvum in multo:*" The first is your little man, who pays without promising, and that is called the "*multum in parvo;*" and the other is your little great man, whose promises nobody will take, and who has nothing to pay with; and that is called "*Veluti in speculum,*" which, in the vocabulary of fashion, means *shew* without *substance*, and that is very fashionable indeed.

A young female now joined our party, whose face expressed beauty expiring under the devastations of melancholy; an eye which, Hearty informed us, once sparkled with hope was now vacant with despair, and a mouth which formerly never opened without charming a throng of admirers, arrested by the sullenness of disappointment, now only broke silence to deplore, unnoticed, the treasure she lost when

SWEETLY THE BIRDS WERE SINGING, O!

(Music, Mrs. C. Dibdin—Goulding and Co.)

FAIR Jeannot she cull'd with fond delight,
Sweetly the birds were singing, O!
A rose so red, and a lily so white,
Sweetly, &c.

Her cheek and her skin beat the lily and rose,
But the blight mars the loveliest blossom that blows,
And blossoms a lesson to beauty disclose,
Sweetly, &c.

Fair Jeannot went out on the morn of May,
Sweetly, &c.
All nature was blooming, and fragrant, and gay,
Sweetly, &c.
Jeannot's spirits than May were more sprightly and warm,
But the sun-shine is often obscur'd by the storm,
And the sun-shine to profit may rapture inform.
Sweetly, &c.

The lily grew yellow, the rose grew pale,
Sweetly, &c.
The tempest came on and no more in the dale
Sweetly, &c.
So the beauty of Jeannot it faded away;
Care clouded her spirits so gen'rous and gay;
For she met a false swain on the morning of May!
Sweetly, &c.

JEANNOT having surveyed the place with a cursory glance, soon retired from observation; and seduction became the next feature of discourse; which a Jew, *punningly* remarked, was worse than usury, observing though a money-lender takes care to secure exorbitant interest, he always risks some *principal*; when a seducer, without a single atom of *principle*, secures an interest which, without benefiting himself, is sure to make bankrupt the object of his arts. The sailor said it was a pity there was not an Admiralty order of Parliament to hang every pirate, who, after having captured a tight frigate, under false colours, did not tow her safely into the harbour of matrimony. "By Ja-

bers!" says Mulrooney, "the cure would be worse than the disease, for isn't it sufficient to make a poor girl die wid grief for the loss of her honour without obliging her to live all the rest of her life in a state of useless repentance; for the man that hasn't honour enough to make a poor girl an honest woman before he seduces her, can never have feeling enough to make her a happy one afterwards." To restore the spirits of my company, which began to wear a sombre complexion, I threw an old piece of ore into my fire, from whence transferring it to the forge, I produced a new feature of seduction in the

TAYLOR'S DREAM.

(Music, Broad—Musical Appendix.)

A TAYLOR who cabbag'd, as taylors will do,
Not an inch from an ell, but a yard out of two;
Soho, boy, fair and softly!
Awaking one night, in a terrible fright,
Felt conscience's oozings adown his face trickle,
Lest his Cabbage should turn out a terrible pickle;
For he dream'd such a dream as was ne'er dream'd before,
And he vow'd and protested "he'd cabbage no more;"
But his wife with a hint begg'd his mind to refresh,
"What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh."
And soho, &c.

He dreamt that he saw a great patchwork unroll
From the skies, made of cabbage he'd stole;
Soho, &c.
It reach'd to the ground,
Broad as long, I'll be bound,
And was made of all colours art ever invented;
So, conscience-struck, thus to his dear he lamented;
"I'll no more be a sinner and cabbage," cried he,
"For fear that old Nick in the end cabbage me."
But his wife, &c.

" Whenever, wife, going to cabbage am I,
Of my dream to remind me be sure that you cry,
" *Soho, boy, fair and softly !*"
She thus, as we hear, kept him honest a year,
Nay some folks say two, but at wonders they're spelling,
As we all know that stories lose nothing by telling;
Of his courage Snip bragg'd, for temptation was strong,
While his wife replied with the fag-end of a song,
By the way of a hint just, &c.

Of his honesty Snip to all boasted, with pride,
While in his sleeve laughing, old Belzebub cried,
" Soho, &c."
At length a beau goes with cloth for new clothes;
" Such a texture and colour I ne'er saw ;" so nimble,
Cried Snip, for egad he'd his eye on the thimble;
Old Nick whisper'd " cabbage !" Snip answer'd, " I'll shew
" How boldly I'll baffle temptation—heigh ho !"
While his wife humm'd her ditty, his, &c.

Snip cut and contriv'd, and severe was the strife
Between nature and conscience, old Nick and his wife,
Soho, &c.
" Your dream, Snip !" said she,—" I remember," cried he,
" The patchwork I saw, tho' no doubt meant a warner,
To make it square wanted a yard at one corner;
Then this colour I thro' the whole piece couldn't meet it,
So I must, and I will have, a yard to complete it."
Says his wife, " wa'nt I right, Snip, your mind, &c.

" *Yoicks! Yoicks!*" vociferated a knight of the chase, as he entered, " what game's going on here? Sport for taylors; hey! for what's a Rigmarole but a wild-goose chase? Mount Pegasus after a pun; dash over the stiles of common sense, and the five barr'd gates

of harmony; break down the hedges of humour, and plunge into the ditch of dullness.—Recover—hoicks; there she goes! hey, Nonsense! Rhyme! Rigmarole! to her, boys! there they spank it over the ploughed field of plagiary! while the lean, lazy hounds Novelty, Reason, and Brevity, stick fast in the quickset of quibble. Now she goes thro' Press plain; spank into the stream of Publicity; Critic and Curiosity hard at her heels; now she makes Reading road; Curiosity lags, Critic lays close to her; up Review-hill, Critic has her, yoicks! and we're in at the death in an instant." The horn sounding, he left us as abruptly as he entered, and finding a few figurative French horns in one corner of the Smithey, I popped them into the forge, and produced

ALL IN FULL CRY.

(Music, Reeve—Musical Appendix.)

FAIN longer would indolent Phœbus recline,
Neglecting Aurora's bright charms;
But the hale glowing troop of Diana combine,
To rouse him from sleep's languid arms;
The huntsman's shrill "hollo!" first strikes in his ear,
While the packs op'ning yell put an end to his trance;
See already his gold-burnish'd ringlets appear,
As o'er the hills peeping he eyes us askaunce!
Thro' woodlands and vallies the far winding horn
With a thrilling tantivy invokes him away;
And, while taunting echo his sloth laughs to scorn,
He vaults on the courser and bursts into Day!

How rapid our course, nor can mountains supply
A barrier to stop our career!
While the brown huntress Health, with her shrill hue and cry,
Follows hard on the heels of the deer.

Hark! echo's so full with the noise of the chase,
The Stag thinks a pack up yon hill in full speed
Are rising to meet him, poor fool! in the face,
And fears to go forward, yet dares not recede!
The delusion proves fatal, the pack on him gain,
And a thrilling tantivy completes his dismay;
He starts—stands at bay—starts again—all in vain,
And his head forms a trophy to honour the day.

HUNTING brought a remark from the Miller on the inconsistency of the Game Laws, which allowed the rich man to kill Game on any body's Grounds, while the poor man dared not kill it even on his own. Mulrooney said, "whoever made the Game Laws could only be making game; and the cockney-sportsmen made game of them in turn; which was but right, for he thought it hard any man should pay for a licence to shoot game, who never killed any thing but turnip tops and toad stools." The efficacy of hunting in regard to health was noticed, and Hearty remarked, if fine Ladies would only ride a hunting once a week, exercise would paint so indelibly the bloom of beauty that Essence Venders would soon be out at the elbows; and so permanently establish health that the vapours would get quite out of fashion, and then all the modish Physicians would be obliged to take physic for fees; run credit instead of carriages; and make good their payments by prescriptions—if any body would take 'em. Mulrooney observed, "that the Ladies had found out a very proper specific to kill the Doctors; and only wanted the proper method of application; for he really thought as such means of exercise as skipping, &c. were likely to establish health, and starve the poor doctors to death, the best way to make their lives comfortable, would be to hang them at once in the

SKIPPING ROPES."

(Music, Mrs. C. Dibdin.—Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

YOUR ladies of fashion, who freely subscribe
To ev'ry whim folly may chance to imbibe,
With Skipping-Ropes pleasantly pass time away,
And skip up and down just like kittens at play.
With a fal de riddle, lal de riddle, &c.

'Tis a strange thing for ladies to carry a rope,
It i'n't for an emblem of marriage, I hope:
They hang in a string all their love-making elves,
And when they get married their beaux hang themselves.
Fal, &c.

We call ladies *Belles*, and, as puns please the crowd,
To call their ropes *bell-ropes*, we may be allow'd;
And our ladies are made of right bell-metal stuff,
For we all know their clappers go merry enough.
Fal, &c.

But skipping on ropes i'n't confin'd to our belles,
There's the mighty rope-dancer at Sadler's Wells;
But with some folks compar'd, to the ground he must fall,
For I've seen people dance upon nothing at all.
Fal, &c.

But the best sight of all is our sailors to see,
Who skip up a rope like a cat up a tree;
Like a good cable rope, they our nation defend,
And treat all our enemies with a rope's end.
Fal, &c.

May the law in a rope catch your forestalling elves!
But give e'm rope enough, and they'll soon hang themselves;
And then quartern loaves will be plenty, I hope,
And be sold just like onions, "a penny a rope!"
Fal, &c.

Ropes produced the following anecdote: a rascally lawyer being indisposed, sent to a neighbouring apothecary; who, having inquired his case, mixed up some medicine, and gave it his 'prentice, an arch wag, to carry; who, knowing the lawyer's character, folded up a rope, instead of the draught, and left it at the patient's house; who, quite enraged, resolved to be even with the doctor. Next morning the doctor calling, found the lawyer better, and supposing his medicine had effected the cure, congratulated him, and asked his advice upon a dispute he had entered into that morning with his neighbour, who had propagated a report detrimental to the doctor's character. Latitat heard him gravely; then producing the rope, told him, it was the best *advice* he could give him: Bolus, not understanding the joke, abused Latitat, who told him, "that notwithstanding the reports spread against his capacity, he found, like a true doctor, he was not fool enough to *take his own physic*;" and they parted, Bolus too enraged to inquire into the enigma. Soon after, the stings of conscience occasioned the lawyer to tuck himself up in the identical rope, and, being cut down, the doctor was called in to restore him to life; which he did; and having brought him to his perfect senses, left him, previously whispering in his ear, "I always knew you was a fool, but little thought you was fool enough to *take your own advice*." Skipping-ropes having been dismissed, another species of fashionable playthings succeeded, viz.

TAMBORINES.

(Published by Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

THAT women are famous for noise you'll allow,
But were never a quarter so noisy as now;
For, lest we should find a defect in their lungs,
They've chose *Tamborines* just to second their tongues.
Tingle, jingle, jingle, row, dow, dow.

There's Deputy Dump, of vexation brim full,
Cries, "My dear, that d—n'd drum's like the roar of a bull;"
But, 'tis sympathy touches the nerves of the elf,
For he knows that a *bull* is so much like himself.

A good emblem of law tamborines will display;
Don't lawyers all on parchment instruments play,
While we dance to some tune? but that i'n't all the fun,
They make *us* pay the piper as soon as they've done.

This tamborine mania on Grecian taste harps,
For we all know the Greeks take in both flats and sharps;
Then the ladies prove this, for the *little* (we know)
Their *Grecian dress hides;* Grecian attitudes *shew.*

May justice to make tamborines never cease,
With the skins of all pois'ners of plenty and peace;
Then while concord plays on 'em thro' joy for relief,
The poor will all dance to the tune of "*Roast Beef.*"

Our tar now came in again for his share of the conversation; swore that "Roast Beef," and "Rule Britannia," were the two best tunes in all the world, and that while Britons stuck to one, the other was sure to

follow. The miller was of the same opinion, and gave for it what he denominated

"ROYAL REASONS FOR ROAST BEEF."

(Tune, "When Arthur first at Court began.")

[In the Author's Pantomime of "Harlequin Benedick."]

QUEEN Bess once fed three men, for a year,
On different kinds of food,
To see which might the best appear
To do a Briton good;
The first was fed on Veal, Sir,
The second was fed upon Mutton,
The third was fed upon good Roast Beef,
And gormandiz'd like a glutton.

When brought to answer the Queen's appeal,
On what they'd been licensed to guttle,
The first reply'd, "Mem, I've dined upon veal," *(affectedly)*
T'other, "Muttle, Sir! Muttle, Sir! Muttle!" *(pertly)*
Cries the queen, "these for soldiers of Briton won't do;
But I swear by my Majesty's word,
Your Veal eaters will make good Men Milliners,
And your Mutton men, Taylors, good lord!

The third he came to be questioned in kind,
And, as loud as he could bawl,
When ask'd by the usher on what he had din'd,
Cried, "Beef, and be d—n'd to you all."
Queen Bess she gave him her fist with a smile,
And swore it was her belief,
The Devil himself couldn't conquer this isle,
While Britons were fed upon Beef.

"AYE, d—n me," cried honest Ben Block, "beef is the ballast for Britons; and though it makes us heavy heeled, that's better than being light-headed, as poor Jack Junk used to say: he was an old mess-mate of mine; and—it don't matter, d'ye see, palavering about the wind's eye; a French ship of the line, before the war, mind me, lay in the same harbour with the Lyon, Jack and I were aboard of; and, by way of daring us, one of the *Pollyvoos* went every day to the main top, and, standing upon his head, challenged our tars to do the like; we couldn't cruize in the same channel, and so it threw us all abaft the binacle. At last, says Jack to me, "splinter my hull! if I stand this here: I'll have a bout with Monsieur; and if I goes to Davy tell Poll as how I died in the service of my country." Then, flying up the ropes, he claps his head on the main-top, and threw his heels aloft; but Jack had too much ballast in his hold to make a jury-mast, and so over he fell; but the sails, d'ye mind, being half set, by grappling a rope here and there, broke his fall, and landed on his feet; then running to the side of the deck, and throwing up his cap, cried, "there, dam'me, you French dogs, which of you can do that, now?" Our crew gave three cheers, and Monsieur hung his jib like a smuggler in false soundings; while Jack was

"ALL IN HIS GLORY."

(Music by Gibbon—Musical Appendix.)

JACK Junk was a tar who could tether his tack,
Of his merits who never was talking;
If his friend was in limbo, he ne'er hung a back,
And his courage, it ne'er wanted caulking;
Then Jack was, moreover, a comical dog,
And if rightly I stick to my story,
He wou'd now and then get so aboard of the grog!
Then, d'ye see, he was all in his glory.

In battle one day, with a jorum of flip,
Jack, while crossing the deck, began reeling,
And fell, for his leg was shot off at the hip,
But the liquor he just sav'd from spilling.
"Don't you see," cried his captain, "your leg's off,
you dog!"
Jack answer'd, if right is my story,
"Never mind it, for splice me! I've sav'd all the grog,"
So, d'ye see, he was all in his glory.

Discharg'd on a pension, he'd not live forlorn,
But wedlock's wide ocean would weather,
There he made *Cuckold's Point*, and he doubled *Cape Horn*,
And his *course* and *command* lost together;
For his wife slipt her cable with some pirate dog,
And Jack, just to wind up the story,
Sprung the leak of despair, and so swig'd at the grog,
That to Davy he went in his glory!

JACK's information was received with a degree of pleasure; and the manner in which Jack Junk outwitted the French sailor being again animadverted upon, I remarked, that the English generally improved upon French inventions; which eventually gave rise to the following dispute between the tar and a Frenchman present.

DUET.

(Tune, "A Pox on your Pother, Midas.")

[In the Author's Piece of "A Trip to Paddington."]

F. NOW, mister John Bull, you must never advance,
That for Genius you can hold a candle to France,
Ve beat you at ev'ry thing; vat you tink, eh?
T. I'm thinking how often you beat us at sea?
Fol, lol.

F. At sea, too, ve beata you sometimes—
T. ——————— Your funning;
You beat us, I know, but its always at running;
F. Invention's the sea vere unrivall'd ve move;
T. 'Tis yours to *invent*, but 'tis ours to *improve*.

F. Now dere ve inventa de ruffle so grand,
Dat fine ornament for de gentleman's hand.
T. But how would the gentleman look, Mr. Pert,
If we hadn't somehow invented a shirt?

F. You'll own dat in cooking ve bear off de belle,
Our fame at invention of cooking all tell.
T. 'Tis true, you find cooking, but pray, to be brief,
To make it of use, dam'me, don't we find beef?

THE Frenchman, with the good humour that forms the characteristic of his nation, admitted the tar's blunt remarks: and the nature of various inventions became the topic. The miller said, he had observed at several china shop windows in the metropolis, a new invention for "*taking physic without seeing it.*" Mulroony replied, "if they could find out a way to take *physic without tasting it* too, it would make a fine improvement; for no physic could do such good as that you neither saw nor tasted: *apropos* of physic, he saw one day, wrote on the board of a Dispensary for the Poor, "The Medical Institution for *working* People;"* which he thought was letting the cat out of the bag, by betraying one of the fundamental secrets of the art." We were now interrupted by a ballad-singer, called

* I have actually seen this inscription on the board of a medical institution.

ORPHAN SUE.

(Music published by Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

I'M Orphan Sue, the ballad girl,
A little ragged rover;
With my fol, lol, lol,
And my fal, lal, lal,
I stray the town all over.
Tho' hot or cold, or wet or dry,
If I've but ballads, what care I?
Tho' scant my store, my heart is light,
And I sing away from morn till night:
My ballads gone, and spent my store,
Oh, then I'm forc'd to beg for more;
With, "Do, sweet lady! dearest lady!
Pray, your honour! bless your honour!
Remember little Sue."

And though a little ragged girl,
Fine gentlefolks oft treat me,
And for fol, lol, lol, &c.
Won't let the beadle beat me;
For still that ugly spiteful man,
Will try to hurt me if he can;
But spite of him my heart, &c.

Then help a little orphan girl!
Indeed I would not teaze you;
For with fol, &c.
I always try to please you!
But Heav'n bless you, if you won't,
Heav'n loves the poor when rich folks don't;
So in spite of all, &c.

At this instant the post boy's horn blew; the Tower guns fired, and the Gazette informed us, that

were signed between England and France!—When Prometheus stole fire from heaven, (by the bye, the poor devil did no more than invent the tinder-box), and occasioned *Pandora's box* to be sent into the world; out of it came a huge monster, with ass's ears, and a mouth large enough to swallow all the rest of the evils together, called *Credulity;* who, marrying gossip *Fame*, the union produced a heterogeneous brat, called "*The Lie of the Day;*" who generally acts as courier to his mother, and has long pestered the public with an idea of a *French invasion!* But had the French attempted such a plan, what reception would they have met; when, in every breast, *Patriotism* is the principle, and *Magna Charta* the interest; the standard *Loyalty*, and the watch-word *Liberty?* Their castles in the air must have been built indeed, to enable them to climb over our wooden walls; and had they even accomplished such a wonder, though they acquired success from sheltering themselves under one of the two state *party* walls domestic broils had made, they would soon have been driven between them by unanimity, and crushed by bringing an old house about their ears. Mulrooney said, "if they had come, they'd have soon been in that same my countrymen Teddy O'Twigg and Phelim M'Gluddery had a dispute about." Upon being asked what it was, he replied in a description of the

DOLDRUM.

(Composed and sold by Broad, Chapel-street, Fitzroy-square.)

'TWAS Phelim of *Doldrum* the sense to reveal him,
Ax'd Teddy, who call'd him, a *paper skull* drone;
"Arrah! get out of that, blood and oons!" Sir, (cried Phelim),
"By Jabers, my *skull* is as *thick* as your own!"

"'Tis like whiskey," said Ted).—"My dose last night I *tuk* it,
(Cried Phelim), when I and the watchman in town
Were both all the world like *two wells* in a *bucket;*
Myself was knock'd *up,* and the watchman knock'd *down.*
Wid a grammachre! huggamanoni! hooh!
Mush-a-grah! Alley Croaker, and Ellen-aroon!"

"Doldrum's," (said Ted), "the *blue devils.*"—Peg Proctor
Had them, (replied Phelim); but she's on the shelf,
For she had sure and *sartain* been *kilt* by the doctor,
Had she not sav'd her life, joy, by hanging herself;
She drown'd herself first; but her life from the water
I sav'd; then she hung herself while I stood by!
But I never dreamt what the crater was a'ter,
Supposing she'd just hung herself up to dry.
With a grammachre, &c.

"In the Doldrums," (said Ted), "folks queer fancies [illegible]
suppose, Sir,
"Take a *hawk* for a *handsaw.*" (Cried Phelim) "that's clear;
So when Barney the boxer took me by the nose, Sir,
He found he had got the wrong sow by the ear!
Says I, Master Barney, you're full of your vapours,
But the likes are not made for the cut of your coat;
Wid a lick of my fist then, I cur'd all his capers,
Sent his teeth in his hand, and his head down his throat.
Wid a, &c.

But with Doldrums be asey, they're all boderation;
To the one that had hipp'd all your Frenchified drones,
Wid their guns charg'd wid boats, had they try'd at invasion,
We'd have not left a single whole *skin* in their *bones.*

We're all in the Doldrums! but, now, happy nation!
The King, Heav'n bless him! has bid 'em all cease;
Has sign'd the death warrant of Want and Vexation,
And gave earnest for Plenty in shape of a Peace."
Wid, &c.

My company having retired, I recollected a few couplets I once hammered out, on the subject of War and Peace, and which I present my readers, to amuse themselves, if they can, till my visitors return; assuring them they shall not find me guilty of *Poetry* in the rest of the pages.

WAR AND PEACE.

A VISION.

BRITANNIA's sorrows, and the curse of War,
What time faint toil supinely turns from care,
Involv'd my senses, and my soul oppress'd,
Till brooding thought deceiv'd me into rest.

No more the downy couch I listless press;
Night's shades retire, and nature shifts her dress:
I tread the greensward, and my wond'ring eyes
Behold sublime, prophetic scenes arise!

Near on my right a pleasing cottage stood,
The air invested by a cackling brood;
There the brisk swarm the social compact made,
There sparrows nestled, and there lambkins play'd:

All well within the smoking chimney shew'd;
Without, the ground with full-ear'd sheaves was strew'd.

Far to my left huge moated walls appear'd;
Above their heads unweildy turrets rear'd;

Thence thund'ring peals, and cries of horror came,
And from all sides burst out th' involving flame:
The ruin'd ramparts to the base gave way,
And all behind in desolation lay;
Shed, store, and palace, found one general doom,
And form'd, for thousands, an o'erwhelming tomb!

Lo! on a sudden, from the reeking pile,
War's genius rose, and view'd it with a smile;
Then, as if some new harvest he beheld,
Down from the height his brazen car impell'd:
Now, from the cot, as near the chariot drove,
A female came, whose look commanded love:
She saw the power, and trembled at his course,
And tried, by art, to mitigate the force:
In sweetest accents—"Stop, great chief," she cried,
"And lay thy banners for awhile aside.
Hard are the toils the hero undergoes,
And well he earns the moment of repose;
That moment waits thee—here let gen'rous cheer
Confirm thy might, and bless thy bold career."

He heard, and stopp'd; for beauty's pow'r prevails,
When prayers miscarry, and when int'rest fails.

"What brilliant goddess thus my stay invites,
And kindly tempts from labour with delights?"

"Alas! no goddess bids thy labour cease;
Content my mother, and my name is *Peace*.
But tho' an humble female asks thy stay,
Ah! turn not War! indignantly away.
My cot but meanly may to thee appear,
Yet know each pleasure loves to solace here:
Hale *Hospitality* the feast provides;
Here *Plenty* caters, and gay *Mirth* presides:
Then, chief, alight; nor fear Reproach shall say,
'See, how with sloth he wastes th' inglorious day!'

Pleasure disdains the coward and the slave,
And came from heav'n to recompence the brave."

The soften'd genius, rising from his seat,
Threw down his pond'rous gauntlet at her feet.

"Thy gentle challenge I accept," he cried;
And stepp'd down gently from the chariot's side;
Then loos'd his mail, the ample casque unbound,
And cast his harness, thund'ring, to the ground.
"To-night, sweet maid! thy proffer'd joys I share."
"Nor with the morn depart," rejoins the fair.
"Why so impatient for th' exhausting fray,
When heaps of laurel strew thy glorious way?
What wouldst thou more? enough thou hast subdu'd;
The brave for justice seeks the field, not blood!
Wealth would'st thou seek? he makes this cot his home;
If *Freedom*, farther 'twere in vain to roam;
If *Honour*, here too honour shalt thou find;
Mercy is here, and *Honour*'s still behind.
Thy steeds unbind then, and thy toils disown,
Nor hence depart till many a day has flown!
Surely the maid her earnest prayer shall gain,
Whom greatest kings have woo'd, and woo'd in vain;
Whom none e'er slighted, but the the gods decreed
A tenfold vengeance on the impious deed."

She said; in rapt attention as he stood,
His eye confess'd his spirit half subdu'd;
With gentlest violence, from his yielding hand,
She took the flaming, but inverted, brand,
And dash'd it out—the charm of vengeance broke;
His fierceness vanish'd, and he mildly spoke—

"To thee, lov'd maid, I all my soul resign;
I bow, thy slave; be all thy wishes mine;
No scene but this has longer charms for me;
For pleasure dwells, and only dwells with thee."

My companions returned the next morning, with the addition of a few more, who must speak for themselves, in their places; and our conversation commenced on the illuminations of the preceding night; which Mulrooney said "were so brilliant, that if it hadn't been plain enough to see by the great light it was pitch dark, it might have been taken for noon-day." The thunder, lightning, and rain, which occurred, became the next object of notice, which a visitor observed, were "the Acclamations of the Elements, the Illuminations of Nature, and the tears Joy shed for Peace, as an earnest for Plenty." A Boniface remarked, *that* earnest was the best of the joke; though he had no reason to complain, for he always found, whatever alteration took place in the Diary of Diet, there was seldom any variation in

BACCHUS'S CALENDAR.

(*Music by Mr. Moorehead.—Goulding and Co. Pall-Mall.*)

[In the Author's Pantomime of "Harlequin Alchymist."]

PROVISIONS they are hard to meet,
In ev'ry body's thinking;
But tho' its hard enough to eat,
Folks cannot leave off drinking:
For tho' good beef's so wond'rous scarce,
Your butcher sweats his brisket,
And whether Want is fair or farce,
The Baker soaks his biscuit.
Fal, lal, &c.

The Cook-Shopman he often *sups*,
The Vintner he gets *soaky*,
The China-man gets in his *cups*,
Tobacconists get *smoaky*;

Your Tapster loves to *bung* his *eye*,
Astronomers get *sunny*,
Your Salter he is always *dry*,
The Fidler he gets funny.
Fal, lal, &c.

Your Boatman takes good hearty *tugs*,
The Hempman he gets *ropy*,
And while the merry Potter *mugs*,
The Oilman he gets *soapy;*
The Doctor lays his man o'th' floor,
And all his patients say it;
The Lawyer he runs up a score,
And makes his client pay it.
Fal, lal, &c.

Thus Britons doat on being muzz'd,
And whether fresh or foggy,
By bosky Frenchmen won't be buz'd,
Who thought to catch us groggy?
But let 'em ever try the test,
'Tween Calais Straits and Dover,
They'll find our tars fight always best,
When once they're *half seas over*.
Fal, lal, &c.

"AYE, aye! that's the thing," stammered a votary of the rosy god, who reeled up, "I love to be half seas over; and that's the reason I just now tumbled in the New River; and if I had'nt drank till I was as light headed as a cork, I should have been drowned; I have been keeping it up all night for joy of the Peace; huzza! and had such fun among the mob; I pinned one cracker to an old woman's wig, and popped another into a fat man's pocket; away went the Jasey,

and the fat man hopped about like a dancing elephant; so then I staggered into a china-shop, and asked for some cups and saucers; "Sir," said the shopman, "you've had a *cup* too much already."—"That's a good one," says I again, "if you don't take a glass at my expense, dam'me, I'll crack a bottle at yours, so I knocked a decanter off a shelf, and that threw down a pile of china, and broke it; so they took me to the Round-house, and to day to the justice; and he asked me what I did it for; and I told him, because I loved fun; and, dam'me, the justice loved fun too; for what d'ye think he did? you can't guess —why, he told me to pay for it; and, because I'd out-run the constable, and had no money left, he sent me to Quod. But as the catchpole and I passed an area, I tripped him into it, and so out-run the constable again; and here I am." Mulrooney observed, he put him in mind of his old friend

MURPHY DELANEY.

(Published by Mr. Ryley, Strand, and Mr. Hime, Liverpool.)

IT was Murphy Delaney, so funny and frisky,
Popp'd in a sheebeen shop to get his skin full;
And reel'd out again pretty well lin'd with whiskey,
So fresh as a shamrock, and blind as a bull;
But a trifling accident happen'd our rover,
Who took the quay-side for the floor of his shed,
And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over,
And thought all the time he was going to-bed;
And sing fillalloo, hubbaboo, whack, botheration,
Every man in his humour, as Kate kiss'd the pig!

Some folks passing by, drew him out of the river,
And got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend;
Who swore that poor Pat was no longer a liver,
But dead as the devil, and there was an end;

So they sent for the coroner's jury to try him,
But Pat, not half liking the comical strife,
Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by him,
And came (when he found it convenient) to life;
Sing fillalloo, &c.

Says Pat to the jury, "Your worships, an't please you,
I don't think I'm dead; so what is it you'd do?"
"Not dead!" said the foreman, "you spalpeen, be easy,
Do you think, don't the doctor know better than you?"
So then they went on in the business further;
Examin'd the doctor about his belief;
Then brought poor Delaney in guilty of murder,
And swore they would hang him in spite of his teeth;
Sing fillalloo, &c.

But Paddy click'd hold of a clumsy shelaly,
And laid on the doctor, who, stiff as a post,
Still swore that it cou'dn't be Murphy Delaney,
But was something *alive*, and so must be his ghost;
The jury began then with fear to survey him,
While he like the devil about him did pay;
So they sent out of hand for the *clargy* to lay him,
Put Pat laid the *clargy*, and then ran away;
Sing fillalloo, &c.

Our Bacchanal, after the Hibernian's story, gave us an account of a whimsical examination before the justice, of a watchman who was taken up for stealing time; for having awak'd just as the clock struck three, and hearing only the two last strokes, cried, "*Past two o'clock!*" whereby a coachman in waiting, and who had also been awakened at the same time, charged his fare an hour too little; and, upon discovering his mistake, summoned Argus, who being fairly convicted, was

obliged to repair Jehu's loss.—A man-milliner passing with several band-boxes, the miller observed, it was a wonder government did not banish the whole race of men-milliners; for men they could not be, otherwise they would shudder at increasing the paths of prostitution, by depriving women of an employment naturally theirs; and monkeys certainly were not fit associates for the human species. Our Bacchanal said, "they ought to be sent to sea."—"Belay!" replied the tar, "the lubber who would injure a woman could never fight like a man."—"At least," replied Hearty, "he would ward a shot from a better man."—"To run the gauntlet through the fleet," said the sailor, "would come near the *deserts* of such poltroons; but, to be shot in a glorious action would be an honour as much above 'em as hoisting an admiral's flag in a fishing smack; why it would make dying for one's country not worth a rope's end in the log-book of *glory*." Bonnets and caps becoming thus the topic, I presented my visitors with

A WONDERFUL CAP.

(TUNE, "GOLDEN DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.")

OF all the various caps which fit the heads of various people,
Or round, or square, or long, or short, with squat crown, or with steeple,
None, Spanish, Danish, French, or Dutch, Greek, Portuguese, or Persian,
Can equal one of which I'll sing, and that's a bold assertion;
And Heaven rest his honest soul, to whose account we place it,
And horns and head-ach be his lot, whoever shall disgrace it!

'Tis not the *velvet cap* of grave philosophers I hint at,
Nor yet the *beauty's cap*, when cock'd, which beaux so often squint at;
Who fancies I the *fool's cap* mean, must lack that thing y'clip'd head;
That cap, at times by *all* worn—present company excepted.

Spoken.] No, no; the cap I mean has the virtue, when worn by a fool, to make him a *wise* man; while a *wise* man cuts a very foolish figure without it.]

And Heaven, &c.

'Tis not the scholar's *trencher* cap, stuff'd full of Greek and Latin,
Nor yet the cap of *cardinals*, which friars get so fat in;
'Tis not the famous *wishing* cap, in story book you read of,
Nor yet the cap of *maintenance*, which most folks stand in need of.

Spoken. [Yet 'tis a cap without which we should have nothing worth maintaining.]

And Heaven, &c.

'Tis not the *jockey cap*, tho' peers as graceful oft conceive it;
Peers jockey now and then, they say; but, Lord! I can't believe it.
He must be either fool or knave; as likely both together,
Who in their *caps of dignity* would stick so *foul a feather*.

Spoken. [Perhaps you think I mean the cap of *nobility;* no, no; it is a cap of greater dignity still.]

And Heaven, &c.

But now to end my wondrous theme, and make you understand too,
What *cap* I mean, which other *caps* must all come *cap-in-hand* to;
I mean, what can a Briton's heart more fast than dearest *fibre* tie,
That blessing life's a blank without, the ENGLISH *Cap of Liberty?*"
And Heaven, &c.

THE British Cap of Liberty was woven by Temperance, Industry, and Intrepidity, from the fibres of the Ocean; lined with the parchment of Magna Charta; faced with a leaf from the records of Law, and bound by the first verdict of a Jury: the Sun of Commerce blazes in the front, and the amaranthine Wreath of Ingenuity encircles it. It is surmounted by the brilliant cross of Religion, and deposited, for security, on the Throne. Integrity and Unanimity are its supporters; nor shall it ever be wrested from them, till Luxury becomes Prime Minister, and Atheism Archbishop of Canterbury: the first is already Common-councilman, and the last studying for orders; but as both these gentlemen are of foreign extraction, I sincerely hope Temperance and Honesty will make sufficient interest at the Alien-office of Common Sense to have them banished the kingdom. "We have changed," said a clergyman, "all our old faith for new philosophy."—"New philosophy," said Mulrooney, "is like new milk from the cow; nothing but an empty pot full of froth." A banker's clerk said, "Abraham Newland was the best philosopher of the old school, and X. Y. the advertising money-lender, of the new." A painter compared the old philosophy to a substantial oil-painting, and the new to a daub in *destemper*. Several more allusions of this

nature were made, which were concluded by a one-legged tar giving us a specimen of

WOODEN LEGGED PHILOSOPHY.

(Music by Mr. Reeve—Musical Appendix.)

WHAT matters it tho' I am short of a leg?
Its place is supplied by a sound wooden peg;
I'm content when reflecting the plummet of lead
Which took off that limb, might have taken my head.
So I sing and I whistle as limping I go—
Ups and downs in this world we must all of us know!

A stout wooden leg's no disgrace in these days,
When so many wise heads have such strange wooden ways;
And wooden possessions in question who calls
When England's best bulwark's her old wooden walls?
So I sing and I whistle as limping I go,
Ups and downs in this world we must all of us know.

Your high-season'd glutton, when rack'd by the gout,
Who roars like old Belzebub grip'd with sour crout,
With envious eye views my sound wooden prop,
And would give me to change half the shoes in his shop.
So I sing, &c.

"Some are propp'd by a pun, some are propp'd by a puff;
Some by law and by physic, props rotten enough;
Some catch at all props; some make propping a joke,
But mine's an old English prop sound "heart of oak;"
So I sing, &c.

"You speak of your wooden walls," said the Jew, "de last time I was go aboard, von as I vas bargaining mit a sailor, de ship vas sail avay, and take me along mit

it, all de vorld so as I vas a powder monkey; and dere I vas so sick as a lame duck vat vaddles out of de alley, and I declare I *over-reach* myself for de first time in my life; den I lay down to shleep on a chest, ven a sailor bring me some lob's-couse, and axe me to pick a bit; but I said *no;* so he vent away; for I found vat as I could pick nothing but de lock of de chest. To be sure, Conscience did keep telling me all de time, "Moses, Moses, vat you about?" but de sailors made such a noise over my head I couldn't hear von vord vat Conscience said. And dere I got dis nice pair of shilver buckles too; I'll tell you how. Ven ve vas in a battle, I vas see a French sailor fall over-board vat had 'em in his shoes; bless my soul! says I,—for I vas always mighty full of humanity—vat a pity it is—de silver buckles should be lost; so as I could swim, I jump overboard; and, always having de main chance in my eye, caught hold of his foot, and saved him; but as a Jew never does nothing for no interest, and I didn't like to stand in de enemy's shoes, I content myself wid shtealing his buckles.—"By Jabers!" says Mulrooney, "you'll never die a natural death till you're hanged."—"Vell, and be d—nd to you," replied Mordecai, "do you vant all de gallows to yourself? Conscience inteed!—ha! ha! ha! to be sure conscience does bite me d—nd hard sometimes; but never mind dat, I make both ends meet in spite of his teeth." A general indignation began to appear in the countenances of our little circle, when a new visitor, who had heard all Moses said, averted its effects, by assuring us, that it was all rhodomontade; that he was an eccentric, but good character; his philanthrophy being as strong as his dialect, and his conscience as large as his beard. This whimsical Hebrew gave us a farther account of himself in the following description of a

JEW VOLUNTEER.

(Tune, "In the Days of my Youth."—Beggar's Opera.)

I'M a Jew you may tell by my peard and my progue,
Taral, &c.
And somehow de folks have found out I'm a rogue,
Taral, &c.
And it vou'd be a vonder if dat vasn't true,
Because I'm a lawyer so vell as a Jew.
Taral, &c.

Of de lawyer and oyster you reads in de book,
He gave back de shell, but de oyster he took;
But all other lawyers at dat I excel;
I first eat de oyster, and den shteal de shell.

Den I turn Volunteer, in de time of de vars,
Wid a long sword and gun all so fiercer as Mars;
Dere caps all your varriors a feather vear in,
But I vear my feather a top of my chin.

But instead of go fighting de play I go see,
Vere all the musicianers are just like me;
Dat he take in de flats ev'ry viseacre harps,
But fidlers and Jews take in both flats and sharps.

Den at courting de ladies I'm not much afeard;
Though they all say I've got such an ugly long beard;
But, says I, "if you tink vat my beard be too big,
My dear, shave it off—it vill make you a vig."

A pastry-cook said, the Jew was a *cake* to give himself a bad character; but he found the world full of *cakes*. He called a beau a *sweet cake*; a lover, a *heart cake;* a prude, a *lemon cake;* and a wit, a *short cake;* a doctor, a *worm cake*, his patient, a *bath cake;* a lawyer,

a *sponge cake*, his client a *pan-cake*; a courtier, a *puff cake*; a citizen, a *plum-cake*, and Abraham Newland, a *pound cake*:—said every belle would be a *queen-cake*, and miss in her teens a *bride cake*; hoped every shrew would prove a *dumb cake*, and every patriot a *parliament cake*. The subject of puff and paste brought from one of our company the following character of

THE BILL STICKER.

(Tune, "*I am a jolly gay Pedlar.*"—Oscar and Malvina.)

[Sung in the Author's Harlequinade of *The Alchymist.*]

I'M a bill sticker so famous;
And ev'ry wall around you may tell,
If you read, that I'm no ignoramus;
But if you can't read you must spell;
And bills, you must own, my employers
Long enough in all conscience they send,
But they're nothing to taylors and lawyers,
For their bills have never an end.
Fol, &c.

With system I manage my matters,
By agreement of circumstance led,
So stick all the bills of fam'd hatters
Over bills of the Saracen's head;
Patent wig bills, to measure law knowledge,
On Westminster-hall I imprint,
And on Warwick-lane physical college,
Patent coffin bills serve for a hint.
Fol, &c.

Like my betters I thus live in clover,
By billing lanes, alleys, and streets;
For bills are the fashion town over,
Tho' I can't say so much for receipts.

My trade ever merrily flit on,
May billing go merrily too;
And the Bill of Rights drawn by each Briton,
Be honour'd whenever it's due.
Fol, &c.

An itinerant harper joining us, asked permission to play, which was granted; his hair was silver, and his forehead bore the furrows of care; yet his deportment was chearful, and his animated eye bespoke content. He recalled to my mind "Gray's Bard;" and while he entertained my friends, I could not help reflecting on the difference between the former and the latter bards; those Gazetteers*; these garreteers. Some ascribe it to a quarrel between Poetry and Prudence; others to a union between Patronage and Parsimony. Bards say, the world has forgot them; the World that Bards have forgotten themselves; destined for priests of virtue, they have become ministers of pleasure; and the minions of pleasure are sure to meet disappointment. The Bards say, there is no virtue left but what is too poor to support them, and therefore they have no other resource than wearing the livery of pleasure. I fancy one reason of the proverbial poverty of modern poets is, many a Pegasus is fit only for the drudgery of the Muses; while those that can soar are apt, like Icarus, to aspire too high, and are punished by disappointment. In fact, Pedantry and Buffoonery too often affect the claims of Genius, and consequently meet with contempt; while Genius, arrogating too much to itself, through indolence and indiscretion, becomes dependent; dependency is always subject to caprice, and Caprice is a very sorry pay-master.

* Gazettes, or Oracles.—Poetica Licentia.

But I am growing too sublime, so shall return to our harper, who, upon being questioned on the nature of that grief so strongly depicted on his countenance, struck his harp, and sung the following

ODE

TO THE HARP.

(Composed by Mr. Reeve—Published by Messrs. Bland and Weller.)

AWAKE, O Harp! and sooth my soul;
Ah, much I need relief!
Thy Halcyon sound can pain controul,
And hush the storm of grief.

Angelic Hope devis'd thy frame;
Peace wrought thy golden strings;
Bright Rapture long shall bless thy name,
And Health, with purple wings.

Wrapt in delirium sweet I dwell,
On thy seraphic strain;
For sure a heav'nly charming spell
Thy living chords contain!

THE power of music was descanted upon. Hearty said, "music was a mill that ground away all the grain of ill humour." Mulrooney remarked, "music grinding was a very fashionable diversion; for the ladies had all turned Savoyards. Some, to be sure, preferred wind instruments; most of them having pretty pipes of their own, practised them to some tune, as their husbands could testify; for nothing could equal a concert of marriage music, especially where the principal instruments were the horns." The harper remarked, "that marriage music was generally in the

common *chord*."—"Common chord!" said Mulrooney, "and you may say that, if for once a poor devil gets into the *line* of matrimony, he is sure to be pretty near a *rope's end*." The miller remarked, that the stigmas thrown on matrimony were a very ill compliment paid to our fair countrywomen, who were allowed to be the best wives in Christendom; but the world was made up of scandal."—"Ah," replied Mulrooney, "it is a comical world, but not half so comical as

THE WORLD IN THE MOON."

(Tune, *Irish Newsman.*)

THIS world's very wide, strange its bulls and its blunders,
Its freaks and its fashions, and comical jokes;
But if you would hear of a world full of wonders,
Come list while I sing of some comical folks:
Munchausen he told of these wonderful people,
Who for a stage coach travell'd in a balloon,
Then hung up his horse on the top of a steeple,
And went to take Tay wid de Man in de Moon.
Sing Phillilu! Drimendo! whiskey and tatters;
As sure as St. Paddy kiss'd Ellen-a-Roon;
Not Ireland itself, that swate broth of all craters,
Can shew half the likes of the World in the Moon.

Don't think I am given to bounce and to vapour,
There devil a soul like a Christian is born,
For Fops they sow gingerbread nuts and gilt paper,
And grow folks in fields, as we turnips and corn.
From oaks they get Patriots, and Soldiers, and Sailors;
From spits and ragmops, Cooks and Housewives ensure;
Their brambles grow Bailiffs, and cabbages Taylors,
Their nettle Forestallers, and hemp brings their cure.
Phillilu, &c.

Then they've each a back door in their bosoms so funny,
Where they put in their victuals, and whiskey, and wine;
And you'd think that to live wou'dn't cost them much
money,
Since it's but once a month they sup, breakfast, and dine;
Yet their meals wou'd with wonder fill north, east, west,
south full,
You'd think that the devil himself's in their guts,
For they'll whip up an elephant clean at a mouthful,
And crocodiles crack, as a squirrel cracks nuts.
And sing, &c.

Then a man can his head on and off screw at pleasure,
And that's quite convanient, because if he'd roam,
'Tis but laving his head to take care of his treasure,
And tell all the people he isn't at home;
And then they can do, to astonish beholders,
What all our philosophers can't for their lives,
Can put an old head on a young pair of shoulders,
And good women make, when they please, of their
wives,
Phillilu, &c.

Good women, Hearty remarked, were not so scarce as people imagine; for female virtue found such a pattern in the throne, that all the levity of fashion was not sufficient to laugh it out of countenance; though the gilded snare of subtle seduction might lead it astray. Our harper gave a sigh, and a tear bedewed his venerable cheek. The miller had touched the string which vibrated with the most acute sensations on his heart; his daughter had plucked the rose of hope, but found too late it concealed the thorn of despair.

TRIO.

(In the Author's Piece of "*The Great Devil.*")

[Composed by Mr. Russel.——Clementi and Co.]

WE'LL to the bower in yonder vale,
And sit on banks of roses,
There tell of artless love's soft tale,
Or braid our locks with posies;
But hark! a bird from yonder spray,
Sweetly sings, and seems to say,
"Maids beware, nor warning scorn,
The sweetest rose can bear a thorn."

We'll to thy myrtle grove away,
To prattle of love's blisses,
And cheat the moments, as we stray,
With undesigning kisses;
But hark, &c.
The sweetest kiss can bear a thorn.

This little effusion occasioned the trite remark, that nothing was more deceitful than appearances; "true," replied a Bill Broker, "for the *bills* fashion *draws payable at sight*, are so rarely accepted by Consistency, a man can scarcely credit his eyes." Mulrooney said, "it was no wonder, that the eyes of fashionable folks should deceive 'em, when it was plain enough to see they had all got a *glass* too much; which made every fashionable promenade look like a shop full of walking spectacles: then the ladies too, cutting off their hair for the sake of wigs; to be sure, it wasn't all the world like pulling the leg off your stocking to put on your boot." Hearty observed, the last whim of fashion was to have every article of water-proof

manufacture. Mulrooney wished "they'd make their wine, milk, and other spirits, water-proof too; for a man might see by the least taste of them, they had the water-mark as plain as any bank note; but, *apropos*, of water they'd been making plenty all the way from Paddington to Uxbridge; a man might go a sort of amphibious journey in a boat and two horses, with the devil a turnpike to pay but the coachman. Indeed, he said, they were making so many New Rivers every where, that if they didn't make the land water-proof too, the devil a taste of it would be left that wouldn't be all water;" and concluded his observations by producing a purchase he had made, in a ballad called

THE PADDINGTON CANAL.

(Tune, *Derry Down*, or any other of that measure.)

COME, ladies and gents, all to Paddington town,
To see our Canal of such mighty renown:
'Tis now all the fashion, so don't stand aloof,
For I warrant you'll find it complete water-proof.

A finer canal, Sir, was never made flow,
And the head's near the fam'd Yorkshire Stingo, you know,
Then its water's like wine; but he must be a flat
Who'd not sooner drink Yorkshire Stingo than that.

This canal, join'd to others, pursues its way down
From Paddington fairly to Manchester town;
But permit me another remark in my song,
What a thing it would be if 'twas broad as it's long.

There's the fine Passage-boat drawn by horses so trim,
Some fancy the reason's because it can't swim;
But a boat drawn by horses is handy, is't not,
Because with or without tide 'twill tip the long trot?

In our Passage-boat then (where so snug you may dine)
Take *water*;—but most folks would rather take *wine*;
Our Uxbridge Canal will be first in the land,
And make the *new* river, at least, second-hand.

Then let's toast, since an end to my song I've near made,
The Uxbridge Canal, Navigation, and Trade!
In a bumper as large as, of white *wine* or *red*,
The Paddington Bason, or New River Head.

HEARTY approved of Canals, because by increasing the channels of conveyance, and consequently rendering them cheaper, the necessaries of life experienced an adequate reduction; besides, said he, they increase our trade, and thus multiply the means of employing the poor; and, which was their greatest recommendation, by augmenting the sons of navigation, proved nurseries for our navy; thence supplying us with continual resources to assist that commerce which enabled us to support the elevated situation we held in the scale of nations with an increasing credit, and to preserve our independence in defiance of a world in arms." Some remarks on the navy being made, occasioned me to present them with

THE NAVAL PILLAR.

(Tune, "*Granuwail.*")

I've got a new song, tho' the tune's rather ould,
As you axe me to sing it, I may be so bould;
And if it should plase all your worships, why then,
Only sing out Encore! and I'll sing it again;
Wid a phillilub! hubaboo! here's a rout!
Och! call for the crater, and push it about!
While de marrow bones ring, and the merry bells play,
To the boys of the ocean we'll swig it away.

A Pillar's a theme for a song I've pick'd out,
'Cause I don't mean to bother the doctors this bout;
Nor yet shall I touch on the table of law;
Tho' we all can tell that's both a *pillar* and *claw*.
Wid, &c.

'Tis the great Naval Pillar they're going to compose,
Like a rod put in pickle to frighten our foes,
That each hero now kill'd in the national strife,
With glory may live all the rest of his life.
Wid, &c.

But while we've such pillars of excellent pith,
Duncan, Mitchell, and Nelson, and Jarvis, and Smith;
Our foes they may brag, but a fig for their boast,
We'll tickle their tobies from pillar to post.
Wid, &c.

But the nation's great pillar's our father, the King,
Round whom, as affectionate children, let's cling;
For surely Britannia may laugh at all squalls,
While a Pillar like this props her sound wooden walls.

THE sailor said, the Naval Pillar was the best pillar of the state. "Yes," said a lawyer, "and the pillar of the law is the next; both letter and spirit."—"As to the spirit of the law," said Mulrooney, "I dare say it's very excellent, though I don't understand it: but it generally puts every body that has to do with it cursedly out of spirits; and there's no letter whatever comes to so much postage as the letter of the law; for even when its franked you are obliged to pay double."—"Law and Justice," said a stranger, "are like man and wife, both one, but never agree; Justice is blind, and lawyers talk her deaf, and so as she can neither see nor hear, it's no wonder Law gets it all its own way." Hearty said, "law was like a mill, always

grinding." The barber, "like a bad razor, often brought tears into a man's eyes." A taylor, "like a coat flap, stuck devilishly close to the breeches pocket." A tallow chandler, "like a gutter in a candle, melted a man down to nothing." I was asked for my opinion on the subject, when I presented them with the following *bars* dedicated to

JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE.

(Tune, *The Island.*)

DO you know Johnny Doe,
And the fam'd Richard Roe,
Two terrible brothers in law, Sir?
Because if you don't
I hope that you won't
Be hook'd by their terrible claw, Sir?
O, it's a terrible, &c. A confounded terrible, &c.
And their talons ne'er fail
Each poor devil to nail,
Within reach of their terrible claw, Sir.

More *captures* they've made
Than the whole fighting trade;
For *actions* their like you'll ne'er meet, Sir.
In the army, folks say,
Mag's diversion they play;
But they're much more at home in the *fleet*, Sir.
They've much more, &c.
They've all their own way, &c.
For they've officers bluff,
And press-warrants enough,
To issue and people the fleet, Sir.

Sir Sid, without stopping,
Took *French leave* for hopping,
And now takes the French to their moan, Sir;
But to these he's a cake,
For all nations they take,

With nobody's leave but their own, Sir;
Nobody's, &c. Nobody's, &c.
For I fancy, d'ye see,
If they took you or me,
They'd have nobody's leave but their own, Sir.

Why, what d'you think?
When you're short of the chink;
Of *want* tho' they know you have *plenty*,
Because it is found
You can't pay ten pound,
Ecod, but they'll make you pay twenty.
Ecod, &c.
'Pon my honor, they'll, &c.
For, as justice can't see,
The lawyers agree,
For ten pounds, &c.

May these brothers in law,
With their terrible claw,
Keep all honest, from poets to proctors;
And perhaps a good thing
For the nation and King,
It would be if they'd bone all the doctors!
O, Lord! &c.
What a thing, if, &c.
With a drop of good stuff,
We should live long enough,
If they'd only just bone all the doctors.

As soon as the company had made their remarks on this trifle, the lawyer, who seemed offended, said, "the wisdom of the law, every body must allow, consists in—"—"the wig!" interrupted Puff; "I'll prove it: a ship-builder contracted to build a ship for a certain sum of money, exclusive of the ornamental figure,

generally called the head, which he was to charge as low as he could for, as his employer was indifferent whether it had a head or not. When the ship was finished, the head was charged more than the employer would pay, and the ship-builder brought an action. Defendant's plea was, that he did not want the head; that it was not essentially necessary, and therefore that it ought not to be charged so high. A witness for the plaintiff was called upon; and the defendant's counsel, wishing to press the point on which his client depended, thus proceeded: "Well, my friend, you are a ship-builder, I presume?"—"I am, Sir."—"Then you can satisfy me in one point; pray what use to the ship is that part you call the head?"—"It is uncustomary to build a ship without one."—"That's not the point; of what use is it? Can the ship sail as well without it as with it? If it can, it is certainly useless, and my client is entitled to a verdict; therefore, Sir, answer me the point: *Can a ship sail as well without a head as with it?*"—"Can you," replied the witness, "plead as well without your wig as with it?" It was an unexpected stroke; defendant cast; counsellor silent—*ergo*, the wisdom lays in the wig." From the law of the nation, we proceeded to the law of nature, in relieving a piteous object that presented herself, and asked our commisseration for

THE POOR BLIND GIRL.

(Composed by D'Cleeve—Bland and Weller.

THOUGH tender and young, yet my eye-sight is gone;
My parents I've lost, to increase my sad moan;
Bare-footed, alas! thro' the streets I must go,
To ask a hard world some relief from my woe!
My story would soften the heart of a churl,
O pity! O pity a Poor Blind Girl!

The pleasures of summer you see and enjoy;
For me want and blindness those pleasures destroy;
You've joys too in winter; but I, to my cost,
Know winter alone by the smart of its frost!
My story, &c.

I once knew, tho' blind I now wretchedly stray,
The comforts of wealth, and the blessings of day;
A parent's fond care then enlighten'd my mind!
Thence keener afflictions, alas! now I find!
My story, &c.

Then steel not your bosoms against my sad tale;
Ah! look on my years, it must surely prevail!
My tears kindly dry; and, oh! may you ne'er know
The horrors of want, or the heart-ach of woe!
My story, &c.

"How fragile the tenure by which human joy is held!" remarked the clergyman, when the child of sorrow was gone; "and how little the triumph of to-day can depend upon the hope of to-morrow! independent of the incontrovertible examples of human experience, every leaf in the book of nature presents man with a palpable *memento mori;* and every object presents a lesson of profitable observation, from the opening bud to

THE FALLING LEAF!

(Music, Mrs. C. Dibdin--Goulding and Co.)

YE virgins deck'd with beauty's pride,
Unknown to pensive grief:
A moment from the circle glide,
And view the Falling Leaf!
Ah, well-a-way! ah, well-a-way!
And view the Falling Leaf!

When first unfolded from the bud,
Hope's promise seems not brief;
Away the fleeting moments scud,
And—view the Falling Leaf!
Ah, &c.

Beauty and youth may promise fair;
But flatt'ry leads to grief—
Be wise! avoid the blooming snare,
And view the Falling Leaf!
Ah, well-a-way! ah, well-a-way!
And view the Falling Leaf!

MULROONEY, to dissipate the sombre cast our little circle had taken, said, "Nature, sure enough, is a large library, of which every body is a volume: some are bound in marble, and some in calf; some gilt, and some lettered; some printed on royal crown; some on pot; and some on fool's cap. Lawyers, are books of hocus pocus, and Doctors are as bad, being all about the dead languages; Parsons are prayer-books, and Bishops bibles; Authors jest-books, and Actors common-place books; a Bachelor is an odd volume, and a Cuckold a horn-book; a Prude is "Reading made Easy," and an ould maid—but, stop! one shouldn't ridicule the unfortunate, particularly an ould maid, for one don't know what one may come to one's self." The Miller said, "there was a set of characters mankind had destined to be continually *ground* by the mill of Reproach."—"You stick to your trade," said Mulrooney, "for all your similies are about grinding, and that's mere *talkology;* but I don't wonder at it, monopoly has made grinding so fashionable, that every body belongs to the company of

THE GRINDERS.

(Published by Mr. Ryley, Strand, and Mr. Hime, Liverpool.)

SEARCH all the world, high and low,
Many a freak you'll be finding;
What do you think's all the go?
By de hokey, it's nothing but grinding;
Terry io! io!
Scandal, the devil can't bind her,
The world is all, "how came you so?"
And ev'ry profession turn'd grinder.

Law's a state mill, and those elves,
The lawyers, like terrible giants,
Grind all the grist for themselves,
And leave all the chaff for their clients,
Terry io, io, &c.

The gamester he grinds by de card,
Och, sure he's the devil's own cousin!
The taylor he grinds by de yard,
And de baker he grinds by de dozen.
Terry io, io, &c.

The miser grinds north, east, west, south,
The barber at grinding's a crammer;
The churchwarden's got a wide mouth,
And his grinders are like a sledge hammer;
Terry io, io, &c.

Like coblers, to make both ends meet,
Thus at grinding all stick to their tether;
But Old Nick, who all grinders can beat,
Will soon grind the whole boiling together;
Terry io, io, &c.

Good whiskey his grinder Pat calls,
The Cambrian and Scot too can stow it;
Britain's Grinders are sound wooden walls,
And her enemies very well know it;
Terry io, io, &c.

If ever eras'd from my breast
Are my country's int'rests so binding,
May the devil grind me wid de rest,
Just to properly finish his grinding!
Terry io, io, &c.

"AYE, aye," cried a rustic visitor, "grinding has been the fashion long enough; but now, here be rare news! great crops, and few caterpillars; for I do call your monopolizers caterpillars, that do eat the bread out of poor volk's mouths; I wonder your parliament volk don't send 'em all for soldiers; for, ecod, they have as much interest in it as we poor peasants; for being as how they do already monopolize the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; by and bye they will grasp at the fishes of the sea; and, in that case, as they have long had the corn, there will be neither loaves nor fishes to be had, and then a parliament pleace won't be worth having." Hearty congratulated the company upon the prospect of plenty the late harvest presented, to which Peace gave an additional value."—"Peace," replied a greybeard veteran, who bore evident marks of having earned his laurels hardly, "I love peace; because it gives one an opportunity, after having pulled away on the ocean against his Majesty's enemies, to pull away on shore, in drinking his friends; for that's always the way of

BEN BOWSPRIT OF WAPPING.

(Published by Mr. Ryley, Strand, and Mr. Hyme, Liverpool.)

BEN Bowsprit I am, and a true bonny boy,
Pull away! pull away! so funny;
And was always the first to pipe hands a hoy,
When the signal was out to be sunny;
I can weather all seas like a good jolly dog,
With the best he that ever went hopping;
But the ocean for me is the ocean of grog,
Pull away! pull away! Pull! I say.
What d'ye think of Ben Bowsprit of Wapping?

My grandfather bulg'd with a freighting of flip,
Pull away! pull away! so frisky;
Old Davy contriv'd my dad's cable to slip,
One day when o'er laden with whiskey;
My wife's christian name it was Brandy-fac'd Nan,
The native to Nick sent her hopping;
So the family cause I'll support while I can;
Pull away! pull away! Pull! I say.
What d'ye think, &c.

Avast! don't suppose I have launch'd out a lie,
Pull away! pull away! so groggy;
Don't you see in the service I've bung'd up one eye,
And t'other, I own's rather foggy?
Then to stand on I've scarcely a leg left, d'ye mind,
And should death t'other day-light be stopping;
The worst you can say is, I've drunk till I'm blind,
Pull away! pull away! Pull! I say.
What d'ye think, &c.

While one leg I've left, I'll stand to my gun,
Pull away! pull away! beauty!
One's enough for to stand on, and as for to run,
Why, that's not set down in our duty;

For England's good King, and our dear native shore,
Should the foe in our channel be chopping;
I'll shew 'em, d'ye see, what I've shewn 'em before,
Pull away! pull away! Pull! I say.
What d'ye think of Ben Bowsprit of Wapping?

THIS declaration occasioned several observations on the different biasses of different minds; and the persuasion each man had, that *his* was the real clue to happiness; a being, the pursuit of whom is like "what we have all practised," said Hearty, "when boys, running to overtake the moon when beyond us;—or watching for the hinder wheels of a coach to overtake the smaller ones." This feature of the conversation induced me to present my company with the following cast of

HOBBY HORSES.

(TUNE—AIR IN "AGREEABLE SURPRISE.")

ALL their point would carry,
By favour or by force,
Every Doll and Harry
Has a Hobby Horse.
To be sure they have.

Spoken. [And set half of them on horseback, they'll ride to the—

Tiddy dol, &c.

Single folks's hobby
Is to laugh and jest;
Crowning spouse's nobby,
Some married ones like best;
To be sure they do.
With Tiddy, &c.

Fighting is the sailor's,
But at home to booze;
Cabbage is the taylor's,
Though he rides his goose;
To be sure he does.

Spoken. [And drives it with a yard of—]
Tiddy dol, &c.

Some ride till they're addled,
To others then turn hacks;
And they're completely saddled
Who've lawyers on their backs.
To be sure they are.

Spoken. [But as lawyers ride their clients, they'll be rid in turn by the
Tiddy dol, &c.

May ev'ry foe of Britain
Ride some hard trotting hack;
A saddle have to sit on
Just like a hedge-hog's back:
To be sure they should.

Spoken. [How would it tickle their—]
Tiddy, &c.

May justice ne'er ride idle,
But all oppressors cure,
And hang 'em in the bridle
With which they ride the poor.
To be sure justice should.

Spoken. [Then all your Monopolists would be—]
Tiddy, &c.

A SURVEYOR told us a story of a very ignorant gentleman, whose hobby horse was building. The surveyor carried him a plan one morning.—"Pray, Muster Thingumbob," said the gentleman, "what the devil are all these lines for? I don't understand 'em. In all plans I like to see your *pint* of sight, and your *wanishing pint*—and where are they in this here plan?"—"Sir," returned the surveyor, "do you see that obelisk yonder?"—"*Yes, I do.*"—"Well, then, that's the *point* of *sight*—and this (putting the plan into his pocket) is the *vanishing point;* and so, Sir, I wish you a good morning."—"The present rage for building," said the miller, "is such, that London seems absolutely going out of town; and every avenue to it is like Surgeon's-hall, crowded with skeletons; while every field is so filled with brickmakers, it puts one in mind of Israel in Egypt."—"Fait," said Mulrooney, "what between brick-making and canal-making, they cut up all our fields so, that the harvest is completely washed away, and the only corn stacks you can see any where about town are stacks of chimnies: and they're so confoundedly delicate, they scarcely ever smoke; for many people take great houses, who are so put to it to boil the pot, that you may blow out their kitchen fire with an extinguisher." I agreed that the times were very superficial, mere shadows, and exactly like the representations in a vehicle of exhibition that travels the town, called

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

(TUNE, MARGATE TOYMAN.)

COME, ladies and gentlemen, let me allure a
Your honours all into my Cam'ra Obscura;
Walk in and you'll see what you shall see, no doubt, Sir;
You'll see there within what is doing without, Sir.

I'm sure you can never think much of my prices,
They're rated according to ranks and to sizes.
For ladies and gem'men no more than a tizzy,
And three-pence a-piece just for master and missey:
So, Sir, do pray walk in, tol, &c.
And, madam, do stalk in, lol, &c.
Master pray hop in, lol, &c.
And little Miss pop in, fol, &c.

My Cam'ra Obscura, of all is the theme, Sir,
Of the wonders you'd see there you never could dream, Sir;
But I know you'll suppose some fine story I'm cooking,
So step in, and make your mind easy by looking;
We must all pay for peeping, that both you and I know,
So 'twould be just as well first to tip me the rhino;
And if you don't think what you see very funny,
Give me back the sight, and I'll give back your money.
So, Sir, &c.

Then pray, Sir, step in; leave your wife in my care;
And tho' you leave her *here*, you'll be sure to see her *there*;
But perhaps you'll be loath to come out again near her,
For there, tho' you *see* her, you'll never once *hear* her;
I give you but sight for your money, 'tis true,
But the same worse and dearer the lawyer will do;
For your pence I to show the whole county won't fail, Sir,
While he for your purse shews you only the goal, Sir.
So, Sir, &c.

My Cam'ra Obscura's the world, Sir, in little,
By light and by shadow I shew every tittle;
Like modern philosophers, manage my mark, Sir,
So you always see best when you're most in the dark, Sir;

Don't grumble that nothing but shadow you'll see,
When substance has long ceas'd the fashion to be;
And I'm sure you'd each pay double price to be peeper,
Could I show you a shadow of things growing cheaper.
So, Sir, &c.

THE Camera Obscura occasioned another exhibition of optical delusion to be noticed, the *Phantasmagoria.* Mulrooney said, "the owner of it must be a very happy man, as he was never out of spirits; though surrounded by jack-a-lanterns and blue devils to both ends of the chapter. Jack-a-lanterns, he supposed, were the ghosts of watchmen, and the blue devils ghosts of monopolizers, who, ever since the Peace, had looked so cursedly *blue*, they could find no way of putting themselves into spirits, but by giving up the *ghost.*" Hearty said he had seen the exhibition; where the appearance of any dead person was produced; and the phantoms were the offspring of natural philosophy, generally understood by the term *physics.*—"Och," said Mulrooney, "then the murder's out, for nothing can be better than physic to produce the appearance of dead men." After a few more puns and caricatures, I produced

THE PHANTASMAGORIA.

(TUNE, "MODERATION AND ALTERATION.")

COME ye for delight, who the marvellous stick to,
Attend to a story, *mirabile dictu!*
It's of the fam'd *Phantasmagoria* a detail,
Where *spirits* are dealt in, both wholesale and retail.
Conjuration, &c.

On this traffic in *spirits* some punsters are skittish,
And waggishly ask, "if they're *Foreign* or *British?*"

And with but little thought the reply may be made,
"All true British Spirits are substance, not shade."
Animation, &c.

On *physics* they say all these spirits depend,
And they'll shew you the features of any dead friend;
That's a proof, for what better than physic will do
To bring the appearance of dead men to view?
Demonstration, &c.

There are "black spirits, blue spirits, white spirits, and grey,"
And spectres as grim looking as quarter-day;
But tho' they look terrible, yet their power's taper,
For, like moderate duels, they all end in vapour.
Moderation, &c.

Tho' grim, they're all beauties to the spirit of law,
Which even the boldest his horns in makes draw,
And look like a debtor attack'd by a dun,
Or a *fanatic* meeting, the *spirit* of fun.
Botheration, &c.

But spirits in this land are not such new jokes,
For the *spirit* of *hartshorn* oft plagues married folks;
They're *spirits of vitriol* who to *scandal* incline,
And *drunkards* are certainly *spirits of wine.*
Fermentation, &c.

And there are the spirits of truth and of fiction,
And we all know the spirit of contradiction;
Yet rather too far the assertion I've carried,
For 'faith I forgot, we're not *all* of us married.
Alteration, &c.

HEARTY observed, "nothing was more fashionable than the *spirit of gaming*; for our assemblies were like a bevy of lawyers, continually *following suit;* or the

heirs of a miser placing all their hopes on a *die;* and where *dealing* was so much the habit, *shuffling* naturally followed; and all occasionally profited by an *odd trick.*"—"I know a trick worth two of that," said Mulrooney, "that's never to game at all, at all: for the moment I take a hand at play I'm sure to put my foot in it." One of the company remarked, he had made a bull. Mulrooney replied, "it was as natural for an Irishman to make bulls as the Pope; but there was a great deal of difference between the two;—the Irish bull wanting *eyes,* to see what he said, and the Pope's bull *horns,* to do what he intended; he believed Time was an Irishman, for he had made a bull of his birth-day; for, being on the 29th of February, the anniversary of it came but once in four years." This remark gave me an opportunity of introducing

A BUDGET OF BIRTH DAYS.

(TUNE, OLD IRISH AIR.)

A BIRTH-DAY's a birth-day, deny it who can,
Sing farinana, sing farinanee!
And tho' born to trouble, our life's but a span,
Sing farinana, &c.
Then with why, what, and wherefore, ne'er trouble your head,
Since we're all of us born, but we're none of us dead.
Fol de rol, &c.

The Miser's best joy is the birth of his pelf;
The birth of a Poet is sung by himself;
The Hero for honour resigns up his breath,
For the birth-day of Honour's the banquet of Death.

From the birth of Attornies must heirs at law fall;
And the birth of a Doctor's a dose for us all;
May each Minister's birth prove a politic thing,
And a Patriot be born in the birth of each King.

May the birth of good fellowship daily increase,
And Plenty enliven the birth-day of Peace;
The birth-right of Freedom may Britons maintain,
And the birth of her foes turn out labour in vain.

BIRTH-DAYS introduced wedding-days, and of course the usual common-place jokes on matrimony were passed, when a grave old gentleman observed, that matrimony, when entered into under the auspices of prudence, and its bond cemented by the seal of mutual affection, was the summit of human happiness; producing the *olive* of *peace* and *horn* of *plenty*—"Och! *plenty of horns!* you may say that," said Mulrooney, "but as for *peace*, that's a part of the question I won't answer for; because, though marrriage may tie a woman ever so fast, it can't *tongue-tie* her; and you can't expect peace till you can make a woman stop her tongue and keep her mouth between her teeth."—"Ah!" ejaculated a faceteous maiden lady, interrupting him, "females are always the butt of male ridicule; but, if I was once to enter the married state:—but, alas, because I had but *one eye* myself, there was no man would let me get on the *blind side* of him; the very thought of it makes my eye water."—"*Eye water!*" said the drunken buck, "I've got an excellent bottle in my pocket; it was

MY GRANDMOTHER'S EYE-WATER.

(Music composed and sold by Mr. Broad, Chapel-street, Fitzroy-square.)

[*Sung in the Author's Pantomime of "The Great Devil."*]

OF all sorts of drops drooping spirits to cure,
A good drop of comfort's the best I am sure,
Some take their drop open, and some take it sly,
But the drop I like best is a drop in my eye.
Tol, lol, &c.
We all love a drop now and then, we do.

You delicate ladies pretend, you know,
As how they never get muzzy or so;
But they're all in their *cups* when the *tea* they touch,
And they now and then get a cup too much.
Tol, lol, &c.

My granny, because I've bad eyes, gave me
The genuine Eye Water; only see,
(Holds up a bottle or glass.)
But my hand shakes so, north, east, west, south,
I never can get it beyond my mouth.
Tol, lol, &c.

I'm a very dry creature, the people say,
Of course I must drink to moisten my clay;
And when it's too moist drink again you know,
For the more you drink the drier you grow.
Tol, lol, &c.

Our Bacchanalian, after his description of my Grandmother's Eye Water, proceeded to joke the old maid. Hearty said, "it was, perhaps, no small proof of prudence to keep single, when married people in general were sighing for their liberty: but the marriage knot puzzled the wisest to untie." I observed, what puzzled the wise was sometimes effected by fools, which I exemplified in a history of

THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

(MUSIC BROAD—MUSICAL APPENDIX.)

THAT Gotham was famous for wise men, you know,
As the tale I shall tell in a minute will show,
Wonderful wise men of Gotham!
Now three of these wise men, advice and sense scorning,
By other men's vexations wouldn't take warning,
So all three got married one unlucky morning.
Wonderful wise, &c.

Greatest fool which could make spouse these wives hold
a stake,
But to give their wives trouble fools of them to make,
Wonderful, &c.
Their politeness must surely be laid on their shelves,
For in *England*, you know, all our complaisant elves,
To save ladies the trouble, make fools of themselves.
Wonderful, &c.

That she longs for husband's *eye teeth*, one wife swears,
And he let her draw 'em, the hist'ry declares,
Wonderful wise *man*, &c.
But, pray, as a *singular fool* do not scout him,
For *here*, tho' a husband has *eyes*, never doubt him,
He'll oft prove he hasn't his *eye teeth* about him,
Wonderful, &c.

Next wife advis'd hubby to sharpen his wit,
As it makes magpies' chatter, to have his tongue *slit*.
Wonderful, &c.
But no Englishman would give into such stuff,
If *he* had a wife—for he'd tell you so bluff;
In a family *one* magpie sure was enough.
Wonderful, &c.

The third her two sisters resolv'd to outvie,
Persuaded her hubby to put out one *eye*,
Wonderful, &c.
But the man with no *blind side*, pray, where can you
call?
Indeed chopping and changing so governs this ball,
That now-a-days most folks have *no* side at all.
Wonderful, &c.

By *drowning* these men swore to finish their lives,
And into the water be push'd by their wives,
Wonderful, &c.

By a pond side they stood to commit this great sin,
While their wives came full gallop behind, with a grin,
But they all slipp'd aside, and their wives tumbled in.
Wonderful, &c.

"MARRIAGE," said a Stock-broker, "is like the lottery, and happiness the twenty thousand pound prize!" —"Which can go to but one," said a Monopolizer, "I imagine."—"Yes," replied Chance, "it can be divided into a great many shares."—"Marriage is a sea," said Hearty: "then," replied the Sailor, "those who venture on it should act like sailors, take the bad with the good, laugh at danger and fear, and drive away care, with

YO! YO! YO!"

(MUSIC, REEVE—MUSICAL APPENDIX.)

WHAT argufies talking of danger and fear?
To a true British sailor it sounds rather queer;
When the ship rides at anchor he boozes on shore,
And spends his time merrily in pleasure galore;
'Cause he jigs it, and swigs it, and wheels the can round,
And helps each poor mate he may chance find aground;
And when sailing orders they come for to go,
Takes a kiss of his Poll, then Yo! Yo! Yo!

When the ship scuds away, and the land's left behind,
He gives all his sorrows, d'ye see, to the wind;
On the round top, or yards, how he'll whistle and sing,
And sleep in his hammock as sound as a king!
'Cause he jigs, &c.
And never leaves his spirits for a moment aground;
But if a sad thought comes athwart him, or so,
Heaves a sigh to his Poll, then Yo! Yo! Yo!

When the foe heaves in sight, then he flies to his post,
And with a broadsider he answers each boast;
Unless popp'd off to Davy he ne'er leaves his gun,
Till the enemy chuses to strike, or to run;
Then he jigs it, &c.
And splices each sail, or each mast that's aground;
Then carefully tends on the wounded below,
Heaves a sigh to their fate, then Yo! Yo! Yo!

Thus all sorts of dangers he chearfully goes thro',
Till his reckoning is run, and his vessel broaches to;
Then the sailors prepare his sheer hulk for the wave,
A tar's boast and glory, a watery grave!
They nor jig it, &c.
But gather o'er their mate on fate's strand run aground;
Then mournfully heave him to Davy below,
Drop a tear as he sinks, then Yo! Yo! Yo!

This Tar, from his youth, he informed us, had been a Choice Spirit: among his favourite diversions were, in his own words, sweetening the purser's flip with the contents of his 'bacco box; dressing a great gun in the chaplain's gown, the purser's wig, and the boatswain's iron-bound hat, for the ghost of old Davy; and similar exploits, for which he frequently breakfasted on a round dozen; but while they flogged, he sung; and for why?—it was all for the good of the *service*. "Our captain," said he, "is what we tars call a good man; drinks hard, swears well, and fights better; then you know, we honours and imitates him; besides, he is a father to us all, and when we receive our prize money, and goes into port, tells us to take care of the *land pirates*, the ladies, because he says as how they are too deep for us unthinking tars to fathom; but now I think they are so *transparent*, he must be blind indeed, that can't see through 'em." Ladies being mentioned, from the idea of marriage, produced

THE MATCH MAKER.

(Music by Mr. Broad—Musical Appendix.)

I JOG thro' the world's varied scene,
In spite of its rubs and its scratches,
Like the black-smith of Gretna Green,
Get my living by making of Matches.

Spoken. [You know my matches a'n't the only ones that have to do with brimstone—so

Chaunt. I cry my matches as far as Charing-cross;
We all know the grey mare is oft the best horse.
Come, buy my Matches!
All folks except scolds meet their match,
For by scolds even lawyers surpass'd are;
Law's limbs may be had by Old Scratch,
But a scold is the Devil's own master!

Spoken. [We all love our *mother's* tongue; but when it's joined to a wife's tongue, it's two to one against poor Benedick. That's the way with me; so when my wife begins—

I cry my matches to where it is said
There is a good woman without e'er a head.
Come, buy, &c.

Some matches 'tis wealth that cements,
When with Plenty's full horn love carouses;
But some ladies they take its contents,
And leave all the horn to their spouses.

Spoken. [A great many people make a point of abusing matrimony; but it has many good points about it for all that—to be sure, there's Cuckold's Point—so

I cry my matches as far as Horn Fair,
And see a great many fine gentlefolks there.
Come, buy, &c.

Our Churchwardens Cannibals match,
For let them, the proof we oft meet it,
In the parish a bastard but catch,
And to save all the charges they eat it.

Spoken. [But I don't wonder at it; for I went to our church-warden t'other day, and he snapt so, I thought he was going to eat me. "Well, Mr. Churchwarden," said I, "if you won't let me dine with you, I can dine with a greater man;

So I cried my matches until it was dark,
And din'd with Duke Humphrey in St James's Park!
Come, buy, &c.

Monopoly all would devour,
What a pity that justice don't him stone!
But may those who monopolize flour,
Be match'd by the flour of brimstone!

Spoken. [Monopoly's a disease as bad as the plague; but I wonder, among all our quack pills and drops, we haven't a cure for it. I know one; so

I cry my matches 'mong the Old Bailey shops,
And there Dr. Kirby sells *Akerman's Drops.*
Come, buy, &c.

THE Sailor followed this by a little anecdote. "A Welchman was on board a ship, where they were quite out of provisions, and his appetite over-ruling his patience, after two day's hunger, began to bemoan his fate; when a storm coming on, one of the crew cried out, "we've sprung a leak!"—"Plessings on hur!" exclaimed Taff, "for such coot news; now hur shall get something to *eat!*"—"I have heard that before," said Mulrooney, adding, that a friend of his

was in a storm once; and he gave us, in his friend's words, an account of

PADDY IN A PUCKER.

(Composed by Mr. Sanderson—Musical Appendix.)

'TWAS business requir'd I'd from Dublin be straying,
I bargain'd the captain to sail pretty quick;
But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,
A spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.
Says he, "*Paddy, go down stairs, and fetch me some beer now,*"
Says I, "by my soul, you're monstraciously kind,
Then you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer now,
When I come up and see myself left all behind."
Wid my palliluh! smalliluh! whilliluh! pilliluh!
Arrah, whack! boderation! and langolee!

A storm met the ship, and the waves did so dodge her,
Says the captain, "we'll sink, or be all cast away!"
Thinks I, "never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,
And my life is insur'd, so the office must pay."
But a taef, who was sea-sick, kick'd up such a riot,
Tho' I lay with sickness quite speechless, poor elf!
I couldn't help bawling; "you spalpeen be quiet,
Do you think that there's nobody dead but yourself?"
Wid your palliluh! &c.

Well, we got safe on shore ev'ry son of his mother,
There I found an old friend, Mr. Paddy M'Gree.
"O, Dermot!" said he, "is it you or your brother?"
Says I, "I've a mighty great notion it's me."
Then I tould him the bull we had made of our journey;
But for *bull-making* Irishmen always bear blame;
Says he, "My good friend, tho' we've bulls in Hibernia,
They've *cuckolds* in England, and that's all the same."
Wid their palliluh, &c.

But from all sorts of cuckoldom, Heav'n preserve us!
For John Bull and Paddy Bull's made man and wife;
And ev'ry brave fellow who's kilt in their service,
Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.
Then who in defence of a pair of such hearties,
Till he'd no legs to stand on would e'er run away?
Then a fig for French brags, and your great Buonapartes,
King George and the Union must carry the day.
Wid, &c.

Ben Block followed this by pulling out a wicker bottle, and giving us a toast;

"May the wooden walls of Old England never be defaced by Plaster of Paris!"

Nothing could be more opportune to introduce

THE IMAGE MAN.

(Sung in the Harlequinade of *Peter Wilkins.*)

[Tune, *Picture Shop*— Clementi and Co., Cheapside.]

COME, my merry customers, Who buys my pretty ware?
I've images of ev'ry sort will suit you to a hair.
For bachelors I've charming wives, who never scold nor talk,
I've doctors out of plaster form'd, and landlords made of chalk.

Spoken. [I've dumb parrots, and roses that bloom all the year round; then here's a fine pair of lions to frighten the flies from the sugar-pot, and guard the cups and saucers on the mantle piece; and here's my fashionable plaster heads for perfumers' windows; all painted *without*, and no brains *within*—but

* They're all as natural as life, and bargains very rare;
Come, gentlemen and ladies, who buys my pretty ware?
Fol, lol,

Now here's a little rabbit that nods an empty head,
And some great folks in parliament can do no more, 'tis said;
That, like me, lawyers rabbits sell, I won't pretend to say,
But you and I know clients buy the rabbit every day.

Spoken.] I sell all characters, but seldom have a lawyer; because lawyers are seldom to be *had;* and people dislike 'em so, that when I *have* a lawyer to sell, I may go to the devil for a customer—but that's

All as natural, &c.

Now here's a valiant grenadier, and there's a British tar;
Between them stands immortal Fame, who tells their deeds afar;
And here our Royal Master stands; may heav'n his joys increase!
Britannia's here with Plenty's horn, and olive branch of peace.

Spoken.] Come, come, does nobody buy? Here's a parliament man who never sold himself; and a lord who never run in any body's debt; rare bargains——! Then here's the great Buonaparte; he looks as fierce—O, you needn't be afraid of him; he's only *plaster of Paris.*—That's all, &c.

Our drunken buck, who had fallen asleep in a corner, awaked just as the Image Man concluded, and hear-

* To be sung as a decapo of the two last lines of the verse; to adapt it to the tune.

ing the word '*bargains*,' asked me what bargains I had? he had seen none, and he believed the Public, like him, would think I was only *hoaxing* them. I asked him for an explanation of the term, and he replied, "I was hoaxing you;" I'm the lad for it: I'll tell you how I hoaxed a lawyer's clerk the other day. I met him with his green beg full of botheration, and I had one like it, with some rubbish and a skipping rope in it, which, an opportunity offering, I changed for young Lattitat's, and followed him into Westminster-hall, where I saw him give it to one of the black bashaws of two tails, who was going to plead for a rich man, who couldn't cheat a poor man by justice, and so wanted to do it by law: "My lord," says the rich man's counsellor, "I have a strong evidence in this bag, on which all my client's hopes depend; and, I think, when your lordship is acquainted with it, you'll readily allow, that did every client, in the same situation as mine, hang upon such evidence, they would be sure to have justice done 'em;" and, putting his hand to the bag, out came the *rope*.—"Your right, brother," said my lord; and, thought I, "every one who pleads the cause of rich Rascality against poor Probity, ought to be served the same, with a label on the gibbet, saying, "*Here hangs the Devil's white-washer!*" One of the circle said, "he wondered if lawyers ever blushed." *Blushing* came seasonably for me, as it brought to my recollection a piece of old goods I had,

THE CHAPTER OF BLUSHES.

(TUNE, CHAPTER OF KINGS.)

HOW various the blushes that tint the cheek!
Some weakness, some shame, and some modesty speak;
And the cheek that a blush can ne'er reveal;
Shews the head can't think, or the heart can't feel;

So, exceptions all granted,
By gen'ral rules wanted,
We all of us blush in our turn.

English, Welch, Scotch, and Irish, tho' varied in name,
In essence are one, and all blush the same;
Their blush it is red, and that's valour's hue,
And they make all their foes blush black and blue.
So, &c.

That lawyers don't blush, some assert so big;
But sometimes you can't see the blush for the wig;
If doctor's don't blush, it's a wonder to me,
They're so monstrously modest in taking their fee.
So, &c.

The blush of an actor is *rouge* and rose pink;
Author's blush black and white, in their paper and ink;
The blush of a critic I never could mark,
For they, like monopolists, deal in the dark.
So, &c.

Some great folks, with their "*blushing honours*," some stake,
Seldom blush; but that's cavilling for cavil's sake;
If *they* do not blush, they *proxy* claim,
So their *honours* blush for 'em, and that's all the same.
So, &c.

May the *maiden's blush* ever from modesty flow,
The blush of the wife prove affection's glow;
May wealth never blush to own friends downcast,
Nor *we* e'er have reason to blush for the past.
Yet, &c.

BLUSHING, modesty, &c. brought on the old story of love; but as no fresh lights were thrown on it by any of my visitors, I *illuminated* it for a few moments with a *rush-light* of rhyme, entitled the Amours of

MISS DEBORAH DIDDLE AND SIR GILBERT GOSOFTLY.

(TUNE IN THE MUSICAL APPENDIX.)

YOU may talk of sweet passion, and wishing, and wooing,
With extacies, blushes, and darts;
Of altars and turtles, and billing and cooing,
Flaming torches, and fond bleeding hearts!
But the truest of *lovers* that ever were seen,
In city or town, great or small,
Were Miss Deborah Diddle of Daisymead-green,
And Sir Gilbert Gosoftly of Gooseberry-hall!

The virgin was fifty, her head very taper,
Her mouth large, and nose rather flat;
Her complexion as blooming as *whity-brown* paper;
She'd but one eye, and squinted with that;
For an excellent *rib* she was form'd too, I ween,
Since terribly crook'd withal,
Was Miss Deborah Diddle of Daisymead-green,
For Sir Gilbert Gosoftly of Gooseberry-hall.

The knight once a sad race had run, when in clover,
But his running had come to a dreg;
For now he was poor, and had sixty got over,
Besides that he had but one leg.
But titled was he, and she rich as a queen;
These in love with each other made fall;
Sweet Miss Deborah Diddle of Daisymead-green,
And Sir Gilbert Gosoftly of Gooseberry-hall.

The knight caught a fever in toasting her merits,
Took physic, and that made him die;
When the grief of the fair so consum'd all her spirits,
She went off with a *drop in her eye.*
And such fond, constant love, from oblivion to screen,
From the grave sprung a tomb-stone so tall,
Of Miss Deborah Diddle of Daiseymead-green,
And Sir Gilbert Gosoftly of Gooseberry-hall.

My visitors now began to be tired of the tooth-pick way in which they had been passing their time, (as I imagine is my reader,) and left me one by one, wishing me every success in my *new-fangled* manufactory; purchasing each an article, by way of encouragement, and promising to recommend me to their friends; a recommendation that, I am aware, will result more from their good-nature, than my deserts; however, should my Work fail to be registered in the Chronicles of Wit, Humour, or Novelty, I certainly may flatter myself with obtaining a place for it in

THE NEW TEMPLE OF FAME.

OF Temples this town you'll find plenty to grace,
There's the *Muses'* fine Temple in *Finsbury-place;*
The Temples of *Bacchus* you'll every where meet,
And the Temple of *Pallas* in *Leadenhall-street;*
The Temple of *Plutus* you'll know by *Three-balls,*
And *Content's Temples* mostly are *Coblers' Stalls;*
The *Temples* of *Venus* in *Hedge-lane* are seen,
And *Hymen's* old *Temples* at *Gretna-green;*
In *Warwick-lane* stands the dread *Temple of Fate,*
And the *Temple* of *Fame* is—where?—stop, I'll relate—
Knock! Knocky! Knick! Knock! Arrah, don't, making game,
Say, a Trunk-maker's shop is the Temple of Fame.

'Tis not the old trumpeting goddess's Fane,
Where heroes and Patriots due honour obtain;
Where Bards are enroll'd, who, with genius sublime,
Form the apposite union of reason and rhyme;
But where the exploits of such heroes you view,
As Johnson, Big Ben, Humphries, Ward, and the Jew;
The speeches of Patriots, with voices like Jove's,
Who thunder out Freedom for—Fishes and Loaves;
And Poets, like me, in dull Bathos deep sunk,—
And of these the Desert is to line an old Trunk;
Knock! Knocky! Knick! Knock! am I now making game?
For a Trunk-maker's Shop is my Temple of Fame.

SONGS, BALLADS, DUETS,

&c. &c.

FROM THE MOST APPROVED

SCENIC PRODUCTIONS

OF THE

AUTHOR.

THE TAR.*

BOLD as when the forest's lord,
Roused by departing day,
By force nor howling tempests aw'd,
Forth issues to the prey;
So goes the tar, by glory call'd,
By foe or fate so unappall'd,
The angry deep to try;
To conquer or to die!
But, as the lamb in rural shade,
On shore no thoughts his mind pervade,
But what with peace agree;
'Tis then his best delight to prove,
The joys of friendship and of love,
With sweet humanity!
Then comes the feast of a jovial soul,
To laugh and sing and drain the bowl,
And drink, with a gallant three times three,
"Britannia! George! and Liberty!"

THE BONNY SAILOR.

IN vain a flattering part you play,
My little heart to steal away;

* The music of this and following Songs may be had at the various Music Shops in Town.

I can no more control it.
Your fruitless pleading then forego,
My heart I cannot give—no! no!
Because another stole it.
Ah! well-a-way! a heart I lack,
And some one is its jailor;
But I know who will bring it back,
My bonny, bonny sailor!

Then pr'ythee, sir, do cease to teaze,
You may perplex, but cannot please;
For fate, who can control it?
Ah, would I fain my hand bestow.
I have no heart to give—no! no!
Heigh-ho! another stole it.
Ah! well-a-way, &c.

THE SPORTSMAN.

A TRUE sportsman am I, for the game once in view,
With unrestrain'd ardour the chace I pursue;
Dash fearless along, in despite of control,
Break down every barrier; game! game! to the soul!
Nor give my mark'd victim one moment's replevy,
With, to her! hark, forward, boys! yoicks! and tantivy!

A fig for the man who, embark'd in the chace,
To fear or impediment ever gives place!
A true sportsman, resolv'd, dashes thro' thick and thin,
He may be at fault, but he never gives in;
Nor allows the game started one moment's replevy,
With, to her, &c.

LOOK YOU NOW!

THERE is a proferb ferry old,
Look you now! look you now;
If hur prudence must be told,
Look, &c.
This proferb is of golden rules,
Fery coot to caution fools—
"Never meddle with edge-tools."
Look you now, &c.

There is a fable pat enough,
Look, &c.
A snake once lick'd a file so rough;
Look, &c.
So tore her tongue above, beneath,
Hur wish'd hur had not left the heath,
But "kept hur tongue between hur teeth."
Look, &c.

A story fery coot I've heard,
Look, &c.
There was a Turk who wore a peard;
Look, &c.
'Twas all hur pride, till once a clown
Pull'd it so—when, with a frown,
The angry turk was knock hur down!
Look, &c.

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHER.

A LORD, tho' so great, half so happy mayn't be,
As a clodhopping country lad, like I;
No matters of *steat*
E'er addle my peat,
But I whistles, and whoop-ge-wo! I cry.

Then cherry-cheek'd Patty, that lives i'the vale,
I help o'er the style wi' her milking-pail,
For I'ze summat like notion of Patty, it's true,
And I know what I knows, but—I munna tell you!
Fal de ral.

I'ze healthy and strong, and willing to work,
So when the lark rises, out trudges I,
The keaws up I call,
Or harness our Ball,
Then I whistles, and whoop-ge-wo! I cry.
Then I'ze fifty good shillings, my luck has been such,
And a lad mayn't be grinn'd at that's gotten so much;
Then Patty like notion of me's summat too,
And I knows, &c.

ADAM DOZEY.

MY name's Adam Dozey,
So comic and cozey,
I'm clerk of the parish, what then?
If you ask me to drink,
I say, what d'ye think?
What, a parish clerk should say Amen!

For by goles and by jingo,
I do love good stingo,
It makes me so wond'rous merry!
So puts me in tune,
I could jump o'er the moon,
Then dance and sing, hey down derry.

Besides, I'm town-crier,
And that makes me drier,
So the fact, if I'm ask'd to drink, this,
As a sober clerk, tho'
I'd fain say, "O, no!"
As town-crier, I bawl out, "O, yes!"
For by goles, &c.

Susan. BE quiet, and let me alone, I beseech!
Cheatall. Nay, carry no more this farce on,
Susan. 'Tis in vain, tho' all day you stand preaching—
Dozey. ——————————— He preach?
He looks very much like a parson.
S. I wish you was hang'd. *(To Cheatall.*
D. ——————————— Amen!
C. ——————————— Sirrah, hark!
Why do you say Amen?
D. ——————————— Because I'm the clerk.
C. *(To Sus.)* Would I'd ne'er seen that face, for my heart,
I've lost by it——
D. Lost! what have you lost? here's my bell, and I'll cry it.
O, yes! O, yes!
Lost, when I have forget,
Mislaid, how I cannot swear;
Stol'n, I don't know what,
And stray'd, I don't know where!
Whoever finds it safe and well,
And brings it fair and true,
Shall have, how much I cannot tell,
Paid by I don't know who;
And no more will I cry this thing,
Nor they reward pay higher—
O, yes! O, yes! God save the king!
C. And let us hang the crier.
C. The devil take your company. *(To Dozeyboard.*
S. Do Dozey, keep us company,
D. We're all exceeding company.
C. With rage I shall expire,
S. Or else I must retire,
D. What more can you desire?

D. So let us sing, God save the king!
C. And let us hang the crier.
S. But never hang the crier.
D.

HEAVE AND WEIGH THE ANCHOR.

IN fortune's face let who will fly,
A tar must always thank her;
Not weigh a care, nor heave a sigh,
But heave and weigh the anchor.
Aloft or below,
While the breezes blow,
'Tis luff! belay;
Yo! ho! yo, yea!
Then he'll drink his grog,
Like a jolly dog,
And heave and weigh the anchor.

For Britain ev'ry thing he'll dare,
In Fame's best list to rank her;
In every storm his dearest care,
To bring her to an anchor.
Aloft or below, &c.

MAMMOTH AND BUONAPARTE.

OF all the sights in London town, that take the folk's attention,
The Mammoth is a wond'rous form, of monstrous huge dimensions;
'Twas brought from North America, and on it wags are smart, Sir,
For as it is a skeleton, they call it Bonypart, Sir.
Bow, wow, &c.

This Mammoth any day you'll see, your course to Pall-Mall keeping,
And when you're there, you only need a shilling to pay for peeping;
Its fame reach'd France, and Bonyparte he wanted it to view, Sir;
Then let him come, and when he does, he'll pay for peeping too, Sir.
Bow, &c.

Like Bonaparte, there's few can make of Mammoth head or tail, Sir;
Some say 'tis this, some say 'tis that, and some say 'tis a whale, Sir:
And most folks, since the little man has such odd capers shewn-a,
They wish the Mammoth was a whale, and Bonyparte was Jonah.
Bow, &c.

To buy this Mammoth France propos'd, but Bonyparte he said, Sir,
"I'll have it as a lawful prize when England I invade, Sir;
'Twill all be fish that comes to net, then wherefore need we buy? Sir."
Says John Bull, "if you do come, you'll have other fish to fry, Sir."
Bow, &c.

The Consul cried, "Much may be said upon my plan intended."
John Bull replied, "I'm apt to think the least said's soonest mended."
Says Bony, "Tho' invasion is all hazard, I'll not lag, Sir."
Cried John, "You'll win, if hazard you can play as well as brag, Sir."
Bow, &c.

Then little Boney, to look big as Mammoth, stretch'd
his wizen, Sir,
And ordered all the English folks at Paris into prison,
Sir;
But we'll return the compliment, if Bonyparte we meet,
Sir,
And with a Habeas Corpus serve his worship from the
Fleet, Sir.
Bow, &c.

ASS IN THE LION's SKIN.

IN the fables of Æsop you'll read, if inclin'd,
A Jack-ass quite simple, like most of his kind,
The skin of a Lion once happen'd to find;
So to playing his tricks must begin;
Quite conceited, upon this expedient he hits,
Tries it on, and the skin rather awkwardly fits;
But he frighten'd the peasants all out of their wits,
Did the Ass in the Lion's skin.

Grown bold by their panic, he strutted about,
And all the old women he put to the rout,
Till a Lion he fancied himself without doubt;
Or else to a Lion a-kin;
But attempting to roar, of his trick for a tag,
He bray'd, and so let the cat out of the bag,
And got a good basting for playing at brag,
Did the Ass in the Lion's skin.

To the Corsican Chief, running fortune's strange round,
The consular skin of a Lion he found,
And manag'd to wear it; his wishes thus crown'd,
He thought all to him would give in,
But the bray for the roar, the deception now clears,
And he'll find among us, if he madly appears,
The Lion of England will soon crop the ears
Of the Ass with the Lion's skin.

RECRUITING SERJEANT.

ALL day I've been tramping, with fife and with drum,
And looking to see if recruits would but come;
But in vain, for to list not a creature appears,
From the peer to the peasant, all turn volunteers.
Row, dow, dow.

I offer them money, but offer in vain,
They cry, "We're all soldiers for glory, not gain!"
A *crown* and a guinea I offer them down,
They the guinea refuse, but stand up for the *crown*.
Row, dow, dow.

To take money for 'listing, so little will suit,
They not only serve free, but give money to boot;
So the French may beware, and not here seek renown,
For if they don't knock under, why we'll knock 'em down.
Row, dow, dow.

AMAZONIAN CLUB.

OMNES.

SURE such a time was never known in history;
I hope our propositions will be pass'd *nem. con.*
For sure neither parliament, club, conclave, nor consistory,
Had such important matters to debate upon.

LADY PRESIDENT.

Ladies, this subject I of course must first be heard in,
But if you all together talk, I cannot get a word in.

1 *Lady.* What's the motion?
2 ——————Put the question.
3 ——————Read the resolution—
4 —— What's the order of the day?
5 ——————About the constitution.
6 ——I vote——
7 ——————And I move——
1 ——————I second——
Pres. Second what, ma'am?
1 ——————The motion.
Pres. ——————What was it?
1 ——————'Pon my honour I forgot, ma'am.
Pres. The motion that I mean to put——
1 I second—
2 And I'm third on't.
6 *or* 7 *Voices.* O, yes, we're all determin'd——
President. Not to hear a single word on't.

OMNES.

Attention! the chair! hear! hear! we're all unanimous;
Then read the resolutions, and to vote proceed.

PRESIDENT.

Bonaparte, who turn'd Mahometan, and kept the Turkish ramazens,
Has sworn that he'll invade us, and Britain overthrow.
It surely then becomes us, who are true British Amazons—
1 *and* 2 *Ladies.* There's not much doubt of that, as our husbands know;
Pres. It behoves us, I say, that we stand up for the nation,
Then in honour of the petticoat, let's form association.
1 —— I'm sure there's ne'er a lady here, will stick, if she is wise, out,
2 —— And if the Frenchmen dare invade—
Omnes. We'll surely scratch their eyes out!

1 We'll awe the foe when our bold corps all martially array'd is;
2 No doubt of that, since no one can for conquest match the ladies.
Pres. For Frenchmen then a button, since, unless they truth dissemble,
E'en Englishmen must own that the White Serjeant makes 'em tremble.
Omnes. Then muster, then muster, let's all go volunteering;
A corps of British Amazons to camp repair.

BRITISH AMAZONS.

IN Briton of old,
There were Amazons bold;
Boadicea, whose fame will long stand,
The Romans withstood,
And expended her blood,
In defence of the rights of this land,
She did,
In defence of the rights of this land.

Then fame too has seen,
How Third Edward's brave queen,
When (expecting of plunder large sums,)
He invaded this spot,
She took David the Scot,
As we'll take Bonaparte, if he comes.
We will,
We'll, &c.

Many more too had birth,
But none of more worth

Than Queen Bess, can our hist'ry advance;
Who taught haughty Spain,
Their attempts were all vain,
And we'll teach the same lesson to France,
We will,
We'll teach, &c.

Then since Amazon means,
Women, (Peasants, or Queens,)
Who than life prizing honour far more,
Resist foes that invade,
May she die an old maid,
Who wouldn't belong to our corps.
Huzza!
Who, &c.

CHRONICLE OF COUNTIES.

IF the Frenchman a landing should win,
In each county they'd find we're not slugs;
Then with the Land's End to begin,
In Cornwall they'd get Cornish hugs;
In Devon they'd dread Plymouth fort,
Find boxers in Somersetshire;
And in Dorset they'd meet pretty sport,
From the lads who drink Dorchester beer.

Herts and Wiltshire would teach 'em to fight,
In Bucks as sure game they'd be taken;
In Barkshire they'd find we could bite,
And in Hampshire they'd not save their bacon:
In Middlesex would they be popping,
Or Sussex, their ground they'd not keep;
In Kent we'd soon send them a hopping,
In Bedfordshire send them to sleep.

In Essex their calveskins we'll curry,
In Huntingdon chase the freebooters;
And if they come sporting to Surry,
They'll find Surry rangers sharp-shooters;
Glo'ster, Wo'ster, and Monmouthshire, thro',
Or Oxford, they'll never find passes;
And a conflict they'll pretty well rue,
With the Warwickshire lads and their lasses.

They'll by Hereford cyder get sour'd;
In Northampton and Rutland lose battle,
In Suffolk they'll surely get scow'r'd,
And in Lincolnshire all be prize cattle;
In Leicestershire sheep with the tetters,
In Staffordshire ware that soon breaks,
In Darbyshire subjects for fetters,
In Shropshire mere Shrewsbury cakes.

Norfolk dumplings their taste wouldn't please,
And they'll prove, in despite of their splutter,
In Cheshire mere mites in a cheese,
While in Cambridge we'll churn 'em like butter;
There's Yorkshire, and counties about,
Too far North are for Frenchmen to win,
And the counties, whose names I've left out,
I'll be d—d if the French will get in.

PIPE ALL HANDS.

WE three jolly tars be,
Such odd fish as tars seldom caught are;
A sort of *amphiberous* animals we,
Who live by land and by water.
On shore we drinks, fiddles, and dances away,
At sea fights all manner of force,
And as how that we conquers, one needn't say,
Because you know that comes of course.

So let's be funny, never foggy,
Dance and sing, and all be groggy;
Pipe all hands, care's anchor weigh,
With a fol, lol, lol, and a yo! yo! yea!

DWARF.

I'M the little dwarf of the great Giant Grumbo,
My name's Whackum-Thwackum-Whi'hee I'hee-Hurlo-Thrumbo!
Master's hat is like an hackney-coach, his head is such a spanker,
A mainmast is his walking-stick, his tooth-pick is an anchor.
'Twas but last week, the thing much laughter would provoke,
He pocketed a waggon and eight horses, for a joke;
The driver miss'd the waggon, and inquir'd of all the people,
So my master by the waistband hung him dangling on the steeple.
Ho! he! ho! whi! he! he! tol lol.

Fee! faw! fum! goes the great Giant Grumbo,
Frightens Whackum, &c.
My master eat six aldermen, he would as I'm a sinner,
For his breakfast, and a whole corporation for his dinner;
Drinks like a fish, but swigging water i'n't his way,
For he tipp'd off a hogshead of brandy t'other day;
But the brandy had been smuggled, so my master, like a wise man,
To prevent an information, he swallow'd the exciseman.
Ho! he! ho! &c.

TIPPLING WATERMAN.

I a tippling Waterman am, I declare,
And I drink like a fish, all the people they swear,
But against such a charge I beg leave to cry quarter,
For, d—m it, your fishes drink nothing but water;
Whole gallons I swig, 'till distilling apace,
In pints and in quarts they come out on my face.
Fol lol!

As a Waterman, when I see liquor afloat,
Is it strange that I wish to "row in the same boat?"
Or 'tween England and France, as I carry each rover,
Is't less so I now and then get "half seas over."
Your fresh water sailors my plan may decry,
But salt water makes one so monstrously dry.

Another reason, why for drinking I wish,
Is, my mother she long'd for a bottle-nos'd fish;
Then my wife loves a drop, and you'll own, if you've candour,
"What's good for the goose, must be good for the gander;"
In defence of my cause, I've another good stay,
You know that a Waterman should pull away;
Fol lol.

THE PILGRIM.

YOUNG Adela is a lady gay,
And born of high degree;
Her costly robes she threw away,
For a holy vow made she;
And drest in humble pilgrim's weeds,
Went Adela forth to tell her beads.

Heigh! ho! ah, well-a-day!
Sighing and crying, O, weary is the way!

From gay Brabant fair Adela came,
Her lovers left behind;
Her bosom warm'd with holy flame,
Jerusalem to find!
And drest in humble pilgrim's weeds,
Fair Adela comes to tell her beads.
Heigh! ho! &c.

SONG.

A MASTER I have, on yon mountain he dwells,
And a wicked old devil is he;
A servant he has, who all other excels,
And that very good servant is me.
Hey, diddle, &c.

My master he is of assassins the prince,
But if he should hear me clack
About him, tho' the matter he mightn't mince,
I'm sure he'd mince me in a crack.
Hey, diddle, &c.

He kills in cold blood, it one's patience provokes,
Jews, Christians, and Turks, great and small;
So I fancy, like some of your monstrous great folks,
He's of no religion at all.
Hey, diddle, &c.

He look'd at me to-day like the fiend of ill-luck,
As if me and my arms, the whole tote,
He'd have swallow'd, and at it I don't think had stuck,
But I should have stuck in his throat.
Hey, diddle, &c.

IRISH VOYAGE.

MR. Leonard O'Leary's my christian surname,
And a long while ago from Kilkenny I came;
My friends and relations I gave them the slip,
And went as a bold horse-marine 'board a ship.

On a voyage of discovery we sail'd to our cost,
For we found on this shore that our vessel was lost:
I look'd for myself, grah! as soon as I cou'd,
And found myself sticking chin-deep in the mud.

The natives flock'd round me, and laugh'd every soul,
For I look'd all the world like a toad in the hole;
Says I, "Jontlemen, let compassion prevail,
And just pull out my head, for thereby hangs a tail."

Against the big rocks the ould ship being stav'd,
Not a bit but what went to the bottom was sav'd;
Then no soul sav'd their lives, but myself and three more,
And they were found lying stone dead on the shore.

To live with the savages now was my lot,
And soon found a pretty snug birth I had got;
How d'ye think I came over each tawny fac'd rogue?
Why, English I taught with an Irish brogue.

SHEPHERD's BOY.

YOUNG Perkins is a shepherd's lad,
Fal, lal, lack-a-daisy!
Highty! tighty! never sad,
Merry-mad cap, so was dad,
But now grown old, he says "'tis bad!"
Fal, lal, &c.

Harum, scarum! never cool,
Fal, &c.
Dad says, I'm beyond all rule,
Last April day was whipp'd at school,
But I made master April fool!
Fal, &c.

HONESTY.

DIOGENES, who was a wag in his way,
Took a lanthorn and candle one sunshiny day,
For a man that was honest to search all about,
But before he could find one the candle went out.
Tol de rol.

He search'd among lawyers, but only could find
That law was expensive, and justice was blind;
"Enquire of our patients," the doctors all said,
He look'd for the patients, but they were all dead.
Tol de rol.

So with every profession he found it parade,
Like the threats of our foes, Britain's shore to invade,
Let 'em come, they'll be welcome, my phrase do not huff,
For I'm sure their reception will be warm enough.
Tol de rol.

OLD MARGERY.

WHEN I was little, as she is now,
Lack-a-day, well-a-day, marry go to!
Bottled ale wasn't half so brisk, I vow,
But what can Old Margery do?
Margery Trott was the name of my mother,
She ne'er was of spirits bereft;
And once I was like her, as one pea another,
But now I've got no spirits left—

And at my time of day much spirits one's needing,
For life is a lamp that always wants feeding.
Heigh ho!

Dame Fortune often has given me a twitch,
Lack-a-day, well-a-day, marry go to!
Once I was taken up for a witch,
What could Old Margery do?
Counsellor Squab cried, "pass sentence upon her,
She's a conjuring witch!" what an elf!
"I'm no more of a conjuror," I said, "your honor,
No more than your worship's own self."
'Tis a troublesome life, so our fortunes to mottle,
Time's glass will run out, *(drinks)* and so will my bottle!
Heigh ho!

THE WOLF ROBBER.

MY father stole mother from school,
My mother with him stole a match;
And you know very well the old rule,
That those who "harm watch, may harm catch;"
So my father a cunning man told,
A robber this stolen match would cross;
And my mother said, when a year old,
I look'd more like a thief than a horse.
Tol, &c.

To sell fish-hooks, my dad didn't scorn,
And that is the cause, I dare say,
I with fish-hooks for fingers was born,
For they catch all that comes in their way.
The parish collector was dad,
And by it got plenty of pelf,
So seeing the trade wasn't bad,
I set up collector myself.
Tol, &c.

Long my trade pretty well I've pursu'd,
Sometimes banging, at other times bang'd;
And catch me they would if they could,
But faith, if they do *I'll be hang'd!*
Yet hanging's an odd sort of strife,
And perpaps it's prophetic of wreck,
That I've always been subject thro' life
To catching a crick in my neck.
Tol, &c.

MAGGIE O'THE HIGHLANDS.

MAGGIE o'the Highlands
Was unco' bra', unco' bra!
Maggie fra' the Highlands
Gang'd awa', gang'd awa'!
I loo'd her mair than ony,
Blythe was she as fairy queen,
Nane lilted half so bonny,
Or danc'd sa featly o' the green.
Tul, lul.

Maggie o'the Highlands,
She came ne mair, came ne mair;
Maggie's fra' the Highlands,
Ken ye where? ken ye where?
To me then a' she's dearer,
Her I seek wi mickle pain,
O, gin I aince mair speer her,
My dancing days will back again.
Tul, tul.

BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA is a noble ship,
Her colours are true blue,
Her hull is royal heart of oak,
And heart of oak her crew:

Her riggings tight for every tack,
Her planks without a starter;
The gallant union is a' her jack,
Her sheathing Magna Charta.

How gallantly she bears her port,
The ocean's pride and dread;
The envied cap of liberty,
Adorns her glorious head;
Her pride is commerce to increase,
In war she is no starter;
But may she anchor soon in peace,
Secur'd by Magna Charta.

NEW BROOMS.

BROOMS! brooms! who buys by brooms,
The money in no waste consumes;
My brooms are new, and, Sirs, I ween,
You'll all allow "new brooms sweep clean."
Then, friends, for money quickly search,
I've hair brooms, heath brooms, brooms of birch;
And should the birch trade fail, 'twere odd,
If all who need it had the rod.

Brooms! brooms! why buys my brooms!
Brooms! brooms! 'tis no new trade,
What fortunes are by sweeping made!
The broom of law won't leave a rush;
The broom of physic makes you brush:
France taught with air-balloons to rise,
"To sweep the cobwebs off the skies."
But let them sweep whate'er they please,
'Tis Britain only sweeps the seas.
Brooms! brooms! who buys my brooms?

JOHN BULL.

JOHN Bull is my name,
None my spirit can tame,
I'm upright and downright with all;
I laugh and grow fat,
Crack my joke, and all that,
And live at old Liberty Hall.

Some neighbours of mine,
At my freehold repine,
And envy my snug little box;
My house down they'd pull,
And cut up John Bull,
As if he was but a prize ox.

On our beef they'd incline,
Without welcome to dine,
But they'd soon find themselves quite mistaken;
For should they take French leave
To cut at our beef,
They'd find hard work to save their own bacon.

FAMILY PARTIES.

IF all birds of a feather together should meet,
Och! surely the sight would divert you,
To see monkies and beauxs would be surely a treat,
Pack'd up in a family party;
Retailers of scandal, wid venom'd-tooth'd rats,
Crabb'd critics wid owls, politicians wid bats,
And twenty old maids wid a score tabby cats,
What a snug little family party!

Jack-asses and orators, all in big wigs,
Would be braying together so hearty,
Dancing bears, and play actors, and fine learned pigs,
Another tight family party;
Wid placemen and gamesters, all at the odd trick,
And death wid de doctors, monstrously thick,
Beside all de lawyers, along wid Ould Nick,
A monstrous fine family party!

Fine women together, would throng in a head, herd
May de likes of 'em never desert you;
An may I make a bull in the shape of a bird,
But I'd like to make one of the party;
May beauty her blessings to honest men bring,
And peace in our island long make us all sing,
While Britannia, her sons, and their father the king,
Make a true loving family party!

THE CONGRESS.

SUPPOSE ev'ry empire and state
In Congress were met, and should start,
As the theme of review and debate,
The projects of fam'd Bonaparte;
John Bull, as the speaker assign'd—
Yet, instead of the speaker, 'twere odd,
If Bony in coming don't find,
John Bull usher of the black rod.

Says Sweden, "my Charles was a mad one,
But Bonaparte's madder than he;"
Says Naples, "the Consul's a bad one,"
Says Holland, "he kom to make free;"
Says John Bull, "why, Dutchman, it's thus,
Of freedom he makes a great puff,
And it's known to both you and the Swiss,
That Bony can make free enough."

Says Italy, " of him I'm sick ;"
Says Portugal, " right he perverts ;"
" Yet by him," says Spain, " I must stick ;"
Says the German, " he sticks in my skirts ;"
Cries the Turk, " how in Egypt he'd brag,
His insolence I could scarce brook it,
There he bore an invincible flag ;"—
" Yes, I know," says John Bull, " for I took it."

Says America, " he's a slave-driver ;"
Says Russia, " he'll soon drive us all,
If we don't find some able contriver,
To quiet this Gorgon of Gaul ;"
Says Prussia, " at all of us dashing,
What he wants tis quite easy to see ;"
" Yes," says John Bull, " he wants a good thrashing,
And, d—n him, he'll get it from me."

THE SEASONS.

HOW cheerful I be when I hear the lark sing,
As nature awakes to the morning of spring;
When I see my lambs frolic, and hear my kine low,
And swains carol, careless, a field as they go ;
I whistle and sing, and with joy my heart swells,
While the tabor strikes up, or ding dong go the bells.

When summer advances, my pleasures increase,
As I reckon my gains from the newly-shorn fleece ;
And list to my team, tinkling far thro' the glade,
While I rest after labour at eve in the shade.
I whistle, &c.

When autumn's rich store to my granaries come,
A welcome sincere crowns our blythe harvest home ;
Winter winds up my song, social pleasures abound,
And the tale and the flagon go merrily round.
I whistle, &c.

RODERICK O'MAC-WHACK-FINUGINO.

I'M a Paddy, you'll hear by the sight of my brogue,
My name's Mr. Rod'rick O'Mac-Whack-Finugino,
I was born wid no shirt, in swate Balinahogue,
And christen'd by Father O'Dominie Dugino;
The reverend father was wonderful frisky,
He lov'd holy water—but mix'd it wid whisky,
And in pastoral zeal gave me this ghostly warning,
(Mr. Finugino, says he, take my word for it, and the word of a christian,)
"If you're drunk over night, you'll be dry the next morning."

And, arrah, faith, that was my case now—but if I had known, I should have been so dry this morning, to be sure I wouldn't have drunk more last night—but that's all

Botherum! ditherum! noodledum! doodledum!
Patrick's day in the morning.

He told me a deal about pedigree, fait,
Said his blood was as thick as the best lord's in Christendom,
(Thinks I, that accounts for your thick-headed pate)
So he told all his ancestors names, while I listen'd 'em;
He knew them all pat, save his father, poor elf,
Case his mother of him wa'n't quite *certain* herself,
And this on the subject was all I could gather,
(My dear Roderick, would he say, I know, and you know, and all the world knows,)
He must be a wise child who knows his own father;

Och! what a pedigree it was! it reached all the way from Adam and Eve in Paradise, to the Adam and Eve in Tottenham-court-road; and he drank so often, to re-

fresh his memory, that the devil a sup he left in the noggin for us. "Father," says I, "what are you doing?"—"O, Mr. Finugeno," says he, "you are bent upon getting drunk; and ant I, like a charitable Christian, and the keeper of your conscience, preventing you, by taking the sin upon myself? but you've no more gratitude than

Bother, &c.

The father for bull making had a strange whim,
And got great wid Miss Judy, the brat of O'Rollocher,
But Judy she made a complete bull of him,
Wid blinking ey'd, wooden-legg'd, Darby O'Gallocher;
But Darby thus prov'd he'd not not make him a beast,
Had Teddy been my child, said he, to the priest,
(For no soul than Darby cou'd joke more demurely),

"Father O'Dominic," says he, "is'n't it *naturable* enough for a child to take after his own father?"—"To be sure," says the priest. "Then," replied Darby, "if the child had been mine,
He must have been born with a wooden leg, surely."

"Mister Finugino," says he, "you can't think how this proof of Judy's vartue eased my heart; Och, blood and ouns! the thought of it often made my head ach."—"I don't doubt it," says I. "For," says he, "I was always the tenderest father; and, apropos, to finish the noggin, I'll give you a toast—"May the hard-hearted father never know what it is to have a child."

Bother, &c.

RUSTIC COQUETTE.

ONCE a maiden went a maying,
Rosy cheeks, and sparkling eye,
Near the spot a shepherd straying,
Tun'd his reed so merrily;

With this maid he would be cooing,
Fal, lal, &c.
But she answer'd to his wooing,
Fal, lal, &c.

O, he vow'd her cheeks were blooming,
O, he swore her eyes were bright,
Lips were coral, breath perfuming,
And her skin was lily white;
Vow'd that for her he was dying,
Fal, lal, &c.
She to all his vows replying,
Fal, lal, &c.

Thus coquetting lost her lover;
Soon the hapless story spread,
Not a swain would now approve her,
Every maid but she was wed;
Maids be warn'd by her proceeding,
Fal, lal, &c.
Lest down stairs you should be leading,
Fal, lal, &c.

MARINER's COMPASS.

WHEN a sailor goes to sea,
Merrily, cherrily, yo! yo! yo!
A weather the helm, or a lee,
He sings aloft, or below,
Rifol, derol, &c.
When a foe appears,
The deck he clears,
And, d—e, he comes it so,
(Putting himself in attitude of defence.)

Bold and bluff,
Till his man has enough,
And then it's yo! heave ho!
Fol, lol, &c.

When a sailor comes a shore,
Merrily, &c.
Stor'd with gold galore,
He's but an odd fish we know,
Rifol, &c.
But on shore as at sea,
If a foe there be,
D—e, he comes it so.
(Drawing his cutlass.)
Bold, &c.

When a sailor's spent his chink,
Merrily, &c.
As he can't stay a shore to think,
To sea again he must go,
Rifol, &c.
For his country's right,
Like the devil will fight,
And, d—e, he comes it so.
Bold, &c. *(Fires a pistol.)*

SAILOR's JOURNAL.

I UNSHIPP'D from a board the Sky Rocket,
At seven P. M. and half past,
An odd guinea burnt in my pocket,
And, d—e, why that was my last;
To spend it at eight, and get groggy,
I swore; at half past eight thought as how
I wouldn't, because when I'm foggy,
I'm sartain to kick up a row.
Fol, &c.

At nine Betty Sly overhaul'd me,
The guinea, says I, get you sha'n't,
For tho' your true blue boy you call me,
The *yellow* boy, hussey, you want;
At ten a Jew wanted to bone it,
Says I, Smouchee, I won't buy your stuff,
And, d'ye mind, tho' pork you disown it,
You like guinea-pigs well enough.
Fol, &c.

At eleven I pip'd like a ninny,
To see an old tar in distress,
So I took and I gave him the guinea,
And, splice me, how could I do less?
At twelve sail'd to old Mother Crocket,
At whose house I'd thrown hundreds about,
But I hadn't a kick in my pocket,
So she soon enough kick'd me out.
Fol, &c.

The rain was most preciously pouring,
In a watch-box I look'd for a bed,
But the old woman in it was snoring,
So I kept the watch in his stead;
To me watching wa'n't a new notion,
Thro' many a terrible squall
For old England I've watch'd on the ocean,
And her watch-word is, "Liberty Hall!"
Fol, &c.

GOOD SHIP BRITANNIA.

OLD England's a ship of the line, do you mind,
The Britannia; no force can withstand her;
Her old wooden walls defy quick-sands and winds,
And the king, heaven bless him, commander;

Lieutenants, you know, are your lords, and them there;
Then midshipman, many a grace on, grase
Are your big wigs and justices; then my lord-mayor,
Why, d—e, he must be the boatswain.
Then pull away, yeo! yea!
Merry push the can about,
Drink success to the good ship Britannia.

Chaplains, stewards, and cooks, you may very soon name,
And the mess just as easy be filling;
Of doctors and gunners, for they're all the same,
As they're both of them dabsters at killing;
But for lawyers one can't find a station so pat,
For their likes on board never caught are,
Except cat and nine tails, and if they an't that,
They must be sharks in the water.
Then pull, &c.

Prime min'ster is purser, and when the bag's full,
He empties it, state cares to soften,
And then, as ship-owner, his honour John Bull,
Must fill it, and that pretty often;
But his honour, John Bull, is as rich as a Jew,
And swears, to the length of his cable,
He'll stick to Britannia, and pray wou'dn't you,
Aye, d—e, as long as you're able.
Pull away, &c.

KNIGHT ERRANT.

THIS knight-errant trade sure never will cease,
Dashing and clashing away!
This knight, &c.
When, unless a man's fighting he can't be at peace;

With his capering,
Vapouring,
Broad sword and rapiering,
Cut and thrust,
Yield you must,
Dine on a mouldy crust;
Dashing and splashing away.

You meet with a man, as he rides thro' the town,
Dashing, &c.
You first bid him stand, and then knock him down,
With his, &c.

Away packing you send him, when you've done that,
Dashing, &c.
With his head in his hand instead of his hat;
With his, &c.

Cross buttocks we bellies full meet, to our grief,
Dashing, &c.
I'm sure I'd much rather have buttock of beef.
With his, &c.

To conquer this dragon my master wont fail,
Dashing, &c.
When he cuts off his head, I'll cut off his tail.
With his, &c.

When the dragon is dead, I'll feast like a horse;
Dashing, &c.
For a supper to find half so light I'm at loss,
As a fine devil'd dragon and crocodile sauce.
With his, &c.

PRIZE CATTLE.

NAME of Antler I bear, I came from Horn fair,
I physic, bleed, blister, and scrub,
All the hornified state
Cow-pox propagate,
And am clerk to the Prize Cattle Club.
Tol lol, &c.

Of Prize Cattle, know we've a fine list on shew,
Just ready to kill, roast, and boil;
Perfect pictures to view, the wags cry, that's true,
For they're all executed in *oil*.
Tol lol, &c. *(Alluding to oil-cakes.)*

This town you may dub
A Prize Cattle Club,
'Twill specimens plenty supply,
Doctor's Commons you'll find,
Abound with horn'd kind,
But the price is confoundedly high.
Tol lol, &c.

The French our prize meat
Sadly wanted to eat,
But peace cut the matter quite brief;
They made a strong pull,
To cut up John Bull,
And stew him to alamode beef.
Tol lol, &c.

May exertions ne'er cease,
Good beef to increase,
For Britons that food orthodox,
For our fame without bar,
Couldn't fly half so far,
But she mounts on the wings of an ox.
Tol lol, &c.

GRIST THE MILLER.

GRIST the miller had a maid,
  Click, clack, went the mill;
Seeming sober, chaste, and staid,
  Click, clack, went the mill;
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
The neighbours thought her fair to view,
And Grist the miller thought so too;
  Click, clack, went the mill.

To church he took her, we are told,
  Ding, dong, went the bell;
She was young, and he was old,
  Ding, &c.
At church her head she bashful hung,
  Grist thought her mild as she was young,
But married, soon she found her tongue,
  Ding, &c.

Grist the miller had a man,
  Cuckoo went the clock!
Grist's wife to eye him soon began,
  Cuckoo, &c.
Honest Grist went out one day,
  Left wife and man at home to stay,
And when poor Grist came back, they say,
  Cuckoo, &c.

THE LINNET.

AN idle boy caught a linnet one day,
  And fasten'd its leg to a string,
Then with it unthinkingly 'gan to play;
  Supposing it would'nt take wing;

Hard by, on a hawthorn bush, whistled a thrush,
And this burthen his song seem'd to bear,
" A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,"
So, foolish boy, beware!

The linnet it flutter'd, and seem'd to beg,
The boy enjoy'd its pain;
Till, by chance, the string slipping that fasten'd its leg,
The linnet got free again.
While still on the hawthorn bush, &c.

BACCHANALIAN.

WHEN the joyous bowl, mantling with nectar divine,
In libations is drain'd, at hilarity's shrine,
The bosom expanding, the mind free as air,
The soul bids defiance to sorrow and care;
For each social sympathy joining its scope,
Gives fruition for doubt, and enjoyment for hope;
While gally goes the glass,
Each toasts his fav'rite lass,
And the patriot's pledge goes round,
Then song and story mingle,
And the merry glasses gingle,
Till the head grows light,
And the wits take flight,
Or in the bowl are drown'd.

TIME IS!

A WOOD-CUTTER's daughter young Eleanor was,
And passing fair to see;
And Eleanor won young Valentine's heart,
A shepherd swain was he;

But Eleanor slighted her love lorn dear,
Which rueful made his phiz;
While Cupid he whisper'd in Eleanor's ear,
"Remember now time is!"

Young Valentine, vex'd to the heart at her slights,
Resolv'd to hang, that's poz—
So married another: while Cupid, so arch,
To Eleanor cried, "Time was!"
Thus Ellen coquetted, till left i'the lurch,
She grew an old maid at last;
Now the villagers cry, while they point to the church,
"Poor Eleanor! time is past!"

MODES OF INVASION.

WE'RE told that the French to invade us intend,
And no wonder if Bonaparte's madness thus end,
For the man is most likely, it must be allow'd,
In the air to build castles who lives at St. *Cloud*.
Tol de rol.

They'll come, we are told, or fame makes a faux pas,
In balloons, to be fill'd with the smoke of burnt straw,
And it's quite a-pro-pos that a plan without joke,
Which is founded in vapour should finish in smoke.
Tol de rol.

Then some say they'll come here in flat-bottom'd boats,
To reap a good harvest, and sow their wild oats;
But the harvest they fancy to reap will be smash'd,
And their oats and themselves get confoundedly thrash'd.
Tol de rol.

But how to get here the French needn't take pains,
To project this or that way, or puzzle their brains;

Let them once put to sea, and they'll soon find escorts,
For our sailors will pilot them into our ports.
Tol de rol.

As a proof that they'll come, the French ev'ry day toast,
" That Frenchman who first sets his foot on our coast;"
But he'll not keep his footing, I'll wager a crown,
So let us toast " the Briton that first knocks him down."
Tol de rol, &c.

RUSTIC's THEATRICAL TOUR.

AT Lunnun, to th' theatres oft would I trudge,
For I reckons myself now a bit of a judge;
At a place called Uproar, their acting's odd stuff,
Tho' I must say their singers are decent enough;
But altho' the critics my judgment condemn,
Their dancers, I saw nothing decent in them.

Spoken. [Ecod! the lady dancers were all the kick, and spun round so, they seemed determined to shew their agility. By gems, they made me feel rather—
Fal, lal, &c.

There's Astley's and Circus are drollish to see,
Where men, women, and horse actors, plenty there be;
And then Sadler's have been a fav'rite of mine,
There you laugh till you're dry, and may then call for wine;
I should like to be there, and tho' not stock'd wi' wealth,
A bottle I'd crack to his Majesty's health,

Spoken. [God bless him, and may his arms produce peace: then we shall sing,
Fal, lal, &c.

Drury-lane is the place for a tragedy play,
Where so nat'ral as life they do kill and do slay;

The little Haymarket comes next in the pack,
Where to finger the cash they've got Three-finger'd Jack;
And then Covent-Garden was ev'ry night full,
For, dang it, who wouldn't stand up for John Bull?

Spoken. [They says Bonaparte will come, but if he does, John Bull and his family knows how to give him the—

Fal, lal, &c.

BONY THE BANTAM.

NO doubt you all think me a queer little prig,
But your thoughts and yourselves I defy;
Tho' my body is little, my soul's very big,
And a terrible fellow am I!
I brag and I swear, and I strut and I stride,
My name all your feelings will shock;
When you hear it, your faces with terror you'll hide,
For I'm Bony the Bantam Cock.

The English newspapers my fame would bereave,
But I fancy it's pretty well known;
Tho' they say for my actions I take French leave,
I take nobody's leave but my own.
But these English newspapers, I'll soon let 'em know,
That, in spite of their efforts to mock,
I'm determin'd upon my own dunghill to crow,
Like a true little Bantam Cock.

LAMBS TO SELL.

BY selling young lambs, I to meet make both ends,
Of course these young lambs are my very best friends;
So as friendship for int'rest now serves as a score,
I'll sell my best friends, like a great many more.
Lambs to sell! young lambs to sell!

Of buying and selling the world is quite full,
But there's often "Great cry where there's but little wool;"
So France deals in freedom, and cries it all round,
But we know "Empty vessels will make the most sound."
Lambs to sell.

Pretty lambs are the French, and the shepherd of Gaul,
To invade us declares, he'll slaughter 'em all,
Which argues my simile perfect to keep,
If the French are all lambs, Bonaparte's a black sheep.
Lambs to sell.

CLICK CLACK.

A MILLER I am, and respected's my name,
And some three or four years since I buried my dame;
A good soul she was, tho' my patience she tried,
But I found a vast change in the house when she died;
For 'tween her and my mill seem'd perpetual strife,
For click clack went my mill, and click clack went my wife.

A daughter she left me, her image complete,
Whom I fancied would render life's evening sweet;
But she fell in love, and so then we fell out,
And from morning to night here's a pother and rout;
So her mother forget, while she lives I ne'er shall,
For click clack goes my mill, and click clack goes my girl.

I've a little welch maid, with a spirit quite high,
And at her, I own, I have cast a sheep's eye;
But she's not to be caught by a pray'r or a purse,
So perhaps I may take her for better or worse;
And then my wife's spirit will never be laid,
For click clack goes my mill, and click clack goes my maid.

WILL THE MILLER.

MANY lads have courted me,
Woo'd with gold and silver,
But none that I could ever see,
Was equal to the miller.
Oh! the bonny miller!
Heigho!
Sweet Willy O!
The bonny, bonny, bonny miller.

Father to his daughter kind,
Deign'd with hope to fill her;
But soon, alas! he chang'd his mind,
And forbids the miller.
Bonny Will, &c.

If father to his daughter still
Is cross, with grief he'll kill her;
But give my hand, I never will,
To any but the miller.
Bonny Will, &c.

DAL DY TAFOD.

PONAPARTE may poast and prag,
Hur will find 'tis dim cymraeg,
If Wales hur tries to have it;
In England hur will find out too,
'Tis all *dim saesneg*—what say you?
So Pony, dal dy tafod!
Look you;
Pony, dal dy tafod!

Let hur come and cut, 'tis vain!
Hur won't find "cut and come again!"

If on our shore hur waddles,
In Prittain hur will find hur match,
For if hurself the knave could catch,
Hur'd cuff her scurvy noddles,
Look you.
Cuff, &c.

TAR's DUTY.

BORN at sea, and my cradle a frigate,
The boatswain he nurs'd me true blue;
I soon learnt to fight, drink, and jig it,
And quiz every soul of the crew.
So merrily push round the glasses,
And strike up the fiddles, huzza!
And foot it away with the lasses,
Tol de rol, heave a head! pull away!

A tar, tho' his hopes should be lopp'd off,
His courage should ever hold fast;
So Tom Tough, when the colours were popp'd off,
His red jacket nail'd to the mast:
So merrily, &c.

To love and to fight's a tar's duty,
And either delight to him bring,
To live with his fav'rite beauty,
Or die for his country and king.
So merrily, &c.

FARMER, MILLER, AND SAILOR.

IF Mounseur tries by landing to brave ye,
What would you do? *(To Farmer.*

FARMER.

——— And you do? *(To Miller.*

MILLER AND FARMER.

——— And you? *(To Sailor.*

SAILOR.

I warrant each tar in the navy,
Would prove himself British true-blue.
But, suppose they should land, and this way roam?

FARMER.

We farmers would shew 'em true harvest home.
What says Master Miller?

MILLER.

——————— Our motto they'd find,
"More sacks on the mill, grind! grind! grind!"

OMNES.

So Frenchmen, beware, how you venture your tricks,
Or here send your liberty's jailer;
For you'll find us prepar'd, like the bundle of sticks,
Or the Farmer, the Miller, and Sailor.

SAILOR.

I warrant we'll keel-haul their flat-bottom'd boats,

MILLER.

Their mill clacks we'll stop, I've a notion;

FARMER.

They'd plough up our freehold to sow their wild oats,

SAILOR.

But never while we plough the ocean.

FARMER.

To their lot may the ploughshare of Britain ne'er fall,

MILLER.

The ploughshare! why, zounds! they've got no share at all;
For if they come here, our motto they'll find,
"More sacks," &c.

KATHLEEN AND PATRICK.

KATH.

REMEMBER as once we sat under an oak,
How warmly you prest me, how tenderly spoke!
And begg'd I'd not let you despair;
Recollect then what happen'd.

PAT.

——————— I do, from the grove
The birds carol'd joy and delight to our love.

KATH.

O, no! from the oak,
A raven's hoarse croak,
Seem'd to say, "Foolish Kathleen beware."

REPEAT.

She. O, no! from the oak, &c.
He. Ah! no, from the oak,
The raven's hoarse croak,
Never meant "Foolish Kathleen, beware."

PAT.

That you never would doubt me, reflect, was your theme,
As we wander'd one day by the side of a stream;
Ah! why then give way to despair?

KATH.

I remember an angler his bait threw about,
And a poor captive fish very soon he drew out;
Now plainly I see,
'Twas a lesson to me,
That meant, "foolish Kathleen, beware."

REPEAT.

Kath. Now plainly, &c.
Pat. I ne'er will agree,
'Twas a lesson to me,
That meant, &c.

PAT OF LONDONDERRY.

ONCE, alas! a heart I had,
Gay as May-day morning,
Till by chance I met a lad—
That day was sorrow's dawning.
The lad he play'd a lover's part,
And seem'd so blythe and merry,
That soon I lost my simple heart,
To Pat of Londonderry.

He vow'd my hopes he'd never blight,
But ne'er his promise keeping,
Tho' oft he swore my eyes were bright,
He dimm'd those eyes with weeping!
And now he fills that heart with pain
He found so blythe and mery;
Ah! could I get my heart again,
From Pat of Londonderry.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A LAWYER, quite famous for making a bill,
And who in good living delighted,
To dinner one day, with a hearty good-will,
Was by a rich client invited!
But he charg'd 6s. 8d. for going to dine,
Which the client he paid, tho' no ninny;
And in turn charg'd the lawyer for dinner and wine,
One a crown, and the other a guinea!

But gossips, you know, have a saying in store,
He who matches a lawyer, has only one more.

The lawyer he paid it, and took a receipt,
While the client star'd at him with wonder;
But gave to his friends, with the produce, a treat,
Tho' the lawyer soon made him knock under:
That his client sold wine, information he laid,
Without licence; and, in spite of his storming,
The client a good thumping penalty paid,
And the lawyer got half for informing!
But gossips, &c.

IRISH COURTSHIP.

WHEN a lad comes a courting, how bashful he'll stand,
With his hat hanging down, and his head in his hand!
Then he'll hammer and stammer, tho' nothing he'll say,
But swearing he loves you, stand kneeling all day;
That he'll kill himself, vows, if you won't be his wife,
And his ghost will torment you the rest of his life.
But, arrah! be easy, it ne'er teazes me,
I always say nothing, and sing Grammachree!

If to wed you agree, to relieve all his cares,
He'll give himself graces, in spite of your airs;
Like a husband, he pouts and looks angry, the elf,
If you speak to another, unless it's himself!
But how can the fool get it into his head
That a wife will obey him before she is wed?
But, arrah, &c.

BALLAD.

THE flowers they blossom, the meads they look gay,
Lambs frolic, and birds sweetly carol away;

The scene's all in motion, all nature looks glad,
Then why should the hearts of poor mortals be sad?
The blossom and the berry,
The bird that sings so merry,
The meads so gay,
And lambs that play,
Each sorrow bid us bury.
Sing fal, lal, la.

Poor mortals to sorrow should rarely incline,
Since 'tis weak for what can't be cur'd to repine;
And what time may make better for grief give no scope,
For the band of all sorrow is flattering hope.
The blossom, &c.

IRISH VOLUNTEER.

I LISTED with old Blinking Barney,
A patriot loyal and stout,
Who being de clerk of Killarney,
One Sunday, in church, he bawl'd out:
Good people, to-day all togidder,
Since all minds volunteering absorps,
In the church-yard we'll meet to consider,
The best way of raising a corps!
Sing whack, and sing doraloo, &c.

From a wooden tomb-stone he harangu'd 'em,
"The French say they'll come;" but not when—
When they do, as so often we've bang'd 'em,
The best way's to do it again.
For our captain, there's Doctor M'Larish,
He'll soon bad enough make their case;
For since he first physic'd this parish
He's kill'd every soul i'the place.
Sing whack, &c.

Come, enter then, ev'ry son's mother,
For hanging back now were a crime,
Your names I'll take down without bother,
All together, just one at a time;
If you conquer, success to your capers,
And if you are kilt, wid what pride
You'll see your own names in the papers,
And rade how like soldiers you died!
Sing whack, &c.

CURLY-HEADED BOY.

MY father was a farmer, and father's son am I,
And down in these parts I was born;
When but a saucy urchin, not half a handful high,
I tended the sheep night and morn.
Both dad and mammy spoil'd me, I was their only joy,
And they call'd me their pretty little curly-headed boy;
So I play'd and prank'd it prettily, for life is but a toy
To the very merry pretty little curly-headed boy.

But soon I shot up taller, ill weeds they grow apace,
Then who was so likely as I?
The ruddy glow of healthfulness stood laughing in my face,
And I reckon I look'd pretty sly;
For our village girls would titter, and would cry, with seeming joy,
See, there goes the pretty little curly-headed boy;
So I kiss'd and romp'd it prettily, for love was but a toy,
To the very merry, saucy little curly-headed boy.

Now dad and mam are dead and gone, the little farm my own,
But so stupid's a bachelor's life
I'ze resolv'd, for sure and cartain, I'ze no longer live alone,
So in that case, mun get me a wife;

Then the image of his dad I shall see, to crown my joy,
On my knee another pretty little curly-headed boy;
O, I'ze nurse and teach it prettily, while wife will cry wid joy,
"How like his dad's the pretty little curly-headed boy!"

OLD LUBIN.

BESIDE a small stream, where grows many a willow,
Stands the cot of Old Lubin the swain,
Content cheers his threshold, health softens his pillow,
And Lubin's the father of Jane;
His locks they are grey, but his nerves are well strung,
And he taught her a ditty, which often he sung,
"When the rose-leaf is blighted, its perfumes remain,"
Sung Lubin, Old Lubin, the father of Jane.

"Your eyes they are bright, and your cheeks they are blooming,"
He said, "but this counsel I give,
"Frail beauty time quickly is sure of consuming,
"While virtue for ever will live."
His locks, &c.

FORTUNE TELLER.

MY hand it was cross'd by a buxom lass,
Says she, "You can tell what will come to pass."
Fal, lal.
"Pray, how many husbands for me are in store?
Says I, "You'll outlive 'em, if you bury four;"
Says she, "That's very well, but pray how many more?"
Fal, lal.

The truth of her hopes to understand,
An old maid was the next to cross my hand;
Fal, lal.
"Shall I marry?" she ask'd, between hopes and fears,
I answer'd, "Dear ma'am, you must wait, it appears;"
"Fough!" said she, "tell me news, I've known that forty years."
Fal, lal.

Said a prude, "I than marry would sooner lead apes;"
I replied, "Have you read of the fox and the grapes?"
Fal, lal.
I told a sad widow a new husband she'd find;
"What," said she, "wed again, when my last was so kind?"
But we all must submit to what fate has design'd.
Fal, lal.

JUSTICE QUORUM.

MY name's Justice Quorum, I'm lord of this village,
And, ifachins! I makes pretty toil of my tillage;
I know little of law, so my wife, that the best is,
Does the law part, while I manufacture the justice;
All should live by their trade, or it isn't fair dealing,
And it's just out of mine that I should get a feeling;
I don't always hear both sides, which strange may appear
To those who don't know that I'm deaf of one ear.

A man feed me once with a small bag of barley,
His opponent six beautiful geese brought to parley;
Goosy carried the cause, when the chandler, offended,
Cried, "I gave you some barley, and on you depended;"
Says I, "True, but just after you left it, in hobbled
Six monstrous geese, and the barley they gobbled;
And, neighbour, you'll own, 'tis no new case to find,
When a thing's out of sight, it gets soon out of mind."

MAY WE HAVE IN OUR ARMS WHAT WE LOVE IN OUR HEARTS.

I'M in love with a gipsey, against common rules,
  But when shot by sly Cupid, few can see;
Love is ever like liquor, for making us fools,
  And beauty's the offspring of fancy.
Modern beauties are paintings, whose colours won't wear,
  Or the stories of fame are untrue, Sir;
And to choose a *black* beauty cou'd never be *fair*,
  While a *brown* one will never look *blue*, Sir.
So once our choice made, a wish reason imparts,
" May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts."

My fortune she told, but the stars in ill cue,
  Misfortune alone were revealing,
For when she was gone, my heart was gone too—
  Your gipsies are famous for stealing.
But, 'faith, I've a mind that my breast mayn't be pang'd,
  The revenge to pursue, her crime courted,
And marry her, that's something like being hang'd,
  While at best it makes you transported.
    For once, &c.

GILES SCROGGINS' GHOST.

GILES Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
  Fol de riddle lol, fol de riddle lido!
The fairest wench in all the town,
  Fol de riddle lol, &c.
He bought a ring, with posey true,
  " If you loves I as I loves you,
No knife can cut our love in two."
  Fol de riddle lol, &c.

But scissars cut as well as knives,
Fol de riddle lol, &c.
And quite uncertain's all our lives,
Fol de riddle lol, &c.
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissars cut poor Giles's thread,
So they could not be mar-ri-ed,
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
Fol de riddle lol, &c.
And cri'd herself quite fast asleep,
Fol de riddle lol, &c.
When standing all by the bed's post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,
And it cri'd, "I beez Giles Scroggins' ghost!"
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The ghost, it said, all solemnly,
Fol de riddle lol, &c.
"O, Molly, you must go with I!
Fol de riddle lol, &c.
All to the grave your love to cool,"—
Says she, "I am not dead, you fool!"
Says the ghost, says he, "That's no rule."
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The ghost he seiz'd her, all so grim,
Fol de riddle lol, &c.
All for to go along with him,
Fol de riddle lol, &c.
"Come, come," said he, "'ere morning beam,"
"I von't," said she, and she scream'd a scream,
Then she woke, and found she'd dreamt a dream.
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

KITTY MAGGS AND JOLTER GILES.

KITTY MAGGS was a servant to Farmer Styles,
And a buxom wench was she;
And her true *lovier* was Jolter Giles,
A ploughman so bold was he;
Giles had wages, five pounds due at Candlemas-tide,
And then he told Kitty he'd make her his bride.
Ding dong, bo!

Betty Blossom she wore a high-caul'd cap,
Which caught fickle Jolter's eye;
And poor Kitty Maggs, O, dire mishap!
Mourn'd his incon-stan-cy!
And high on the bough of an apple tree,
When they married, Kate finish'd her misery.
Ding dong, bo!

At the supper Giles gave for Betty his bride,
An apple pudding had they,
And from the same bough on which poor Kitty died
The apples were pluck'd they say;
The pudding *pies* on it, grew deadly cold!
The death watch tick'd, and the church bell toll'd!
Ding dong, bo!

To carve the pudding was Giles's post,
He cut, and from the gap,
Popp'd the head of poor dear Kitty Maggs's ghost,
All in a new fashion'd *shroud* cap:
Said Giles, "who be you?" said the ghost, "I be I,
A coming to punish your *par-ju-ry!*"
Ding dong, bo!

"O Kitty," said Jolter, "pray alter your note!
"*I von't!*" the ghost replied;
When plump flew the puddding down Giles's throat,
And on the spot he died.

Now his ghost, once a year, bolting pudding is seen,
While blue devils sing, every mouthful between,
Ding dong, bo!

DASHING FISHMONGER.

MAMMA's left off bus'ness, and I've sunk the shop,
So my old trade acquaintance I think I shall drop;
Sam Souchong the grocer, Billy Biscuit the baker,
Tommy Tit the taylor, and Miss Stitch the mantua-maker;
Peter Puff the perfumer, Frank Felt the hatter,
And Sally Score, the bar-maid at the Pewter-Platter;
Miss Minikin the milliner, the pride of city belles,
And funny Joe Grimaldi, the clown of Sadler's Wells.
Ti tiddle, liddle, lol.

All the people direct 'Squire to me when they write,
And mamma talks of having me made a barrow knight;
Sir Jeremy Scaite! O, 'twill sound monstrous pretty,
And I'll drive my bar-rouche, dashing, splashing thro' the city;
I'm a high dog; for a frolic with a dozen,
At the tavern, plump behind the fire popp'd the landlord's cousin;
The landlord cried out, "Gentlemen, my cousin would you kill?"
Says I, "O, dem your cousin, you can charge him in the bill."
Ti tiddle, &c.

HORNS AT HIGHGATE.

JOHNNY the footman, a roving blade,
Fell in love with the waiting-maid Nancy,
He vow'd and he swore, but his promise betray'd,
For John caught his mistress's fancy.

Nancy wimper'd, and told him her faith he'd abus'd,
But Johnny pass'd her with a shy gait;
And Johnny the maid for the mistress refus'd,
Because he'd been sworn at Highgate;
By the monstrous horns at Highgate!
And Johnny, &c.

John married his mistress to fatten his purse,
And happy he was he could get her;
But found that she soon turn'd out all for the worse,
And fear'd that she'd never grow better.
Some call marriage a portion, and others a pill,
And with Johnny it had but a wry gate,
For he found 'twas a tug up a very high hill,
As steep as the hill at Highgate,
As the monstrous hill, &c.

Many folks have strange fancies, and so Johnny's spouse
Of her husband grew tir'd in a twinkling;
And, as accidents happen in every house,
For another she caught a strong inkling:
So Nancy avenging for all Johnny's scorns,
Her husband she gave the go bye gait,
And for legacy, left him a large pair of horns,
As big as the horns at Highgate!
The monstrous, &c.

BEN BACKSTAY.

BEN Backstay was our boatswain, a very merry boy,
For no one half so merrily cou'd pipe all hands, a hoy;
And when it chanc'd his summons we didn't well attend,
No lad than he more merrily could handle a rope's end.
With a chip, chow, fol.

While sailing once, our captain, who was a jolly dog,
One day he gave to ev'ry mess a double share of grog;
Ben Backstay he got tipsy, all to his heart's content,
And, being half seas over, why overboard he went.
With a chip, &c.

A shark was on the starboard—sharks don't for manners stand—
But grapple all that they come near, just like your sharks on land;
We threw out Ben some tackling, of saving him in hopes,
But the shark had bit his head off, so he could not see the rope.
With a chip, &c.

Without a head his ghost appear'd, all on the briny lake,
He pip'd all hands a hoy, and cried, "lads, warning by me take,
By drinking grog I lost my life, so lest my fate you meet,
Why, never mix your liquor, lads, but always drink it neat.
With a chip, &c.

BEAUTY OF BATTERSEA.

WHEN I was fifteen,
Such an air, such a mean,
I possess'd, you'll not in these latter days see,
Such an eye, such a tongue,
With my praises all rung,
And call'd me the Beauty of Battersea.
Beaux came so pell mell,
I was call'd the *Bow Bell*,
And not long did I wait
Ere dear Mr. Scaite
He married the Beauty of Battersea.

Now older I'm grown,
But my charms are full blown,
None aught with my face can the matter see;
And then in my mien
Is quite plain to be seen
The remains of the Beauty of Battersea;
I can ogle and leer,
And now I am here:
A smile and a smirk
May win the grand Turk,
To marry the Beauty of Battersea.

HAPPY BRITAIN.

BRITAIN, happy, happy land!
Seagirt seat of freedom pure;
Whose floating towers the sea command,
From invasion rude secure!
Pride, with insolent parade,
Hostile force may be preparing,
But he who dares thy shores invade
Dies the victim of his daring!
For Britain, daughter of the sea,
Ever was, and will be free!

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

O dear! O dear! how weary am I,
I'm so tir'd and so jaded, could lay down and die!
Life itself is a load, which I scarcely can bear,
But the burden's augmented by labour and care;
O, death, come, in pity the burden take off,
Of a very old man, with a very short cough!
Ugh! Ugh! *(coughing)* what a terrible cough!

Come, death! come, death!—

DOCTOR. *(Entering.)*

——————— Assistance I bring;

OLD MAN.

You an't death———

DOCTOR.

——————— I am the doctor, that's all the same thing

OLD MAN.

O, give me assistance; ———

DOCTOR.

——————— First give me a fee.

OLD MAN.

Nature's debt would I pay ——

DOCTOR.

——————— You had better pay me.

OLD MAN.

O, death! or, O, doctor! the burden take off,
Of a very old man, with a very short cough!
Ugh! &c.

PUCK, NIGHTMARE, AND GHOST.

MY name's Robin Goodfellow, a mischievous loon,
And I play many pranks by the light of the moon;
The sheep I unfold, and the cattle I pound,
And I alter the clock, when the maids sleep sound;
Then when the moon's down, Jack-a-lantern I play,
And laugh at the blockheads I lead astray;
(To Nightmare.)
But, pray, who are you, if the question's fair?

NIGHTMARE.

Why, I'm the hobgoblin they call the Nightmare!
On the breast of a doctor, if I take my post,
He's certain to dream of a patient's ghost.
(To Ghost.)
But talk of the devil, his imp comes in view,
So, with deference, pray, Mr. Ghost, who are you?

GHOST.

Why, I am the Ghost, sir, such terror who spread,
In the Park, a few nights since, without my head.

PUCK.

But now your head's on ———

GHOST.

——— But the folks to alarm,
If I please, I can put my head under my arm.
(Takes it off, and puts it under his arm.

ALL THREE.

Then ever we three,
Merry spirits agree,
For mischief's our motto, wherever we be.

NIGHTMARE.

In a frolic last night, I at France took a peep,
Popp'd on Bonaparte's breast, who lay fast asleep;
When he bawl'd out, as dreaming of conscience and crime,
"Mr. Devil, you've come for me 'fore my time."

PUCK.

I popp'd in upon him too, when in a doze,
And wak'd him politely, by tweaking his nose;
I appear'd in the shape of a flat-bottom'd boat,
Said he, "This my armies to England shall float,
And my flat-bottom'd boats, when the English view,"—
Says I, "I'd not row in the same boat with you."

GHOST.

T'other night, as awake Bony lay, I vow,
I before him appear'd, with my head as 'tis now;
(Under his arm.
Says he, "Whence came you, who yourself here are shewing."
"From England," said I—said he, "That's where I'm going."
"Two words to that bargain," I cried. "I'm afraid,"
Replied he, "'Tis the worst bargain I ever made,
But th' invasion I'll head, tho' I feel much alarm,
Lest my own head, like yours, should get under my arm."

TRIO.

Thus all we three
Merry spirits agree
To teaze Britain's foes, wherever we be.

ANCIENT BRITONS.

YOUR primitive Britons, as patriots none greater,
Unincumber'd with dress, unaccustom'd to fears,
Resolv'd to defend the rights given by nature,
Met each foe that invaded, with clubs, slings, and spears;
They were like swarms of bees, and their spears were their stings,
While to pave way to victory over their foes,
They left no stone unturn'd that would fit in their slings,
And their club law was constantly knock down blows.
No quarrels they sought, nor refus'd what might come,
And their watch-word in battle was, "Britons strike home!"

Tho' Britons, like Catabaws, ne'er threw a hatchet,
With their axes, like woodmen, they lopp'd off the foe;
And as an ill compliment do not attach it,
If I say, none were like them to draw the long bow;

Next, in armour of iron the gauntlet they threw,
Then made every foe run the gauntlet they found;
And whoe'er, when the keen biting broad sword they drew,
Shew'd their teeth, as a foe, were soon made bite the ground.
No quarrel, &c.

Their cross-bow-men in ev'ry foes breast found a target,
When gunpowder chang'd the whole method of fight,
With their matchlocks they'd match all you could near or far get,
And to conquest, e'en cannon law prov'd Britain's right.
Let our foes talk then, no living language yet found,
Could intimidate us; so they'd better be mum—
Then for language, this they'll find true classic ground,
For we'll teach them the dead ones as soon as they come.
No quarrels we seek, nor refuse what may come,
And with us, like our fathers, 'tis "Britons strike home!"

SONS OF ALBION.

SONS of Albion, sound to arms!
The hour of glory's near;
And if the name of Briton charms,
Or freedom's sweets are dear;
Fly, fly, to prove your charter'd claim,
To those blest sweets, that envied name.
And when in freedom's cause you go,
To meet a proud insulting foe,
Oh, emulate your race of yore,
"Return victorious, or return no more!"

LET 'EM COME.

SAILOR.

THE foe, on one string always strumming, boys,
Declare to attack us they're coming, boys,
But I fancy they're only humming boys.
What say you? *(To Soldier.)*

SOLDIER.

Let 'em come, let 'em come, if resolv'd to attack,
The best way to come, they their brains needn't rack,
They'd much better study the way to get back.
What say you? *(To Sailor.)*

SAILOR.

I say so too—

SOLDIER.

And so do I—

BOTH.

Let 'em come, let 'em come, we their force defy,
Then strike hands, *(join hands)* for together we'll conquer or die.
Tol de rol, de rol liddle lol, &c.
Cheery, my hearts, yo! yo!

SOLDIER.

If to make us pay shot they require, boys,
We'll give them their hearts desire, boys,
With, make ready, present, and fire, boys!
What say you? *(To Sailor.)*

SAILOR.

Helm-a-port, helm-a-lee, or aloft, or below,
Wind fouly, or fairly, we'll soon make the foe,
When once half seas over, quite how come you so.
What say you? *(To Soldier.)*

SOLDIER.

I say so too, &c.

YAWNING.

HOW I love to laugh!
Never was a weeper,
Tho', like a lazy calf,
Have been a mighty sleeper.
Once I got a place,
But lost it the same morning,
'Cause, in my patron's face,
I some how fell a yawning.
Yea, au, au, tol, lol, yea, au, au.

Then I fell in love,
Hoping to get married,
Tried my nymph to move,
And near my point had carried,
But lost her in a pet,
'Cause, going to kiss one morning,
Just as our lips had met,
Some devil set me yawning.
Yea, &c.

Now comes the worst mishap,
Once being shav'd so nice, Sir,
I gap'd, and Mr. Strap,
He gave me such a slice, Sir.

But all my griefs to tell
Would take a summer's morning,
So mum would be as well,
Lest I should set you yawning.
Yea, &c.

ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

THE rose of the valley in spring time was gay,
The rose of the valley it wither'd away;
The swains all admir'd it, its praises repeat,
An emblem of virtue, so simple and sweet;
But the blight marr'd the blossom, and soon, well a-day,
The rose of the valley it wither'd away.

The rose of the valley a truth can impart,
By the rose of the valley I picture my heart;
The sun of content cheer'd the morn of its birth,
By innocence render'd a heav'n on earth;
But virtue and peace left the spot, well-a-day!
And the rose of the valley it wither'd away.

THE CONJURER.

MY master's a conjurer, monstrously high,
Heigh cocolorum jig,
And he deals with the old one, between you and I,
Heigh, &c.
So I'll give him the slip, lest the old one, when he
For my master looks in, by mistake should take me.
With his cabala, &c.

Master studies the stars, to see how they prevail,
And says he a comet could catch by the tail;

That he muzzled the dog-star, and talks to such tune,
I think he's been bit by the man in the moon.
With his cabala, &c.

With ghosts and hobgoblins he rides thro' the air,
His coach a black cloud, and his horse the nightmare,
And with him, as a lacquey, he'd have me to gog,
But I shouldn't much like to be lost in a fog.
With his cabala, &c.

But if he should hear, I no mercy shall find,
He'll pay me my wages by raising the wind;
Turn me into a stone, or perhaps to a tree,
Then a sweet pretty babe in the wood I shall be.
With his cabala, &c.

LAURA OF THE VALE.

WITH hat of straw, and susset gown,
Her ringlets hung a down, a down,
And wanton'd in the gale;
With honest heart and simple mein,
How blest an humble village queen,
Sweet Laura of the Vale!
Sing down, a down.

By greatness lur'd, she sought the town,
Her caution all adown, adown,
And hapless is the tale!
Deceiv'd and lost, a fatal proof
That peace from error stands aloof;
Died Laura of the Vale.
Sing down, &c.

MINSTRELS.

SECOND MINSTREL.

MISSA mine, why dress so gay?
Ho, ching! hi, ching! cherico!

FIRST MINSTREL.

To wed a lady fair to-day.

THIRD MINSTREL.

Ho, ching! &c.

FIRST MINSTREL.

O! how blest will be my life!

THIRD MINSTREL. *(Aside to second.)*

We'll run away with massa's wife,
Ho, ching! &c.

FIRST MINSTREL.

Will you steal my lady slave?

SECOND MINSTREL.

Ho, ching! &c.
Like men of honour we'll behave.

THIRD MINSTREL.

Ho, ching! &c.
Pop off your wife.

FIRST MINSTREL.

And what next do?

SECOND MINSTREL.

In a duel then pop off you,
Ho, ching! &c.

Oboe flute and trumpet blowing,
Fiddle, drum, and basso going,
Make a very great, grand crasho!
Altogether come dash smasho!
Piano! pianissimo! diminuendo!
It's now piano, and now crescendo!
Mezzo forte,
Forte, forte,
O, fortissimo!

FIFTEEN AND THREESCORE.

IF I was to wed you, how blest should I be!
Your qualifications now first let me see:
If not quite threescore, you're not very far off,
And troubled, ugh! ugh! with a terrible cough:
Besides, you've the gout, and you'd make a pretty beau,
Hobling after me, with the gout in your toe:
"Love me, I pray you now, love me, I pray you now,
Love me as your life,"
And Muggins and Jenny, and Muggins and Jenny,
Will soon be man and wife."

Then as years would increase, you'd get older, no doubt,
When, what with the phthisic, old age, and the gout;
Why, guardee, for a husband, I think I should have soon
Nothing more than a troublesome old slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and a crutch stick in your hand,
Still after me you'd hobble, if your legs obey'd command.
Love me, &c.

MOCK ITALIAN BRAVURA.

AT chaunting a grand pomposo,
My master so great was he;
Allegro and amoroso,
He sung all with merry glee,
Baraba, barapa, barara, barapa, baraba, bara;
Carava, barava, barava, carava, bara, la!
At chaunting a grand pomposo,
My master might clever be;
Allegro and amoroso,
I sing just as well as he.
I sing in sweet stuccato,
To notes of Pizzicato,
And then in soft falsetto,
A stanza chaunt, if you piacuto,
Or make it two with sostenuto;
And close in a duetto.
In dear Italiano,
My subject is piano,
Soft melting mimums then I futio,
And in the tenderest cadence mutio;
But best I sing in seminot a,
For they come squeezing thro' my throata,
But when in deepest basso,
My notes more freely passo;
Then I get into the middle,
With a solo on the fiddle;
Toot! toot! toot!
De little flute;
Tum, dum, dum,
De great big drum;
Trumpet blow, tan ta ra.
Oboe go, pa, pa, pa,
Then triangle,
Tingle tangle.

MATTHEW MUGGINS.

SOME say that a bachelor's life won't do,
  Others say, that it's merry and mellow;
Some say, that it's like an old glove, or a shoe,
  Good for nothing—for want of a fellow;
A bachelor I, to wed not afraid,
  If a partner for life I could gain;
I'm warm in the pocket, a chandler by trade,—
  Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

I think I had best advertise for a wife,
  As our general method in trade is,
"A gentleman wanting a partner for life,
  Gives this gentle hint to the ladies;
I don't care how pretty she is, if no shrew,
  If good-humour'd, don't mind if she's plain;
If wearing the small-cloaths she'll always leave to
  Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

If nineteen to the dozen, when kind her tongue goes,
  I could listen all day to her prattle;
If her clapper runs cross, I need only suppose,
  'Tis the watchman a-springing his rattle;
She may dress as she likes—only dress'd let her go,
  Naked Venus's don't suit my vein;
Such, such is the wife, for that neat little beau,
  Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane."

TOM TACK.

TOM Tack was the shipmate for duty,
  Till fortune she gave him a twitch;
For Tom fell in love with a beauty;
  He'd better have fall'n in a ditch:

With his fair he could get no promotion,
So Tom, like a desperate dog,
He drown'd all his cares in the ocean—
But then 'twas the ocean of grog.

True love, when it's slighted, will canker,
So Tom, when the bo'swa'n wa'n't by,
Minded less about heaving the anchor
Than he did about heaving a sigh.
Then, for the last time to be jolly,
He invited each soul in the ship;
With a shot then he finish'd his folly,
But 'twas the shot paid for the flip.

In folly thus faster and faster,
Tom went on, in search of relief;
Till one day a shocking disaster,
Without a joke finish'd his grief:
If his fair one's heart he cou'dn't mellow,
He'd hang himself, often he said;
So his neck in a noose put, poor fellow!—
In plain English, one day he got wed.

TRIO.

MUGGINS.

Mrs. Grundy, where's my hat and wig? why, zooks! I'm in a hurry,

MRS. GRUNDY.

A coming, Mr. Muggins, why you put one in a flurry.

MUGGINS.

The rowing-match wont wait for us, so, if you mean to go,
You must make a little haste, or else you'll lose the show.

MRS. GRUNDY.

I am ready, don't you see?

JENNY.

And, Guardee, so am I.

MUGGINS.

Then let us all be off,

JENNY.

I'm so impatient, I could fly:

MUGGINS.

Because, if Joe should win the day, you'll surely married be;

MRS. GRUNDY.

I don't know how it is, but all get wed but me.

MUGGINS.

Why, Grundy, you're a clever soul.

MRS. GRUNDY.

You flatter, Mr. Muggins,
You put me so in mind of one, my poor dear Grundy, dead and gone;
How sweetly he would flatter me, when I was Hannah Huggins.

MUGGINS.

Then I'll put you more in mind of him, for when Joe marries Jane,
Why you and I will make a match, if your consent I gain.

MRS. GRUNDY.

O dear, sir, how you make me blush, of pow'r of speech you've rid me;
But as you are my master, why I must do as you bid me.

MUGGINS.

Agreed, my girl.

JENNY.

I wish you joy!

MRS. GRUNDY.

I thank you very kindly.

MUGGINS.

And none of us, I think, this day have made our choices blindly;
So then, for better and for worse, let's all take Hymen's fitter,
There's many make their choices worse, and few can make 'em better.

JENNY.

Then to the rowing-match, which, if Joe loses, will be nauseous;

MUGGINS.

And, if he wins, he'll surely be a perfect water Roscius;

OMNES.

Then let's away, blythe and gay,
To see the water Roscius.

FOUR HONOURS.

A good subject to treat,
You're at no loss to meet,
In England, which millions displays;
There's our king—you'll say he
No subject can be,
Unless it's a subject for praise.

Agricultural aids,
Prove our king king of spades,

Britain's wealth king of diamonds imparts;
To our foes, sorry scrubs,
He'll prove king of clubs,
But at home always prove king of hearts.

Thus four honours in hand,
His game's sure to stand,
Tho' our foes to bravade him don't stick;
But his volunteer guards
Are so many trump cards,
To shew Bonaparte the odd trick!

THE TRUANT HEART.

ONCE my heart the truant play'd,
Patience, how I sigh'd, and said,
What can be the matter, Kitty?
No answer could I make to that,
My heart kept going pit-a-pat,
While still my mother would be at,
"Why, what can be the matter, Kitty?"
How I sigh'd,
Laugh'd and cri'd,
And sung fal, lal.

The youth I lov'd he ask'd to wed,
Blushing, when, "O! yes," I said,
What could, &c.
I went to church, but went to wait,
The lad he came an hour too late,
And so I sent him packing strait;
Tho'—what could, &c.
How I sigh'd, &c.

THE BEAUTIES OF BRITAIN.

THE beauties of Britain are prizes so rare,
To obtain 'em, none perils should wave;
For he who'd not volunteer life for the fair,
Deserves to be cut by the brave.

Capt C. S. Scarlet

The soldiers are lads for the ladies,

Capt C. M. Mainmast

But tars best their rigging protect;

OAT Land

And the farmer to feed 'em, whose trade is,
British beauties will never neglect.

Capt C. S. Scarlet

When colours presenting at head of the corps,
How noble a lady looks:—

Capt C. M. Mainmast

——— Pshaw!
She looks best on the deck of a seventy-four.

OAT Land

I like my wife best in the straw.

Capt C. M. Mainmast

Thus all have their liking, and each has his taste,

Capt C. S. Scarlet

Which from custom and nature have birth;

OAT Land

But each scene by a good British woman that's grac'd,
Must sure be a heaven on earth.

OMNES.

And this ground we'll all stand, as 'tis fit on,
Against all who may trial provoke;
Huzza! for the Beauties of Britain,
May they all marry hearts of oak!

POLL OF HORSELEY DOWN.

YE landsmen and ye seamen, be you a-head or stern,
Come listen unto me, and a story you shall learn;
It's of one Captain Oakum that you shall quickly hear,
Who was the bold commander of the Peggy privateer:
And he his colours never struck, so great was his renown,
To never no one soul on earth, but Poll of Horseley Down.

Miss Polly was a first-rate, trick'd out in flashy gear,
And Captain Oakum met her, as to Wapping he did steer:
And as he stood a viewing her, and thinking of no hurt,
A porter passing with a load, capsiz'd him in the dirt;
Then taking out his 'bacco-box, that cost him half-a-crown,
He took a quid, and heav'd a sigh to Poll of Horseley Down.

He soon found out Poll's father, and dress'd in rich array,
He got permission for to court, and so got under weigh;
Miss Polly she receiv'd him all for a lover true,
And quite *inamorated* of her he quickly grew:
He squir'd and convey'd her all over London town,
Until the day was fix'd to wed with Poll of Horseley Down.

But Poll she was a knowing one, as you shall quickly find,
And this here Captain Oakum, why love had made him blind;
One morning in her chamber he found a Cockney lout,
So captain shov'd the window up, and chuck'd my gem'man out;
Then cock'd his arms a kimbo, and looking with a frown,
He took a quid, and bid good bye to Poll of Horseley Down.

THE SOLDIER.

THE soldier who to battle goes,
And danger braves for duty,
Altho' he laughs at fear or foes,
Like others sighs for beauty;
For Cupid's a gen'ral whom all must obey,
As the bravest of mortals must prove,
For no weapon, tho' keenest that art can display,
Can wound like the arrow of love.

The soldier from the field returns,
To tell his martial story;
With joy his ardent bosom burns,
To gain the meed of glory;
But glory you'll find little more than a name,
And affection much sweeter will prove,
For tho' grateful the much envy'd laurel of fame,
Much dearer's the myrtle of love.

DRUNKEN DIRECTORY.

IN Featherbed-lane I arose,
Went to Milk-street my breakfast to find,
To Pudding-lane next then I *goes*,
Between that and Pye-corner I din'd;

Being thirsty, I wander'd again,
A place proper for drinking to meet,
I didn't much like Water-lane,
So got tipsy in Liquor-pond-street.

But not having here drank my fill,
In Sun-street I finish'd the game,
Till my head it was all Addle-hill,
And down Gutter-lane sprawling I came;
Leg-alley to master I try'd,
But found 'twas all Labour in vain;
For I stagger'd so from side to side,
I thought ev'ry place Crooked-lane.

At the Brewers I got a fresh pot,
At the Tumbledown Dick had a fall;
At the Green Man and Still spirits got,
But stuck fast in the Hole in the Wall:
At the Shoulder of Mutton and Cat,
Grown hungry, I eat like a glutton,
For your cat, says I, you may take that,
(Snapping his fingers.
Only give me the shoulder of mutton.

Now wanting a good parting cup,
A dollar I spent at the Crown,
And being completely knock'd up,
By the Hammer and Hand was knock'd down:
In the watch-house I got, don't know how,
Then being, as quickly I found,
As tipsy as Davy's old sow,
I look'd like the hog in the pound.

THE TALKING BIRD.

I'M the famous Talking-Bird, and the wonder of the age,
Chick-a-biddy, pretty dickey, cock-a-doodle doo!
To talk with me, no magpye, daw, nor parrot, dare engage,
But nothing but a woman's tongue I'd ever give-in to;
For sure to vie with woman I should be a silly dunce,
For they know all the parts of speech, and speak them all at once.
Fal, lal, &c.

Then comes the wond'rous singing-tree, set by a magic elf,
Chick-a-biddy, pretty dickey, cock-a-doodle-doo!
Which, just like marriage music, makes a consort of itself,
But as that's sometimes out of tune, the likeness won't go thro';
Its leaves will make nice music-books, to teach melodious grace,
Its root is like a rogue in grain, because it's through bass.
Fal, lal, &c.

Then after you the singing-tree and talking-bird behold,
Chick-a-biddy, pretty dickey, cock-a-doodle doo!
Last comes the magic fountain, whose water's liquid gold,
And what you sprinkle with it, in its proper form you view;
'Twill lawyers to dark lanthorns turn, a poet to a pen,
And doctors undertakers, 'cause they're famous for dead men.
Fal, lal, &c.

IRISH AUCTIONEER.

YOUR laughter I'll try to provoke
With the wonders I got in my travels;
And first is a pig in a poke,
Next a law case without any cavils:
A straw poker, a tiffany boat,
Paper boats, to walk dry thro' the ditches,
A new lignum vitæ great coat,
Flint waistcoat, and pair of glass breeches.
Tol, lol, &c.

A dimity warming-pan new,
Steel night-cap, and pair of lawn bellows,
A yard-wide-foot rule, and then two
Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows;
China wheelbarrow, earthern-ware gig,
A book bound in wood, with no leaves to't,
Besides a new velvet wig,
Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.
Tol, lol, &c.

A coal-skuttle trimm'd with Scotch ganze,
Pickled crumpets, and harrico'd muffins,
Tallow stew-pan, nankeen chest of drawers;
Dumb alarm-bell, to frighten humguffins:
Six knives and forks made of red tape,
A patent wash-leather polony:
A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,
And lin'd with the best macaroni.
Tol, lol, &c.

A plumb-pudding made of inch-deal,
A pot of mahogany capers;
A gooseberry pye made of veal,
And stuff'd with two three-corner'd scrapers:

Sour crout sweeten'd well with small coal,
A fricaseed carpenter mallet:
A cast iron toad in a hole—
And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.
Tol, lol, &c.

NAVAL WORTHIES.

YOUR grave politicians may kick up a rout,
Of invasions, and such sort of stuff,
With as how, and as what, all the French are about,
Why, lord, they're about sick enough;
Their armies in Egypt might conquer bashaws,
And deck with their tails each brow,
But their navies can ne'er hope to conquer, because,
They've forgot—no, they can't forget Howe.
While British cannons their thunder boast,
And every sailor's a Mars,
Secure from all squalls,
Be this our toast,
God bless the king! Long life to our tars!
And success to our old wooden walls.

The Mounseers your worship's can never forget,
Just when they were lather'd by Howe,
Because that's the don shouldn't die in our debt,
How Jarvis kick'd up such a row.
Then how Duncan he pepper'd our flat-bottom'd foes,
They'll think of a pretty long while;
And if they forget all this here, I suppose
They'll remember the mouth of the Nile.
While, &c.

Their army of England was once a great gun,
But we've taught 'em, ecod! to sing small;
And for navy, if things go on as they've begun,
I think they'll soon have none at all;

Their tri-colour'd flag's very pretty belike,
But spite of their humming 'twon't do,
For you and I know that all colours must strike
To king George, and old England's true blue.
While, &c.

FEMALE PEDLAR.

GREET, ye merry good lads and kind lasses,
A Pedlar in petticoats *I;*
My stock every other surpasses,
Then pull out your purses and buy.
Lads, your sweethearts to treat never tarry;
Here are ribbands to forward Love's plot,
For you know very well if you marry,
You must tie the true lover's knot.
Fal, &c.

Ladies, here are pins, laces, and lockets,
To adorn you—to please your good men;
And bottles to wear in your pockets,
Should you love a sly drop now and then;
Here are combs, gentlemen, worth all praises,
Here, buy 'em to better your lives,
For with these you may comb your own jaises,
Which often get comb'd by your wives.
Fal, &c.

Here's a wire-jack would roast a good capon,
A sailor of sound heart of oak;
And here's an old-fashion'd flounc'd apron
Would make a divine Spanish cloak;
Here are cushions to which you attach work,
For nervous folks essences strong;
Here are beautiful fag-ends for patch-work,
And there's the fag-end of my song.
Fal, &c.

GIVE AND TAKE.

TO be merry, sirs, now is the properest time;
If you ask for a Reason, I'll give it in Rhyme;
But, in my Rhymes for Reason to look, you may say,
Is like seeking a horse in a bottle of hay.

That we've met here as friends is the reason I give,
And may we all *be* friends as long as we live;
And long enough all of us may live, I trow,
If our good friend, the Doctor, don't take us in tow.

Yet physic's a friend, if in reason 'tis us'd,
The doctors, like lawyers, are often abus'd;
Yet, faith, they can take their own parts, if they're sore,
And 'twere all very well if they took nothing more.

Give and take is a game we know all of us well,
Tho' give some folks an inch and they'll sure take an ell;
But at giving and taking none can beat a Jew,
For he'll give you a bargain, and take you in too.

Give and take differ much, as oft Nelson would show—
The foe *gave* him battle, while he *took* the foe;
Yet the foe took in turn, truth the Muse ne'er conceals,
Yes, the foe from Lord Nelson oft took—to their heels.

But of friends and of giving, may we, heaven grant,
A friend and a bottle to give him ne'er want.
'Tis a magical union—for friendship's divine,
And the best *bottle conq'rer* on earth is *good wine.*

WONDERS OF 1804.

TO ride in an air-balloon pleasant must be,
Like a *gooseberry bush* Epping Forest to see;
And the fam'd river Thames just like milk, a large pool,
So you stand a good chance for some gooseberry fool.
Tol, &c.

The parachute acronauts oft have been at,
But none tried it, except Madam Garnerin's cat;
Which shews, tho' 'tis talked of attention to draw,
A parachute's nothing more than a *cat's paw.*
Tol, &c.

The *Invisible Girl,* whom you *hear,* tho' not *see,*
Is like *Echo,* and once a fine woman was she,
Whose voice, when her form changed to nothing, was heard,
Which proves that a woman will have the last word.
Tol, &c.

The docks at Blackwall to our commerce give scope,
That source of our wealth, and the staff of our hope—
That commerce our foes would be happy to stem,
But whoever attempts it our tars will *dock* them.
Tol, &c.

Preston Guilds, the last wonder that graces my lay,
Where Britons exulted in Freedom's birth-day;
For Freedom's birth-right, like the charter of breath,
Britons only resign to the conqueror Death.
Tol, &c.

THE IRON CROWN.

A CROWN is the subject I sing,
If current it happens to prove;
Not a Crown such as worn by our King,
An offering of Freedom and Love!
But the *Iron Crown* Bony took care
From the Lombards to take, nor is't odd
That he should an *Iron* Crown wear
Who rules with a tight iron rod.
Tol lol, &c.

Unless his proud stomach comes down,
(Such systems of mischief he's plann'd)
Tho' his head is secur'd in a crown,
He'll, perhaps, get his head in his hand;
Two Crowns make an angel they say,
France and Italy, monstrously civil,
Gave Bony *Two Crowns*, and that way
An angel exchang'd for the devil.
Tol lol, &c.

With his Crowns he'd all Europe annoy,
And thinks ev'ry pow'r to control;
But, if he comes England a hoy,
He'll get trimm'd from the Crown to the soul;
With his soul one would not interfere,
For the ghost of Duke Enghin must rack it,
But his Crown, if he dares to come here,
John Bull will most certainly crack it.
Tol lol, &c.

OBSTINATE DOG.

JACK Gunnel, an odd fish as ever hove anchor,
Or clew'd up a top-sail, lov'd Poll of Spithead;
But Poll was a Tartar, a terrible canker;
For tho' a tight vessel, false colours she spread;
Jack oftens, he told me, he lov'd her more better
Than deep sounding, smooth sailing, good biscuit, or grog;
But I thought he was wrong, so his senses to fetter,
And reason'd, d'ye mind, with the obstinate dog;
For its always my way when a shipmate I *sees*
Deceiv'd in his reck'ning, or hanging *astarn*,
To take him in tow, if I drives with the breeze,
Or point out those shallows he cannot *dissarn*.

Her false arms she lash'd round his neck when they parted,
That time when the Dreadnought she sail'd from the Nore,
A leak in her eye for to queer him she started,
And shamm'd for to faint, when the boat put off shore.
How oft of her constancy Jack would be talking!
And toasted her still when we push'd 'round the grog;
But I told him her constancy oft would want calking,
And a scowl lour'd the eye of the obstinate dog;
But its always my way, &c.

Each prize that we took gave Jack's spirits fresh canvass,
And the compass of Hope seem'd to point to port Joy;
But I knew in my mind how mistaken the man was,
And tried still his senses to pipe, hands-a-hoy!

For which, in the presence of every mess brother,
He struck me one night while we push'd round the grog—
So I trounc'd him, d'ye see, and how could I do other?
And I left to himself then the obstinate dog.
Yet its always, &c.

When to port we return'd, Jack soon heard that his Polly
Didn't single long after his sailing remain;
The latitude then he first found of his folly,
And wanted the timbers to start of his brain;
But I captur'd his pistols, and bid him weigh anchor,
And leave Port Despair for the Ocean of Grog;
He took my advice, over-board threw his rancour,
And never more turn'd out an obstinate dog.
And its always, &c.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Sung on the opening of Sadler's Wells, with a new Interior, in the Year 1802.

SINCE novelty never offends,
And the world teems with comical cases,
My subject shall turn on "*Old Friends*"
Who often appears with *new faces*;
And first, to ennoble my stave,
With your worships I'll make a beginning,
You come here with faces so grave—
But, ecod! we soon set you a-grinning.

An Attorney's an *old friend* at law,
And what smiles on his countenance play,
When he tells you your purse-strings to draw,
Your certain of gaining the day;

But should you be foil'd in your case,
As nineteen times in twenty you will,
Your old friend puts on a new face
In the shape of a dev'lish long bill.

I married, my fortune to mend,
For my wife she had goldfinches' store,
And she was a very old friend,
For faith she was nearly fourscore;
My friends they all pitied my case,
But they were a parcel of ninnies—
My *old friend* had a charming new face
On each of her shining new guineas.

The bold British tar next suppose,
Who to battle like thunder will fly on,
The foe his *old friend* always knows
By his face looking grim as a lion;
But the foe sinking, crying for grace,
See how honest Jack will behave him,
To the lamb's quickly changing his face,
Plunges into the ocean to save him.

May *old friends* their attachment ne'er cease,
New faces with candour present ye;
And since war has changed faces with peace,
May want wear the new face of plenty;
That *friend* may we never embrace
Who to cozen you only is civil;
Should his heart places change with his face,
You'd mistake your old friend for the devil.

"PRO ARIS ET FOCIS."

I'M a true honest-hearted gay fellow,
And scorn to be hanging aback,
Who fear neither bullet nor billow,
And this has been always my Jack:

In defence of my system to pledge *heart* and *hand*,
And to fight for my King and my dear native land.

Some people about Whig and Tory,
And such sort of trash, and to do,
Will tell you all day a tough story,
And, perhaps, all they say may be true;
But such outlandish lingo I don't understand;
So I fight for, &c.

Both parties they quarrel most rarely,
I'm puzzled with which side to strike—
For both find sound argument fairly,
To prove they're all patriots alike;
Yet I side with no maxims I don't understand,
But I fight for, &c.

INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR.

I WENT down to gaze
At the Windsor sights,
Where they spent three *days*
All in making *knights;*
For a bed, d'ye see,
Five pounds they ax'd—od rot it,
They'd not get that from me,
Because—I hadn't got it.

I wanted to get in
And mix among the great;
So, with a tightish din,
I knock'd at castle gate;
Out came one of rank,
Ax'd me for my ticket—
I said 'twere drawn a blank,
And so he shut the wicket.

Since I nought could see,
Report is all I've for't,
Tho' it seems to me
Knight-making's querish sport;
A sword the king draws smack,
Knights kneel down like martyrs;
He gives 'em all a whack,
And then ties on their garters.

What follows, on my word,
Is treatment rather coarse,
Ev'ry knight gets spur'd
And collar'd like a horse;
A title him they call,
Sir Richard, or Sir Robin,
Then tie him to a stall
As I ties our blind Dobbin.

Eight o'clock at night
They let us in to dine;
All scrambled for their right,
I got a brave sirloin.
In a battle brief
The prize was from me taken—
So I lost my beef,
And couldn't save my bacon.
[*Rubbing his shoulders as if he had been well beaten.*

King gave silver drums
To Oxford Blues so starch,
When Mr. Bony comes
To play him the Rogue's March;
But, if he should come
Here, I'ze lay a wager,
We'll make his head a drum—
Oh! I'd like to be *drum-major*.

LONDON SIGHTS.

LAST winter, quite tir'd of tillage,
Hard days work I'd many a one done,
I left our own snug little village
To see all the wonders of London;
The *Roscius* I first went to see,
And I think you'll all freely confess, Sirs,
There ha'n't been such a Betty as he
Since the days of our good old Queen Bess, Sirs!
Tol, lol.

The *Budget* came out by the way,
And for taxes the ministers call, Sir;
But few had the money to pay,
For the *Forty Thieves* borrow'd it all, Sir;
Some *Travellers* kick'd up a great rout,
But in spite of *Disguisements* to catch ye,
It were only, as soon I found out,
Muster *Brama* and *Signory Scratchee.*
Tol, lol.

Vauxhall too were one of the sights,
And to think on it puzzled me daily,
While in short they must pay window-lights
For the lamps that they use in the *galy:*
There the company rank'd pretty high,
And I thought it no bad sort of joke, Sir,
To see the *Game Chicken* and I
Cheek by jowl wi' the other great folks, Sir.
Tol, lol.

Cooke and *Kemble* I saw in one play,
But as none from applauding would rest, Sir,
Not hearing what either might say,
I couldn't tell which was the best, Sir;

And tho' at the thing you may scoff,
I warrant you 'tisn't a hum, Sir,
A new *Finger Post, five miles off,*
Got all the town under its thumb, Sir.
Tol, lol.

At *Astley's* and *Circus* I zeed
Horses dance *Mincivits* and *Cowtellions,*
While their riders, true grasshopper breed,
Jumpt over both saddles and pillions;
Sadler's Wells I were told were the rage,
And a wonderful place 'twere, no doubt on't,
For the New River came on the stage,
And *water proof Ghosts* they jump'd out on't.
Tol, lol.

To *Bartlemy Fair* my next start,
Was to see ev'ry freak and vagary;
There I thought to ha' zeen *Bonypart,*
As they wrote up the *Corsican Fairy:*
For Bony were coming, 'twere said,
But this *Butterfly Emperor* tarries,
'Cause he knows if we once break his head,
They'll not mend it wi' *Plaister o' Paris!*

THE NODDY DRIVER.

I'M Larry O'Lash'em, was born in Killarney,
Myself drove a Noddy in Dublin sweet town,
And I got fares enough, case I tip'd the folks blarney,
But myself was knock'd up, case I knock'd a man down;
So to London I drove, to avoid the disaster,
There to drive hackney-coaches engag'd for the pelf,
And honestly out of my fares paid my master
Two-thirds, and kept only one half for myself.

And sing high gee, wo, here we go, merry and frisky,
O Lash'em's the boy for to tip the long trot.

I took up a buck, and 'cause 'twas the fashion,
He got in the box, and made me mount inside,
So as I didn't much like to put him in a passion,
Thinks I, while I'm walking I may as well ride;
But I coud'n't help laughing, to think how the hinder
Wheels after the fore ones most furiously paid,
When a wheel broke its leg, spilt the coach out of window,
And my head and the pavement at nut-cracking play'd.
And sing, hi gee, wo, &c.

I next drove a couple one morn to get married,
The bride was turn'd sixty, the bridegroom a score,
For the sake of her money the courtship he carried,
But repented his bargain just at the church-door;
Devil burn me, says I, 'tis a pity I'm thinking,
Allur'd by the rhino, myself intercedes,
And got married—soon after she died of hard drinking,
And left me a widow forlorn in my weeds.
And sing, hi gee, wo, &c.

After fingering the cash which I got by my marriage,
I drank success to all kind of misfortunes I'd made,
And bought me a fine bran new-second-hand carriage,
Became my own Jarvis, and drove a good trade;
And my coach and my horses, in case of invasion,
I'll lend to the troops, and I'll join in the strife;
And if I am kilt in defence of the nation,
'Twill make me a hero the rest of my life.
And sing, hi gee, wo, &c.

KITTY O'THE CLYDE.

A BOAT danc'd on Clyde's bonny stream,
When winds were rudely blowing,
There sat what might a goddess seem,
O'the waves beneath her flowing;
But no, a mortal fair was she,
Surpassing a' beside,
And lads a' speer'd her choice to be,
Sweet Kitty o'the Clyde!

I saw the boatman spread a sail,
And while his daftness noting,
The boat was upset by the gale,
I saw sweet Kitty floating!
I plung'd into the silver wave,
Wi' Cupid for my guide,
And thought my heart well lost to save
Sweet Kitty o'the Clyde!

But Kitty's aye a high-born fair,
A lowly name I carry,
Nor can wi' lordly Thanes compare,
Who woo the maid to marry;
But she na scornfu' looks on me,
And joy may yet betide,
For hope dares flatter mine may be
Sweet Kitty o'the Clyde!

TUTHEE REE OO AND TAN.

IN Dundee there liv'd a carl, so blythe and bonny,
In Dundee there liv'd a bonny carl;
A scolding spousy was his lot,
Wha' mugg'd hersel', and oftimes got
Tuthee ree oo and tan.

She led him a life that was fu'wae and weary,
Till the carl he vow'd himself he'd hang;
And would have don't, but thought him first
Of ends, a rope's end was the worst.
Tuthee ree, &c.

This carl's wife she did na play her hubby fairly,
Else was Andrew Mackintosh belied;
She made her husband's heart-ache thro',
And then she made his head-ache too,
Tuthee ree, &c.

"*Wife,*" said he, "*of life I'ze tir'd, and will gang drown me!*"
She replied, "Gude wives ne'er contradict;"
"*But should my spirit come,*" said he,
"O, I'ze quite spirit proof," said she.
Tuthee ree, &c.

"At the pond," said he, "if my poor heart should fail me,
Will you run behind and push me in;"
Says she, "A hard part 'tis to play,
But 'tis my duty to obey."
Tuthee ree, &c.

By a pond he stood, that was full deep a fathom,
On a hill stood she—the word he gave;
Down galloping she came, when he
Just stepp'd aside, and in popp'd she.
Tuthee ree, &c.

MOGGY CAMERON.

I'ZE a blythe and winsome lass,
Steady to my tether;
Siller I ha' none, nor brass,
But heart as light as feather;
The Tartan plaid is a' my pride,
And in'ts defence who'd hammer on,
Alane sal buckle to his bride
Merry Moggy Cameron.

A laird ance said he loo'd me weel,
And his bride would mak' me;
"But," said I, to try the chiel,
"To the kirk then tak' me;"
But the loon, when kirk I'd name,
Excuse began to stammer on,
I box'd his lugs, and wha' can blame
Merry Moggy Cameron.

Sandy Campbell 'tis I loo,
He's baith blythe and bra', mon;
But tho' he speers to buckle to,
I still cry, hoot awa! mon.
First let him to our island lend
His aid 'gainst foes that clammer on,
And ere he weds, learn to defend
Merry Moggy Cameron.

LIEUT. YEO.

OFF Cape Finisterre lay the king's ship La Loire,
When a privateer foe Capt. Maitland he saw;
So a boat's crew he sent with the Spaniards to cope,
Who was call'd *L'Esperance*—in plain English, The Hope;

Tho' but a forlorn Hope she prov'd to the foe,
Made a prize by the boat's crew and Lieut. Yeo!
Yeo! Yeo! for ever.

"'Tis the birth of our King, boys," the captain he cried,
"To crown it with victory then be your pride;
Yes, the birth of your Sov'reign distinguish, in short,
By planting his flag on that proud Spanish fort;"
So the gallant boat's crew volunteer'd all to go
To conquer or die with brave Lieutenant Yeo!
Yeo, &c.

Then Lieutenant Yeo, to his lasting renown,
The fort he knock'd up, and the governor down;
The Dons' captur'd ensign wav'd over his head,
And planted the flag of King George in its stead;
Let the trumpet of fame then thro' all the world blow
To the glory of Britons and Lieut. Yeo.
Yeo, &c.

LATEAT SCINTILLULA FORSAN!

Written for an Anniversary Dinner of the Humane Society.

SINCE the beam of existence life's taper illum'd
How oft has grief wasted it faster;
And long ere time would have the taper consum'd
Has the light been obscur'd by disaster;
The life thus, ere nature demanded, suppress'd,
Tearful Pity look'd as a lost corse on,
'Till Hope to Humanity chanc'd to suggest
"Lateat Scintillula forsan!

Now life's light would Despair oft, or accident, crop,
While Society mourn'd deprivation;
And thought that no power their invasion could stop
That fell short of the power of Creation;

So for ages resistless they carried their scope,
'Till Science restraint put their course on;
For Experiment caught the kind accent of Hope,
"Lateat Scintillula forsan!"

Then Life's taper extinct ere Mortality's claim
With hope bounteous science regarded;
And the spark that remain'd strove to fan to a flame,
While the aim Perseverance rewarded.
Casuality's paralyzed victim, and whom
Gaunt Suicide fix'd his fell jaws on,
Rejoic'd in the hint that defeated the tomb,
"Lateat," &c.

Like a vision celestial, the theme of my lay,
In review pass'd this instant before ye, *
While each eye rapture's dew drop was proud to display,
By those tears, in its aid I implore ye;
'Tis Humanity's triumph, the banquet of souls,
Which heaven bestows best applause on;
Then improve the blest hint from each point to the poles,
"Lateat," &c.

The chief that rides deeply in wars bloody strife,
Deified is in Glory's pavillion;
But more godlike is he who preserves but one life
Than the hero who slaughters a million:
Him the curses of widows and orphans pursue,
But the blessings of all wait your course on,
Then sons of humanity keep still in view
"Lateat," &c.

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* The persons saved by the Humane Society pass in procession round the room where the annual dinner is held.

MADAM FIG'S GALA;

OR, THE YORKSHIRE CONCERT.

I'ZE a Yorkshireman just come to town,
And my coming to town were a gay day;
Dame Fortune has here set me down,
Waiting-gentleman to a fine lady;
And Madam gives galas and routs,
While her treats of the town are the talk sheer,
But nought that I'ze seed here abouts
Equals one that was given i' Yorkshire.
Rumpti, &c.

Johnny Figg was a green and white grocer,
In business as brisk as an eel, sir,
None than John to the shop could stick closer,
But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, sir:
Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,
And astonish the rustic parishioners;
So invited 'em all to a rout,
And ax'd all the village musicianers.
Rumpti, &c.

The company met gay as larks,
Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses;
The concert commenc'd wi' the clerk,
Who chanted the "Vicar and Moses;"
The barber sung "Gall'ry of Wigs," sir;
The gemmen all said 'twas the dandy,
While the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, Sir,
Who volunteer'd "Drops of Brandy."
Rumpti, &c.

The baker he sung a good batch,
  While the lawyer, for harmony willing,
With the bailiff he join'd in a *catch*,
  And the notes of the butcher were killing;
The wheelwright he put in his spoke,
  The schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
The coalman he play'd the "Black Joke,"
  And the fishwoman roar'd a *bravura*.
    Rumpti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
  The Miss 'Screams a quintette, loud as Boreas,
Sung, and wak'd farmer Thrasher's dog, Thunder,
  Who, jumping up, join'd in the chorus.
A donkey, the melody marking,
  Popp'd in too, which made a wag say, sir,
Attend to the Rector of Barking's
  Duet with the Vicar of Bray, sir.
    Rumpti, &c.

A brine-tub, half full of beef salted,
  Madam Fig had trick'd out as a seat, sir,
Where the taylor, to sing, was exalted,
  But the covering crack'd under his feet, sir;
Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
  He bawl'd, while they laugh'd at his grief, sir,
Is't a matter so monstrous surprising
  To see pickled-cabbage with beef, sir?
    Rumpti, &c.

To a ball then the concert gave way,
  And for dancing no souls could be riper;
So struck up the "Devil to Pay,"
  But Johnny Fig paid the piper;
The best thing came after the ball,
  For to finish the whole with perfection,
Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all
  To sup off a cold *collection*.
    Rumpti, &c.

THE BRITON'S ALPHABET.

A stands for Albion, the Queen of the Main;
B for the Britons she boasts in her train;
C the Corsican emp'ror, invasion who drums;
D for the drubbing he'll get when he comes.

E stands for the Ensign of Britain unfurl'd;
F for her Fleets which defy all the world;
G both for Gauls and their gun-boats will tell;
H for the Heroes who'll pepper 'em well.

I stands for Invasion, which won't stand at all;
K stands for our King, who stands up for us all;
L for Liberty stands, and our King will defend it
From M—that's the murd'rer of Jaffa, who'd end it.

N was Nelson, whose name Briton's hallow with pride,
O is Ocean, on which for his country he died;
P our Press at whose freedom friend Bony looks grim;
But, attacking it, Q's a *Quietus* for him.

R means our Roast Beef, which no Frenchman shall touch;
S is Sir Sidney, who'll shew 'em as much;
As our Tars and their Triumphs T nobly appears,
While V stands as glorious for brave *Volunteers*.

As our Wooden Walls W may claim some renown,
Which our foes, to invade us, must climb, or knock down;
Then X, Y, and Z, mean my song's at an end,
As all Frenchmen will be who to land here pretend.

THE END.

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